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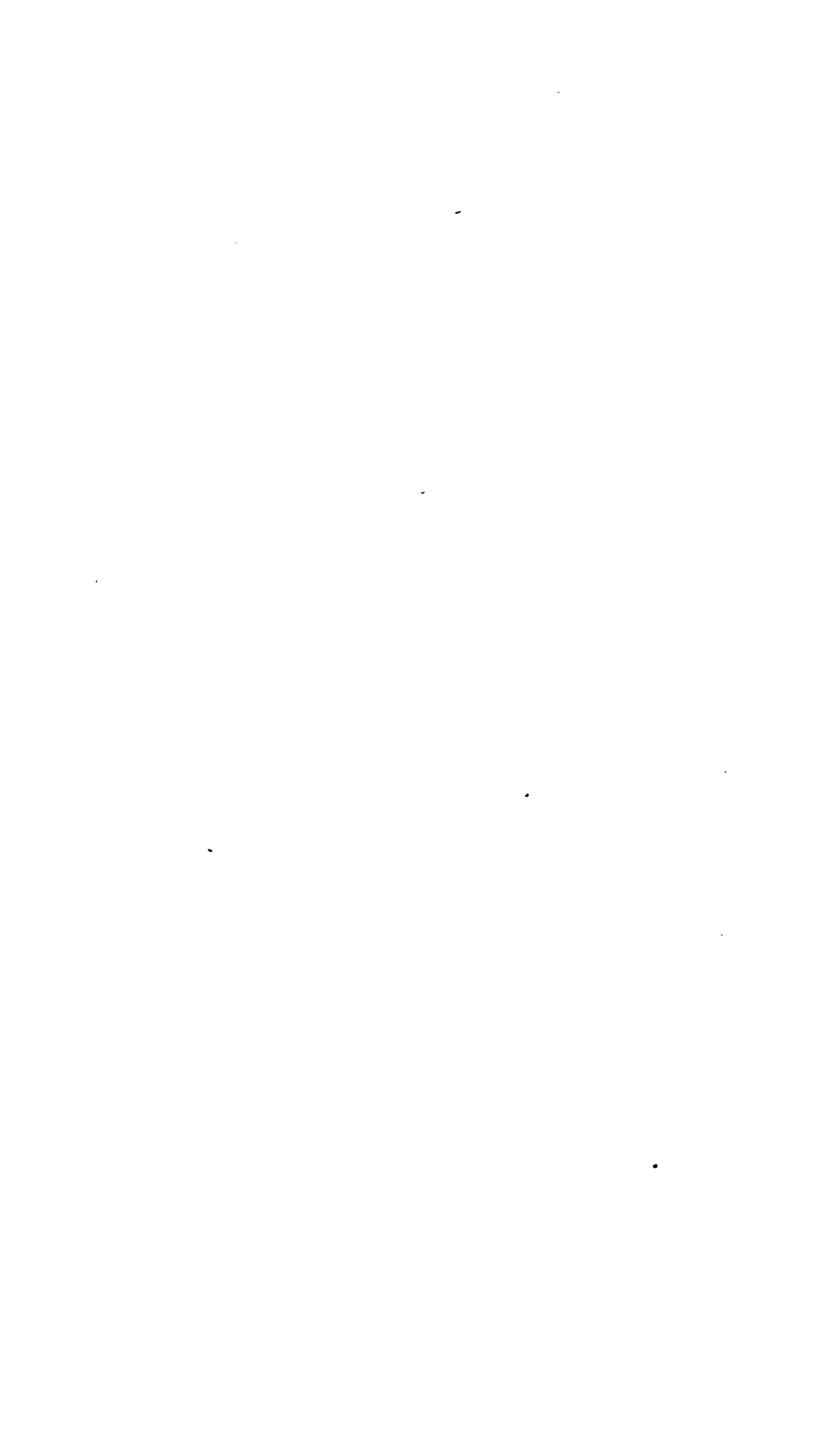


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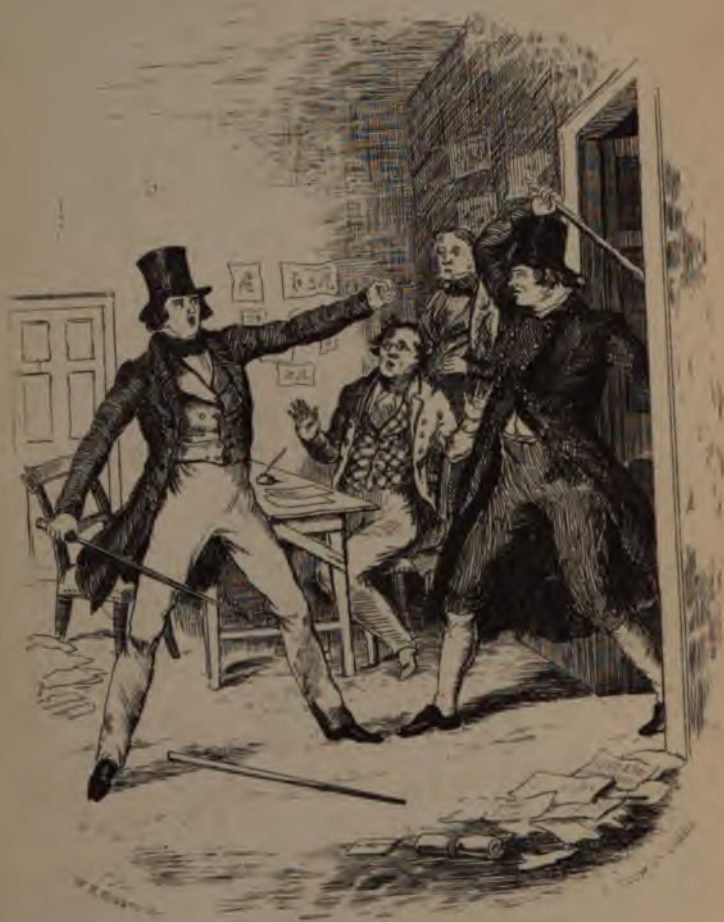


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What is this all about? 281

BOB NORBERRY
or
SKETCHES from the NOTE BOOK
of
AN IRISH REPORTER



DUBLIN

PUBLISHED BY JAMES DUFFY

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1846



BOB NORBERRY;

OR,

SKETCHES FROM THE NOTE BOOK

OF

AN IRISH REPORTER.

EDITED BY CAPTAIN PROUT.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS
BY HENRY MACMANUS, ESQ., A.R.H.A.
AND OTHER EMINENT ARTISTS.

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Sheldon family

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DEDICATION.

TO C. BIANCONI, ESQ.

SIR,

Permit me to offer you some apology, and the reader some explanation, why, without your permission, I venture to dedicate this volume to you.

It has been written to vindicate the character of my countrymen, by showing how the law was administered half a century ago, and how it is administered at the present day ; leaving the fair inference to be drawn, that the crimes of the people are to be traced to their want of confidence in the tribunals of the country and the grinding oppressions of an oligarchy, who legislate for them in a spirit of antagonism to all their wants and their feelings, and that they only require to be treated justly to rise to a high station amongst the nations.

Many of the incidents are from real life. Let those, then, who carefully peruse this volume, ask themselves, is it not a matter of surprise that the crimes of the Irish people do not far exceed what they are ?

But, Sir, my vindication, or that of any writer that has ever written upon Ireland, is weak and unavailing, compared to the

practical, triumphant, and irresistible vindication which you have given of the Irish people.

I have read your statement made at a meeting of the British Association in Cork, wherein you demonstrate, that so far from pandering to the prejudices of the people with whom you have to do in your very extensive business, you retain no man in your employment who utters a falsehood, and punish with promptitude the slightest theft committed ; and yet, although a foreigner, and resident in the heart of Tipperary, and that your property is spread over the most remote districts of the country, and completely at the mercy of the people, the slightest injury has never been done to it ! You treat the people with whom you have to do, justly ; if their rulers and the aristocracy followed your example, Ireland would soon be a prosperous nation.

Let those who say that men of capital are afraid, from the savage disposition of the Irish, to embark it in this country, satisfy themselves of the truth of your statement, and then blush for uttering such a calumny.

It is, then, because you have vindicated the character of my countrymen, that I venture to dedicate this volume to you, and to subscribe myself,

Your faithful friend,

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

PREFACE	Page 1
CHAPTER I.	
Some account of the Norberry family—Who and what the Grandfather of Bob was—Dublin sixty years ago ...	3
CHAPTER II.	
An Abduction and unexpected Rescue 	13
CHAPTER III.	
Continuation of the History of Bob's ancestors—Preparations for the Marriage of Old Hawk 	25
CHAPTER IV.	
Marriage of Old Hawk—The celebrated Doctor O'Leary— Strange vicissitudes 	40
CHAPTER V.	
Preparation of a Deed—A peep into a Private Madhouse— Proceedings under the Commission of Lunacy—Death of Old Hawk 	55
CHAPTER VI.	
Sad disasters of the Fogarty family—An Heir born to the House of Norberry—Death of Kate—A Suit instituted to establish the right of the Heir 	80

CHAPTER VII.

	Page
Funeral of Old Hawk—A Duel—The revenge of Wormwood gratified 	97

CHAPTER VIII.

Confession and end of Gripe—Death of Blind Tim ...	116
---	-----

CHAPTER IX.

A long hiatus in the Family memoirs—Discovery of the Son of Kate—His eventful History 	129
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

Marriage of the young Recruit with the Daughter of O'Kelly—Appearance of Bob upon the stage—His claim to the Norberry property—An Irish Nobleman and Landlord	141
---	-----

CHAPTER XI.

Lord Strangeway astonishes the Norberry family—Timely aid—Interview of Mrs. Norberry with her Solicitors and Lawyers 	161
--	-----

CHAPTER XII.

Absence of leading Counsel at the hearing—Strange scenes in the Courts—A partial Decree made in favour of the Norberrys—Some Reflections on a General System of Education for the humble classes—O'Kelly visits Lord Strangeway 	177
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

Continuation of O'Kelly's interview with Lord Strangeway—Bob is sent to School—A mutual dislike exists between himself and his master—He "cuts the connection" for ever	193
---	-----

CONTENTS.

vii

CHAPTER XIV.

	Page
Stoneyhurst—Bob sent to College—The vengeance of Miss M'Dougal pursues him—He returns home, falls in love, and is in danger of losing his vocation	207

CHAPTER XV.

The ruined Village—The Widow's Curse—Lord Strangeway in sorrow	225
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

Hope and disappointments quickly succeed each other—Bob is sent to the University of Louvain	233
---	-----

CHAPTER XVII.

"The four days in Brussels"—Bob a much better adept in Military Tactics than in Theological Studies—An unexpected Meeting	241
--	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

Bob recovers from his wounds, returns home, and, being at a loss for a profession, becomes a Reporter—Lord Strangeway remains abroad	257
---	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

A Scene in the "Sanctum" of the <i>Gibbet</i> —A Duel prevented—Bob obtains an engagement on the Press	266
---	-----

CHAPTER XX.

Bob makes his "debut" as a Reporter, and causes a great sensation amongst the "Quidnuncs" of Dublin	276
--	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

	Page
A Meeting to establish a Benevolent Loan Fund and Equitable Insurance Society—Mr. Grapple brings forward his plan for the relief of the Industrious Classes—Bob accelerates the bursting of the bubble	290

CHAPTER XXII.

The Administration of Justice in Criminal Courts—Incidents of deep interest to the fortunes of Bob occur	305
---	-----

CHAPTER XXIII.

Knife made a witness—Some of the Trials are proceeded with—Lord Strangeway and the Widow at law—Last Speech and end of Chief Justice Swingsnap	321
---	-----

CHAPTER XXIV.

Bob declares to Clements his love for Lady Mary—Visits by accident Castle Wilder—Unexpected good fortune—Is sent to London as Parliamentary Reporter	330
---	-----

CHAPTER XXV.

Bob meets Tom Purcell at the "Blue Boar" in High Holborn—Plans for future operations—A great crisis arrives	345
--	-----

POSTSCRIPT.

To the Editor of "Bob Norberry"	355
--	-----

P R E F A C E.

THE compiler of the following pages, which are to be brought out in a series of monthly numbers, deems it right to state why, in this age of literary excellence, he should have the presumption to usher into life a periodical under the denomination of "SKETCHES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN IRISH REPORTER." The Reporter is an Irishman, intimately acquainted with the habits, character, and social condition of the Irish people; and whilst writers from the sister country, who know less of Ireland than they do of the Kalmuck tribes of Russian Tartary, have produced books which pretend to be faithful pictures of Irish life and character, although they are no more than hideous caricatures, calculated to excite feelings of hatred and contempt, it may not be amiss that one who knows the country well, and has mixed with the various classes of Irish society, should attempt to give a faithful history of a variety of scenes, where all the passions that actuate the human heart are developed, and from which the true condition of a people, and the just administration of the law with regard to them, may be judged. Those who have written of the Irish have, for some sinister purpose, most generally held them up as objects of pity and of scorn; or they have been deplorably ignorant of the great philosophical maxim, that the race to which a people belongs, their primitive constitution, and their instincts, form the great key to their actions and their motives; and that it is because rulers do not legislate in the spirit of race, laws are rendered nugatory, and the people demoralised and miserable. Legislation, and too frequently the ad-

ministration of the law, have been going on as regards Ireland, for nearly the last seven centuries, on the principle of a wedge with the wrong end foremost ; and it must excite the astonishment of the philosopher and philanthropist, to find her people, at the end of so many ages of misrule, so patient, brave, and moral as they are. Many of the scenes, truly described in the present sketches, are laid in the criminal courts of justice, where the rubbish which society casts away, and the victims to their own bad passions, and oppressive laws unjustly administered, are daily to be found, and from which the moral alchemist can extract much that may be beneficial to mankind. The reader is the alchemist, and the compiler or author only he who furnishes materials for his laboratory.

It may be right to state, that BOB NORBERRY, the luckless Reporter, has been obliged to fly the country for causes that will be hereafter explained, and having left behind him both his note book and a manuscript copy of his family history, their contents shall be published in the order in which the Editor has found them. Whether the heir of that house shall appear again on the stage before the present publication is concluded, or a heavy Chancery suit, in which he is deeply interested, decided, time alone can tell ; but even should he never make his appearance again, he has left behind him ample materials, had they been confided to skilful hands, to form a volume of considerable interest.

The compiler of the work shall, without further comment, proceed to the fulfilment of the task he has undertaken ; and, in presenting the public with "SKETCHES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN IRISH REPORTER," he trusts he shall in some degree contribute to their instruction and amusement.

BOB NORBERRY;
OR,
SKETCHES
FROM THE
NOTE BOOK OF AN IRISH REPORTER.

CHAPTER I.

**SOME ACCOUNT OF THE NORBERRY FAMILY — WHO AND
WHAT THE GRANDFATHER OF BOB WAS — DUBLIN SIXTY
YEARS AGO.**

ABOUT sixteen or seventeen years before the act of legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland had passed, and when the west end of Dublin was the seat of commerce, wealth, and industry, there resided in an antiquated mansion in the neighbourhood of James's Street, the remains of which are still standing, a wealthy old miser named Nipper Norberry, of very retired and eccentric habits. His residence was one of those tile-covered pent-house dwellings, which formed the general class of private buildings in this city something above two centuries ago; and he was more attached to it for the sake of old associations, than any comfort or accommodation it afforded. His father before him had made a fortune in the place, which he like a wise and prudent son had considerably increased; and having no fancy for princely mansions in one of the squares (in truth there were few of them built at the time), he continued to abide there, enjoying more satisfaction in the accumulation of wealth than others find in spending it. The liberties of Dublin, which are now a mass of ruins and dilapidated houses, inhabited by squalid, famished-looking mortals, who would seem to be denied a resting place in any other spot under Heaven, were at that time inhabited by merchants and citizens of good estate. Then the hum of industry was heard on all sides, and although machinery was not

brought to any great degree of perfection, still every hand was employed, and the fabric produced was at least as durable and of more intrinsic value than any things similar in modern times. The fly shuttle and the hand-loom were at work in the lower apartments of almost every building, and the silk throwsters and spinners were employed in the upper stories. Every dwelling was a little manufactory, where the artizan worked in his own abode, assisted and cheered on by the presence of a happy wife and family: he was then more moral and more healthy than the inmates of the great English factories of the present day, and his condition in life was infinitely superior. High Street, Thomas Street, Francis Street, James's Street, and all that part of the city west of Dublin Castle, was then a busy scene of active industry; and here did the ancestors of many noble houses and peers of the present day amass that wealth, as successful traders, which purchased honours and titles for their posterity.

Amongst those quiet and prosperous citizens then occupying this district, lived our wealthy merchant, in the same house which had been occupied by his ancestors for some generations previously. If any one asked where Mr. Norberry lived, his next door neighbour, except he happened to be long resident in the place, could not tell, as he was generally designated "Old Hawk." After having retired from the more active pursuits of mercantile life, he took to lending money and discounting bills, which was then a very profitable trade, as the present legal facility for the payment of debts did not exist, and bankruptcies and failures in trade were of very rare occurrence. In this occupation, still adding to his wealth, he remained unmarried for many years, his household consisting all the time of an old woman named Shue Shaugness, or, as she would say herself when speaking of her own respectability and her family connections in the county Limerick, "Judith O'Shaugnessy;" a servant man called blind Tim; and a kind of clerk, who went backwards and forwards to the banks of Sir George Coldbrooke and Company in Mary's Abbey, and Dawson and Coates in Thomas Street, where his employer made lodgments and did other business in the banking line. Blind Tim lived on board wages, and slept on a stable loft which was attached to a warehouse on the other side of the street; and old Shue was allowed three testers a-week to get her dinner, and had the privilege of the master's tea-pot, with a round of the loaf every morning when he had breakfasted. He dined every day at a tavern, and paid in proportion to the quantity and quality of the viands consumed. The clerk had a small salary, and lodged in the house of a comb-maker opposite, where he was always within call or under his master's eye. Blind Tim's business was to take care of a pair of horses, each as old as himself, and to drive his master through town in an old chaise which he had taken from

a coach-maker in payment of a bad debt. There are many citizens still living who remember the equipage of Old Hawk, amongst whom might be mentioned a venerable alderman, who was then a handsome young lad, and in some way connected with the Norberry family, although Old Hawk held him in the greatest contempt as a coxcomb that would never rise in the world; but his predictions in this respect were falsified. The horses were originally black, but had grown grey from age: the solitary occupant of the old coach was in perfect keeping with the driver and horses, and on the whole it might be said that a more suitably appointed "turn out" had been seldom seen in the fair city of Dublin. The tradesmen at work in the Liberty, and the very children in the streets, knew the rumble of Old Hawk's *shandredan*, as he drove about collecting his interest money, and the rents of various houses in that quarter of the town of which he was the owner. Such is a short outline of the household arrangements and manner of living of Old Hawk until he was nearly sixty years of age, when he took it into his head to marry.

The social philosophy contained in the aphorism, "Tell me what sort a man's wife is, and I will tell you the life he led," has more wisdom in it than can be at once comprehended; and it is a remarkable fact, capable of proof amongst us in every-day life, that misers, money-hunters, and men of lax morals, whether in high or low society, hardly ever form respectable matrimonial alliances. Whilst young, the sordid and avaricious will not wed with women of equal rank and fortune, the love of money still prompting them to enter upon fresh speculations which end in disappointment. The man who is not guided by strict morality cannot appreciate female virtue or the endearments of the *domus et placens uxor*, and hence both are found either in the ranks of old bachelors, or they make matches in after life which seem to be a penalty upon the faults of their early days. An old bachelor is, notwithstanding, sagacious enough to know that any young woman of equal rank who marries him, does so for the purpose of spending his money, or in the hope of being shortly honoured with the attractive appellation of "the rich widow." The miser knows, too, a marriage of this description would considerably increase his expenses, and hence it is, that the matrimonial alliances of such men are, generally speaking, made with women who are content to act in the double capacity of servant and wife.

Old Hawk, when nearly sixty, began to entertain serious notions of matrimony, and a circumstance occurred which hurried him to the fulfilment of his intentions. One day that he had been more than usually successful in his money speculations, he dined according to custom at his tavern, but having staid out late, blind Tim went to bring him home. He had drank rather freely, and when Tim arrived at the "Ram" in Aungier

Street he found the landlord on the point of sending a messenger to Allen's livery stables and carriage yard in Lazor's Hill for a chariot to convey Old Hawk to his residence in James's Street, he being supposed unable to keep his perpendicular even by the assistance of the watchmen, who, in the good old times, before "teetotalism" was thought of, were in the habit of conveying drunken people from one station to another until arrived at their own home. This, by the way, was often a very lucrative employment to those trusty guardians of the night, who generally eased the pockets of their proteges of any loose money or watches with which they might be encumbered. To tell the truth of Old Hawk, he had never before been qualified to receive the protection of the Dublin watchmen, who were constantly in the habit of visiting his tavern, as well as others, at a late hour of the night, to know if there were any drunken gentlemen to be brought home, to whom they were always ready and willing to act as guardians and conductors.

On the night in question, two of those professional gentlemen had made a tour of inspection through all the sitting-rooms at the "Ram," with the view of ascertaining who would require their services, when, to their infinite joy, they discovered Old Hawk, amongst others, a fit subject upon which to exercise their philanthropic intentions. A golden world opened before them: he was rich beyond bounds; it was a long journey from the "Ram" in Aungier Street to his residence in James's Street, and all the "gentlemen" along the whole line, amongst whom the most perfect sympathy of sentiment and unity of purpose existed, would have at least paid themselves well for their trouble in conveying him home. The two officious worthies, who thus offered their services, told Tom Fogarty, the landlord of the "Ram," to give the old gentleman another "go," and he would be just fit to travel: they thought he was not sober enough to walk home himself, nor drunk enough to be quiet, so that unless he got a little more they apprehended they would have considerable trouble with him. Fogarty was an honest Munster man, who had made a little money by his calling, and had the reputation of treating his customers fairly and dealing honestly with the world: he refused to allow the watchmen to interfere at all, and had proposed, as already stated, to send to Allen's for a chariot to convey Old Hawk and himself to James's Street, for he intended leaving him safe and sound under his own roof. The professional gentlemen were deeply chagrined at this unexpected interference in a matter so much connected with their own interests, and they told Fogarty he might mark the consequences of his imprudence; he ought to know the influence they had with Recorder Bradstreet and all the magistrates; they never "reported" his house, although that might often have been done; but if he did not allow them to mind

their own affairs, they would open a new leaf, and send the bog-trotter back to Munster among the rebels, instead of allowing him to make money like a gentleman in the loyal city of Dublin. Fogarty was inexorable to their threats and entreaties, and the messenger was just going off for the chariot when blind Tim arrived, and the guardians of the night were obliged to depart, disappointed in their expectations, and vowing vengeance on the honest tavern-keeper. In the mean time he who formed the subject of their discussion had sufficiently recovered from the effects of the brandy punch which he had taken, to understand the nature of the conversation, and to appreciate the honest intentions of his worthy host; then the arrival of his faithful servant, who for upwards of thirty years had never seen him affected by intoxicating drink, seemed to act upon him like a galvanic battery, and he started from his seat with a vigour which astonished all the spectators.

"I have heard," said Old Hawk, "all that passed whilst those robbers, who are a disgrace to our city, were endeavouring to get me into their clutches, and I shall no longer hesitate in the prosecution of a purpose which has long occupied my mind, but which I have never yet had the resolution to avow: you (looking at Fogarty) shall hear very soon what it is I have in contemplation; there is perhaps no other man in existence who can so materially assist in the accomplishment of my project, and I am sure you will the more readily lend your aid when you find that what I intend to do will be of advantage to yourself; but there is one barrier which must of course be removed before every thing can be finally accomplished."

Fogarty replied, that there was nothing in his power that he would not do to make Mr. Norberry happy, for he had been greatly honoured by the patronage which he bestowed on his house so long, as well as for the many friends whom he had recommended there.

Whilst this conversation was going on, the chariot which was to take Old Hawk home arrived at the door of the "Ram," and blind Tim proposed conveying his master thither without any further delay; but his proposal was interrupted by an inquiry from the latter of "What is the hour?"

The landlord replied, "Five minutes after twelve."

"Right!" said Old Hawk; "it was not twelve when the chariot was ordered at Allen's, and I will therefore only have to pay 'day fare' for it."

It may be here stated, that in these good old times the price of a chariot for an hour, if engaged before twelve o'clock at night, was only a shilling, but between that and six o'clock in the morning the fare was one and six pence, and the worthy old gentleman was anxious that he should have the benefit of an engagement

made one minute before that hour, being thereby enabled to save six pence. The charioteer interfered by saying he admitted it was a minute or two before twelve when the order came, but the clock had struck before he had "turned out," and he was therefore entitled to night fare. A rejoinder from Old Hawk followed, accompanied by a recommendation from the landlord to compromise the matter, as it seemed to involve a point of law, and after some controversy it was agreed that the contending parties should split the difference between them, and leave the sum to be paid one and three pence, instead of one and six pence. Tim and his master entered the chariot, and on their arrival at home he seemed to have become perfectly sober.

They discharged their charioteer, and entered their cheerless dwelling, which gave no signs of life, except the chirping of a swarm of crickets, that occupied the ground floor when all other company were absent. Old Shue had gone to bed, the fire was out, and blind Tim was obliged to go to a neighbouring watch-house to light a candle. On his return, Old Hawk took him into the parlour, which served the treble purpose of office, bed-room, and sitting-room; near the window was a strong oak desk with an iron railing round it, opposite which was a safe built into the wall; at the other end was a cupboard or press which served to hold the scanty viands and table ware with which the house was supplied; behind the door was a huge clock in an oaken case as large as a sentry box, which had stood there for a couple of generations, and whose loud and healthy stroke gave promise that it would continue to vibrate long after many a human heart, bent on worldly gain, and fraught with plans calculated to oppress or deceive their fellow-man, had mouldered into dust. In another part of the room was a press-bed, which turned up into a niche in the wall; there were a few oak chairs and two small tables of the same material, which completed the entire furniture of Old Hawk's state apartment.

When Tim entered with the candle, his master sent him in search of old Shue's firewood, and, after lighting a fire, he sat down, and they drew their chairs together. There are moments when the man who makes himself the outcast of society by his inordinate thirst for gold and the sordid practices which he adopts in pursuit of it, feels that he is alone in the world, and that amongst the sons of men there is hardly one with whom he can reciprocate one kindly feeling, or in whom he can confide either in the hour of success or of sorrow; and that if there be one such friend, it is an old and faithful servant, who has entered into the feelings of his master, and becomes reconciled to his habits and his eccentricities. Tim was one of those faithful domestics, whose nature it was to be attached to any person or thing with which he was connected, and was, in point of fact, as fond of the

old horses as he was of his master, and any esteem he might have to spare for a third object was given to old Shue. He was paid his board wages to the hour, and his standing wages was put to interest, which was paid quarterly and added to the principal, so that by careful management, under the direction of his master, he had amassed some money. The master was, besides, naturally quiet in his disposition, and never found fault with any thing, provided he was successful in his money getting pursuits, which was most generally the case ; so that Tim's situation was after all as agreeable as that of a man serving a titled master with a splendid equipage and a numerous retinue of servants. There was therefore a reciprocity of feeling between them, that, alas ! seldom exists between master and servant.

"Tim," said Old Hawk, as the billets of wood that had been lighted blazed up briskly, "hand me the bottle of wine that is in the safe ; I was made a present of a dozen by Mr. Jolly, for whom I cashed a small bill ; we will take a glass before we go to rest : I want to tell you something of my great success to-day, and of my future intentions and prospects."

Tim complied, and, having uncorked the bottle, sat down opposite his master : the wood fire burned cheerfully in the rusty grate, and gave an appearance of comfort to the apartment which it had rarely worn.

"Tim," continued Old Hawk, "put out that candle, the fire blazes so prettily that I think the candle light only spoils the effect of it ; and besides, conversation is always pleasanter by a cheerful fire than if the room was completely illuminated."

"Why," said Tim, "that's just what I was thinking, and I was really going to put it out before you spoke."

"Ah," replied the master, "you are just what I always found you to be, a faithful and considerate servant ; I would hardly have got on in this world and these hard times without such a friend, and in return for your fidelity I will tell you a good deal about my affairs."

"Very well," said Tim, "nothing can give me greater satisfaction than to hear about my master and all that concerns him. I have no other friend after all but you, and I would be the most ungrateful man upon earth if I did not take great interest in your success."

Old Hawk then proceeded : "Yes, Tim, I tell you, that I know what you say is true, and you being worthy of my confidence, I have now to inform you that I am about being married, that is, I have made up my mind about the matter, and I hope you shall in a few days have a mistress ; but let me tell you first what I have done this day, or rather what good fortune has befallen me. Whilst I was in the bank this morning I heard the glorious news that the father of young Lord Flareaway, from whom I got

the *post obit* about ten days ago, had just dropped dead in a fit of apoplexy : he had been one of a large dinner party at Bishop Bloater's, and spoiled the fun and feeding by dropping dead at the dinner table before the feast was more than half over. I got a *post obit* for ten thousand, and all I gave the young rake was two thousand ; he had, besides, to pay Gripe the attorney a thumping bill of costs. And, by the way, that Gripe is a villain that must be closely watched ; he was to have given me half the profits on the young lord's bill of costs, and I have good reason to think that he cheated me out of a portion of it, but the truth will come out when I am calling in the *post obit*, which will be now in a few days. Only think of two thousand paid away ten days ago, bringing in five times the amount now ! Providence always favours the honest, saving, industrious man : but sure if we did not get an odd lift of that kind we could never get on these hard times. I knew when I got the *post obit* that the old lord was such a drunkard and glutton that he could not live for any time, but it was the goodness of God that brought him home so soon. I calculated upon two or three years ; only think of ten days ! Come, Tim, fill your glass, and we will drink success to all *post obit* transactions."

Tim filled the glass, and said, "I don't exactly understand the meaning of these words, but what would you think, sir, if we drink to the memory of old Lord Flareaway ?"

"A capital idea," said Old Hawk, as he poured out a glass of good brown sherry, "let the toast then be, the memory of Lord Flareaway, and may all lords whose heirs owe honest men money soon meet the same fate."

"I say the same," replied Tim, and both swallowed off their wine.

"Now listen to me for a moment," said Old Hawk, "whilst I tell you what I am about to do, and ask your advice upon the subject. I know the change I am about to make is a very important one, and will add a good deal to our expense ; but if we expend in one way we can curtail in another, and I know that you will give me all the assistance in your power."

Tim replied, that much would depend upon the sort of mistress he would get, and added, that he was most impatient to hear her name.

"That," continued his master, "you shall hear presently, and if I mistake not you will approve of her as a person who will not expect too much. I have long thought of the matter, but the occurrences of this night have decided me : Fogarty is an honest man, and I will have his daughter Kate in marriage ; she is a saving, proper young woman, who will be a good wife. I was in her father's house sometime ago, when I heard her say that if she were a penny short of a hundred pounds she would not be any

longer able to pay that sum, and that it was the pennies saved more than the pennies earned that made the money. Now to hear such wisdom from the mouth of a girl so young is rare in this age of extravagance and folly, and if I don't mistake much, the daughter of Fogarty is worthy of being united to the Norberry family; but this brother of mine, who has such high notions, and whose son is now in college, will not consent to the alliance, and will do all in his power to prevent it, more particularly as he expects to get all my money, but I will disappoint these expectants. Gripe, the villain, will be also disappointed in the accomplishment, of certain plans he had laid for my ruin. You know he is attorney to that broken down spendthrift Colonel Dilkes, who has for many years been living upon the money of other people and keeping up appearances of splendour, regardless as to who will suffer in the end; he has a daughter who has been forgotten by the world, although she has been all her life accustomed to go into what is called high society, and only think of Gripe proposing to me to marry her, with a view, no doubt, of her father and family laying hold of my hard earned money; but I shall disappoint them all: why, it would ruin a man, no matter what money he might have, to support a wife accustomed to such extravagance. It won't do, Tim, it won't do, and Gripe shan't pocket the poundage upon a settlement on the daughter of old Dilkes. Fill again; here's 'Kate Fogarty of the Ram.'"

"Kate Fogarty of the Ram," echoed Tim, and both again quaffed their wine. "I approve highly of your choice," said the old servant, "I would like the beautiful creature for a mistress; but, master, you are too old to marry so young a woman, and you know besides, that you should have her consent: has that been yet obtained?"

"No," said his master, "I have not yet spoken on the subject to herself or her father, for it was only this night I came finally to the conclusion of making her my wife. There can be no disappointment in the matter; only think of the honour that will be done to Fogarty the inn-keeper, by an alliance with the Norberry family, and the certainty that she will have all my wealth after my death. The thing is quite certain. Kate Fogarty the bar-maid at the 'Ram' transformed into Mrs. Norberry! the thing is too tempting, there can be no disappointment; and lest any fatality should occur, I will propose the matter to-morrow to the young woman and her father, but it must be kept a secret for some time; Gripe must be kept in ignorance of every thing, the *post obit* shall be called in, and my papers taken out of his hands, before it is spoken of; but what is to be done with old Shue?"

"Why, of course," said Tim, "she will be a faithful servant to you and the mistress, as she has been to yourself; and as you must have one, you would not think of putting her away."

"I don't know how that may be yet; might I not as well marry the old Colonel's daughter, or some one like her, if I were to have servants to attend her? I think Kate Fogarty, even when she becomes Mrs. Norberry, will not be above her own business, and that we can live very comfortably without the expense of a servant."

"I am sure, master," said Tim, "that that will be matter for future arrangement, and I can tell you from experience that your opinions with regard to the management of your affairs will be greatly changed by marriage. I was a very young man when I married Nancy Cassidy; poor thing, she died after giving birth to a son in little more than a year after our union; and, in plain truth I must tell you, master, that it cost me more that year than for any other five years of my existence; I loved the poor creature, and in honour of her memory I never thought of marriage again. It is now nearly thirty years since I came to your father's house, and I believe you have always found me a faithful servant; the loss of my dear wife would have reconciled me to a fate much more unpleasant than to serve you."

"Oh," said Old Hawk, "you alarm me about the expense; why, if the wife had lived, you should have been ruined."

"I forgot to add," replied Tim, "that some way or other my means more than increased in a comparative degree with my expenses; and I do believe, had God spared me my wife, I would have been better off in the world than I am, although I might have more care."

"Why that is consoling," rejoined the master, "and I think it is now time that we should retire to rest. I feel that new scenes of an extraordinary character are before me; that even in my old days I shall be blessed with a good wife, and if I had one son to inherit my wealth, I would die happy. To-morrow Kate Fogarty, the handsome daughter of the honest landlord of the 'Ram,' shall be honoured by a proposal of marriage from the head of the Norberry family, and Gripe, the Colonel my brother, and the clan belonging to his haughty wife, shall be disappointed. Good night, Tim; not a word about this matter until it is all complete; above all, old Shue is not to hear it; I know that a woman cannot keep a secret."

Tim finished his glass of wine, and having stirred up the fire-wood in the grate, with a view to cast sufficient light about the apartment to enable his master to see the way to bed, he withdrew by a narrow passage which led to the rear of the house to take his repose on the stable loft.

CHAPTER II.

AN ABDUCTION AND UNEXPECTED RESCUE.

THE lofty summits of the Galtie mountains shone in golden splendour amidst the refulgent rays of an autumn sun, on an evening in the month of August, when a small detachment of military were seen in the distance, wending their way by a narrow road running through the fertile plains that mark the boundaries between Tipperary and Limerick; the corn fields bore the yellow tinge of approaching ripeness, and being interspersed with verdant meadows that undulated to the harvest wind, and played in waves before the refreshing breeze, the whole seemed as a sea of emerald and gold on which the reflection of the sun, from the polished arms of the little military party, flashed like a meteor, and formed a scene of peculiar beauty and grandeur. Upon the eastern ridge of mountains stood a party which consisted of two young lads, an elderly man, and four or five stout athletic fellows, who seemed in search of some lost treasure, or in expectation of meeting with friends in whom all their hopes and affections were centred. They appeared wholly regardless of the stupendous beauties of the surrounding landscape, and as the soldiers approached they changed their position, and sheltered themselves from observation behind some projecting rocks that formed the base of the summit from which they had been taking their observations.

"Father," said one of the young lads, "the soldiers have a prisoner tied upon a car; oh! I suppose Jack Ryan our uncle has been arrested."

"Very likely," replied the old man, "one sorrow never comes alone; your uncle is arrested, and will no doubt be hanged at Clonmel, next assizes; your niece has been taken away by villains who would have committed murder to accomplish their hellish purpose; but had I been at home when they came, they should have drank my blood before the daughter of my only brother had left me; and I think there is more to come: Ryan, I suppose is arrested, and it is likely they have tortured him until he gave information about Pat Butler being at our house, who was obliged to hide for putting a bad landlord out of the way. He, too, will be arrested, and hanged, of course; so that, my sons, it is a fearful thing after all to live in a country where the law affords no protection, because there is no confidence placed in it, and where it is administered by one party for purposes of cruelty and malice against another. But there is no use in bewailing our fate; we would be better, after all, bad as the law is, had we obeyed it, and not left ourselves in the power of the perjured informer and villain."

"Hush, father," said one of the young lads, "I don't think

it is a man they have on the car ; it is something very strange ; and whatever it may be it appears to be lifeless."

At this moment the soldiers halted, as if in doubt of the road they should go, and the party who had been watching them, believing that they had been observed, retreated through a narrow pass of the mountain that led to a village of five or six houses, which was so situated as to be inaccessible not only to a car but to any one on horseback, and which had often formed a place of rendezvous for the Whiteboys, who had some time previously been engaged in a crusade against an attempt made to charge tithe for potatoes in Munster. Their object in visiting this stronghold was with a view to summon aid to rescue the person so closely guarded by the military. Half an hour's quick pace over crags, and through defiles impassible to any but those accustomed to their intricacies, brought them to the first house in the village, which was owned by a man named Lonergan, and here they unexpectedly met with six young men from a part of the country nearly forty miles distant, who had come over on a matter of business which should be transacted by strangers in that locality.

Lonergan's house abutted on a portion of the mountain in which there was a natural cavern of immense extent, that was reached by a kind of "*via sacra*," and here were often to be found fugitives from the officers of justice, as well as those maimed or wounded in conflicts with tithe proctors, yeomen, barony constables, or occasional military detachments sent through the country to arrest notorious offenders. This cavern thus served the purpose of an hospital and depôt for such insurgent forces as it was deemed necessary by Captain Rock to call together from time to time ; and although the country people had access to it for the purpose of conveying provisions and administering relief to its occupants, it is a fact, that it was used for the purposes here stated for upwards of half a century before it was discovered. Its existence caused hundreds of criminals to escape punishment, and as many innocent persons to be hanged in their stead. The respective parties were not long in explaining to each other the causes which had so unexpectedly brought them together. The leader or spokesman of those who were found in the house of Lonergan, having at once recognised in their visitors friends whom, according to the league that then existed amongst the Whiteboys, they were bound to assist, and from whom they could claim assistance in return, at once opened the business which brought himself and his associates to that part of Tipperary. "We understand," said he, "that you are greatly aggrieved by the villainy of Bishop Fowler's land agent, old Tom Bateman, and we have come to level his house, and give him a warning to behave himself: the fellow is not yet fit to die, and we will not send him home at

present ; but our principal business is, to level his new house, which we fear will be a difficult job." Now the history of Tom Bateman, or old Pipes, as he was called in the neighbourhood, was shortly this : Doctor Fowler, on being elevated to the See of Killaloe, appointed Bateman his agent, in consideration of receiving from him a considerable sum of money : he gave also in return, for his own immediate use, a portion of the church property, which was completely detached from the see, and situated in that part of Limerick which adjoined Tipperary, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Galtie mountains. Bateman, on getting possession of these lands, immediately dispossessed the tenants, whose ancestors had resided on them for centuries, levelled their houses, and erected a mansion for himself, which was more like a little fortress than the residence of a quiet country gentleman. Old Pipes was agent to several other landlords who had property in the neighbourhood of Doctor Fowler's church lands, and was noted throughout Tipperary for being most skilful in the application of the screw ; and such was the detestation in which he was held by the poor people, that none of them would venture to take a farm that might fall out of lease over which he was the agent.

To pull down the house of this old gentleman was the immediate business of the strange party who were assembled at the house of Lonergan, when they were met by those who had proceeded thither to obtain aid for the purpose of rescuing the prisoner who was guarded by the detachment of military, who were at that moment passing by the road that skirted the foot of the mountain. Promises of reciprocal assistance were instantly given on both sides ; but the party of strangers who were thus found at Lonergan's required to know the nature of the expedition in which they were sought to be engaged, and who or what the prisoner was whom they were called upon to assist to rescue. The old man stated that he did not know who or what the person was, but he could have little doubt that it was his brother-in-law Jack Ryan, who had, with others, been accused of murdering a tithe proctor, who was also his landlord, who came to make a distress for potatoe tithe. He was sure he had been arrested, as the military had been several days in pursuit of him. " But," continued he, " that was not our immediate business ; we were out in search of my niece, Kate Fogarty, from Dublin, who had come upon a visit amongst her friends in the country. She was a creature of great beauty, the May-flower was not fairer to behold, and although bred in a city, the sportive lamb was not more playful or innocent ; she came amongst us for a little to delight our hearts and gladden our eyes, but whilst myself and my sons were the day before yesterday absent at the fair of Holycross, a party of men came and carried her off from my house by force ; we know not where she is, and although we have been out in pursuit of the

villains for the last day and night, we have been unable to find the least trace of them ; we thought they were concealed about the mountain, and whilst we were anxiously watching the movements of every human being who came under our view, we saw the party of military coming towards us, guarding a prisoner tied on a car, whom we believe to be poor Jack Ryan, and our business now is not to allow him to be carried off before our eyes to suffer a disgraceful death ; let us pledge ourselves to die to a man sooner than suffer such a disgrace to fall upon us."

"We are all ready," replied the strangers, "and if we die in the attempt, others will be found in the place from which we came to level the house of old Pipes and shave him into the bargain."

Lonergan, who was a man of much experience, having been present at more councils of war than even the celebrated Irish chieftain himself, advised that a *videt* should be despatched in the person of a barefooted boy, who was celebrated through Tipperary for his agility, and who was generally employed in transmitting despatches from the occupants of the cave to their friends in various parts of the country. This extraordinary fellow, who was able to outstrip the fleetest horse at a long race, was called Cus-duvh, or Blackfoot, a name formerly given to any go-between who was in the habit of carrying messages of an illicit or private character from one party to another. Cus-duvh, who was an innocent looking *gom* of a fellow, was accordingly despatched, with instructions to cross the country with all speed until he came up with the detachment of military, and then, without seeming to manifest any great curiosity, put beyond all doubt who or what it was they were guarding so closely. The poor fellow set off at a moment's notice, and after a run of something more than four miles, he came up with the red coats, carelessly whistling an old Irish tune, and apparently wholly regardless of their business or destination. He cast an eye to the car, and, to his infinite surprise, he saw that the prisoner whom they were so closely guarding was a beautiful young woman, in a state of great exhaustion from terror and fatigue.

"Hallo !" said the sergeant who commanded the party, when he saw Cus-duvh, "can you tell us where the house of one Fogarty is ? we want to leave this creature safe at home with her friends, and the poor soul is so terrified she does not know this country at all, but we are determined not to leave her till we give her safe into the hands of her friends."

The poor fellow to whom the joyful news was communicated replied, that he would in less than no time have her friends, who were in pursuit of her, there, to receive her with joy, and he flew with the swiftness of an antelope back to the house of Lonergan, where he informed the assembly of the result of his mission. In a moment all were seeing flying over the mountain in the direction of where the soldiers were, and when they came in

view, the sergeant, apprehensive that an attempt would be made to rescue their charge, ordered his men to draw up in close column, and be prepared for the boys who were coming, if it should turn out that they were enemies. Cus-duvh flew on before the party as the bearer of a flag of truce, but O'Kelly, who was a prudent fellow, required that the main body should stand at a distance until some one would advance and be recognised by the young woman as her friend. This arrangement was promptly complied with, and the old man, accompanied by one of his sons, a promising fine young lad, advanced to O'Kelly, who conducted them through his men until they were by the side of the car where the young woman was. The meeting between them was affecting; the old man tenderly embraced his niece, and the young lad was almost frantic with joy at finding his cousin (whom he believed to have been taken away by the Dwyers, who were the most powerful clan in Tipperary, from whose clutches man or woman had never been known to escape) safely restored to her friends. The sergeant could no longer doubt that he ought to deliver up his charge to his new acquaintances, and the whole body of the countrymen at once came forward, and greeted the deliverers of the young woman with demonstrations of the most joyous affection.

"Why, then," said the old man to the sergeant, "how did it come that you were the means of bringing back to us this dear creature, who is the only daughter of my only brother, Tom Fogarty, of the Ram Hotel, whom I have not seen for twenty years? May the blessings of heaven alight upon your heads; I will never repine at any misfortune that may befall me, now that I am able to restore to that brother, a treasure which he values beyond all the world."

O'Kelly, with all the frankness of a gallant soldier, proceeded to relate the facts connected with the rescue of Kate Fogarty from her abductors. He stated, that he and his party had been conveying two deserters to their regiment which was stationed at Cahir, and wishing, on account of the heat of the weather, to perform their journey back to Thurles, where they were stationed, before the sun rose, they started from Cahir at midnight, and about two miles from that town they met, at a short turn of the road, a party of five or six men on horseback, having the young woman behind one of them; the night was bright, and she having observed the arms of the soldiers glisten in the light of the moon, cried out to them for God's sake to rescue her, as she was carried off without her consent. The soldiers without hesitation closed upon the party, resistance was unavailing, and without injury being done on either side, Kate Fogarty was in a few moments safe in the hands of her deliverers, who had with them the car upon which the deserters had

been conveyed to Cahir ; upon this vehicle they placed her, and were returning in search of the house of her uncle, when they were observed that evening by the party who went out in pursuit of her abductors, and who were taking their observations from a ridge of the Galties.

The friends of Fogarty embraced the soldiers with the most unbounded affection ; and as it would be too far for them to march to Thurles that evening, every one of the party who had a house in the locality, insisted that one or two of them should take a billet with him for the night, promising them the best refreshment he could give. O'Kelly had an objection thus to separate his men in a mountainous district with which they were not acquainted, although if a village was nigh, where all could be accommodated for the night, he was anxious to postpone his journey till morning. Old Fogarty, who was a comfortable farmer with a good range of out offices, settled the matter by proposing that all should proceed to his house, which was only three miles distant, and he would accommodate them in the best way he could. O'Kelly at once consented to this arrangement ; and Cus-duvh was despatched by a short way across the country with the joyful news that Kate was restored safe to her friends, and with directions to have a piper and plenty of "poteen" ready for the party as soon as they arrived. The poor fellow flew over hill and valley till he reached the house of Fogarty, and soon spread joy amongst its inmates by the intelligence which he conveyed to them : fires were instantly lighted in the *bawn*, every pot and pan in the village was collected, and a fitch of bacon, and a sack of potatoes, were put in process of cooking ; a large ~~cask~~ of *poteen* was provided, and every preparation was made to give the expected visitors a warm welcome. The military and their new acquaintances marched slowly along the narrow and intricate road that led to the house of Fogarty, where they arrived in about an hour after Cus-duvh had given notice of their coming. By this time the sun had gone down below the horizon, the Galties were dimly seen in the distance, a cool and refreshing breeze played along the vale ; Kate had completely recovered from fright and fatigue, and having bounded light and joyous from the car into the arms of her aunt and cousins, a more merry or happy party never congregated, even in Tipperary. The feast was by this time nearly prepared, a large barn was cleared out, doors were taken off their hinges, and being supported by turf cleaves turned upside down, they were placed from one end of the building to the other, and answered admirably for a row of tables ; all the stools, chairs, and forms in the village were collected, and seats having been arranged to correspond with the tables, the feast began. Old Fogarty took the head of the table, and had his niece upon one side, and her deliverer, the dashing sergeant, on the other ; the soldiers were promiscuously

mingled through the country people ; all had their appetites sharpened by a weary march and a long fast, and, take them all in all, it would be impossible to find a company more amply prepared to do justice to the repast. The bacon and cabbage and cakes of oaten bread came in, heaped upon wooden dishes, and he who was fortunate enough to possess a knife, was obliged to use it for the benefit of his neighbours as well as his own. The viands disappeared with astonishing rapidity, and when the task of mastication was performed to the full satisfaction of every one concerned, the temporary tables were removed, and the middle of the house being cleared of every obstruction, it was evident that preparations were making for a dance. But the most necessary preliminary to this amusement in those days, when teetotalism was unheard of, was copious libations of the mountain dew, and the cask of *poteen* was placed in the end of the building, the contents of which found their way through a wooden spigot into earthen pitchers, and from thence into egg shells, which were served round to the company by Mrs. Fogarty and the younger branches of her family, with that genuine hospitality and kindness of heart, which are almost unknown in the higher circles of society. The old man, who still continued his seat between his niece and O'Kelly, called for a bumper, and gave "the gallant sergeant and his men," with a hearty good will that was responded to not only by cheers, but by prancing and dancing as if the poor fellows had become frantic with joy. O'Kelly, who was a man of considerable education and knowledge of the world, returned thanks in suitable terms, and made some pointed allusions to the beauty of Miss Fogarty, which caused the maiden to blush, as she listened with surprise to the well turned phrases of her handsome panegyrist and deliverer. Old Fogarty was not slow in apprehending the allusions made by the sergeant, and expressed a hope that he would yet see his niece Mrs. O'Kelly, and see O'Kelly a captain. When the egg shells had circulated half a dozen of times, the piper commenced operations, the feet of all the younger portion of the company were instantly set in motion ; O'Kelly and Kate led off a country dance, which was followed in quick succession by jigs and horn-pipes, performed with a mirthful agility unknown to the slow and scientific movements of our modern quadrille, or the heavy prance of the gallopade. The music and the dance were occasionally relieved by a song and a story, and the night was passing by on the wings of joy, when a horseman was heard to dash at full speed into the *bawn*. Jack Ryan, whose name and peculiar circumstances have been already incidentally mentioned, formed one of the party, and, upon hearing the noise of an equestrian at such a time and place, he was seen to make his exit through a back window of the barn. O'Kelly was not slow in comprehending the meaning of his flight, but he seemed to pass over the circum-

stance unnoticed. All cause of apprehension was, however, instantly dispelled, upon a well-dressed, thick set, muscular fellow, with a heavy brow and sinister cast of countenance, rushing into the barn, who was greeted with a hearty welcome, and shouts of "our old friend Queelan, all the way from Dublin." The cause of his unexpected appearance was quickly explained by him, to the infinite pain and embarrassment of some of the company.

He said he had been directed by the father of Kate, to proceed at once to Tipperary, and bring her back to Dublin without ever losing sight of her, or delaying a moment; that the very morning she left home, to pay the long promised visit to her friends in the country, a wealthy merchant of high family and connections had proposed for her in marriage; that great honours awaited the name of Fogarty by the alliance; and as no time was to be lost, he should proceed to the fulfilment of his mission at an early hour in the morning, when he hoped that Kate would be ready.

During the recital of this intelligence, O'Kelly cast many an anxious look at Kate, whose face was crimsoned with blushes, whilst a pearly tear forced its way from under the long silken lashes of her dark blue eye to her cheek. Queelan having been regaled with plenty of the mountain dew, joined heartily in the fun and merriment that was going on; he listened with peculiar attention to the narrative of Kate's fortunate rescue, and the cause that brought together such a heterogeneous assembly. He was then called upon for a song or a story, when he volunteered to give both.

He said, "I am well known to almost every one here, except these brave fellows, who have this day rendered such a signal service to the family of Fogarty; and perhaps some short account of myself may not be unentertaining to them. I was for many years the Captain Rock of the northern district of Tipperary, and have often led on the Whiteboys to do battle in the cause of their country; tithe proctors and parsons fled before me like the mist of the morning before a strong wind; but I was at length taken up, brought to trial, and having escaped, almost by a miracle, from being hanged, I quit the country, and am now doing well in a good public house in Thomas Street, in the city of Dublin."

"Come, Queelan," said old Fogarty, "tell the sergeant, and tell us all, how you escaped on that occasion; I have heard wonders about your trial, but could never learn the real truth of the matter."

"Well, then," continued Queelan, "many of you know the scourge that Disney, the land agent and tithe proctor, was, in this part of Tipperary, and notwithstanding all the warnings we gave him (for we never cut the ears off a tithe proctor, or shot a bad landlord, without giving him timely notice to mend his ways), he still continued to ruin all the poor people with whom he had any

thing to do. At last it was agreed upon that he should be cropped and carded, and the task of performing those operations having fallen to myself and two others, we proceeded one night to his house for that purpose. We knew he was well armed, and that we might expect a desperate resistance if we attempted to take the house by force, and we had recourse to a stratagem that succeeded in putting the fellow into our power without much trouble. He always kept two or three blood horses which he prized very much, and on a winter's evening after nightfall we got a large jack-ass, which we brought to his stable and turned in amongst them. The animals began to kick, squeel, and neigh, as if they were mad. The noise was heard by Disney, who was just after dinner; the hall door was quickly unbarred, and out he came towards the stable. I placed myself as sentry, to prevent any further egress from the house, the other two fellows seized Disney, and before he had time to utter a sentence, they stopped his mouth with a wad of tow prepared for the purpose, carried him off behind the stables, and commenced cutting off his ears. He was, however, armed with a dagger, with which he wounded one of the fellows in the breast, who would have been killed were it not that the point of the weapon was turned by a tobacco-box that was in his waistcoat pocket. Finding such desperate resistance made, the fellows, contrary to our original intention, despatched him, without one of the family inside knowing what had occurred. Our business was then to conceal the body, and leave his disappearance a mystery throughout the country, and for that purpose we carried it upwards of three miles to a bog, and sunk it in a bog-hole. When we separated, a thought came over my mind that one of my companions would turn approver, and that the other and myself would be hanged. I was near my own house, and recollecting that I had at home a fine black coat that belonged to a tithe-proctor, who, about two years previous, was stripped, and tied upon a wild horse, with a whin bush for a saddle, I went home for it, came back to the bog-hole, raised Disney out of it, took off a light coloured coat with gilt buttons which he wore, and with some difficulty put the black coat on in its place. I found that it fitted him admirably, and having put him back in the same position in which I found him, I returned home, and did not go to bed that night till I burnt every atom of the real coat, and melted the buttons into slugs. Well, to be sure the next day there was a terrible hullabaloo about Disney; no tale or tidings could be had of him. He was a single man, and having dined alone on the day he was murdered, he was not missed by the servants for a couple of hours after he went out to the stable. No event ever occurred in Tipperary that caused such consternation. It was at first reported that having got possession of a large sum of money belonging to

several landlords, he fled with it to France, but the finding of his body in the bog-hole in a few weeks after the murder, put the case in its true light, and an enormous reward was offered for the apprehension and conviction of his murderers. One of the villains who was at the perpetration of the deed, went to Dublin, turned approver, and gave information against myself and our other partner in guilt, but he had fortunately fled the country some weeks previous, and was never since heard of. I was accordingly arrested in my own house by a strong body of horse and foot, and brought heavily ironed into Clonmel. The joy of the magistrates, parsons, and proctors throughout Tipperary exceeded all bounds, when they heard that the notorious Queelan, who was regarded as the Captain Rock of the day, had been arrested. The assizes went on in a few days after. Special counsel came down from Dublin to prosecute me; the court-house was crowded to excess by the gentry of the county, and sentence of death was passed on me before I was tried at all. In instructing my attorney, I told him the only defence I had was an *alibi*, not only for myself, but the villain who was going to swear against me; that neither he nor I had any thing to do with it; but that I knew, as a matter of course, such a defence would not be believed, and that I gave myself up as a dead man. The trial went on, and the villain declared all the circumstances truly, with the exception that he put himself in my position as sentry on Disney's door, whilst I and the other fellow were murdering him. There were some circumstances of corroboration, and although they were slight, they were quite enough to hang any Whiteboy in Munster. My witnesses were called up to prove that the informer was not near Disney's house the whole of the night or day upon which the murder was committed, but they were all sent down off the table as unworthy of belief. My counsel shook his head, and seemed to say my case was hopeless; the evidence closed on both sides, and the judge was about to charge the jury, when I said, in a tone loud enough to be heard by his lordship, 'Ask that villain, who is swearing my life away, one question.' 'No,' said the attorney, 'I will not instruct your counsel to ask another question.' 'What is it,' said the judge, 'you wish to have asked?' 'Ob, my Lord,' said I, 'that villain is swearing my life away for money; he knows nothing of the transaction, as all my witnesses have proved, and it just struck me that I ought to ask what coloured coat or clothes the man had on him when he was murdered and put in the bog-hole, as he swears.' 'A very important question,' said the judge, 'and one that has not been put throughout the course of this trial. Call the approver.' The fellow came on the table, and swore most positively that the murdered man wore a light coloured coat with gilt buttons; there could be no mistake about it, as he had

often seen him out fowling with a coat of the same kind, and that made him take particular notice of it. Several trustworthy witnesses who were at the finding of the body were then called by the directions of the judge, and all deposed that the deceased had on a fine black coat, such as gentlemen would be likely to wear going to dinner. The counsel for the crown were wholly unprepared for such a question; no one saw Disney go out of his house that night, and no one was able to prove what coloured coat he had on. The whole aspect of the case was entirely changed; my counsel triumphantly called for an acquittal, inasmuch as the approver was rendered unworthy of credit, and taking his evidence away, there was nothing that could even fix suspicion on me; the jury would see that the villain swore to the kind of coat that the gentleman used to go out to shoot in; that the hand of Providence had almost miraculously interfered to save an innocent man, and that as soon as they returned their verdict of acquittal, he would call upon the judge to order the approver into the dock to be tried for perjury. His lordship was obliged to acquiesce in this new view of the case; I was triumphantly acquitted, and the approver was actually put into the dock, more as a punishment for having bungled the case, than with a view to prosecute him, even if he were guilty. Having thus escaped the halter in this extraordinary way, I quit Tipperary, and am now well to do as an honest citizen of Dublin."

O'Kelly, who, with all his comrades, had listened with the most profound attention to the story of Queelan, said, "Why was it that you reserved your defence about the colour of the coat to the last moment, when, if the judge did not allow your question to be put, you would most certainly have been hanged?"

"Ah!" replied the other, "I was a schoolmaster in my early days; I have read a good deal; 'Know thy opportunity,' was the saying of one of the seven wise men of Greece, and the man who has not acquired that knowledge knows nothing. Had that fact been disclosed, even at an early period of the trial, or before the counsel for the prosecution had closed their evidence, they would have got up a case to meet it, and it would have been of no value to me. I knew the question should be asked, and I took the only course that could save my life."

"Well, then," said the sergeant, "your story was so good we will now listen with equal attention and delight to your song."
"Very well," said Queelan, "then here goes."

THE WHITEBOY'S SONG.

"Through sweet Tipperary
I oft have been weary,
In leading the boys to do duty;
We disdained petty pelf,
And all thoughts about self,
But made parsons and proctors our booty.

" We made middlemen fly
 As we raised the war-cry,
 And sure none but rack-renters can hate us ;
 We made land-bailiffs quake,
 And the black sluggards ache,
 When they thought to charge tithes on potatoes.

" Oh, then, here's Church and State,
 May they ne'er separate ;
 If they do, sure our fun will be over ;
 And our captain himself
 Will be laid on the shelf,
 Or go to sea, where he'll join the Red Rover.

" Then, through sweet Tipperary," &c.

The song, the dance, and the music having ceased, at the request of O'Kelly, at an earlier hour than some of the rest of the company wished, the place of revelry was transformed into one of repose, where himself and his men slept soundly till morning upon bundles of clean straw. At an early hour all the parties were in motion ; Kate was ready to proceed on her way to Dublin with Queelan, who was mounted upon an excellent horse. The parting between herself and O'Kelly was affecting in the extreme, and ere they separated he made her promise that she would write to him before her marriage, in case his regiment, who were daily expecting to leave their present quarters, did not reach Dublin before that time. She then, with his assistance, bounded to the croup behind Queelan, who went off in a gallop. O'Kelly marched out of the *bawn* at the head of his men, and both parties were followed by the anxious looks and loud cheers of the assembled spectators.

CHAPTER III.

CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF BOB'S ANCESTORS—PREPARATIONS FOR THE MARRIAGE OF OLD HAWK.

OLD HAWK arose in the morning, sick for the first time in his life after the enjoyments of the previous evening; the scenes of the night flitted over his memory like a troubled dream; he appeared faint and weary, and was unable to take his usual breakfast. Old Shue observed the change in his manner, and expressed her surprise at her master not being able to breakfast; she hoped that no tenant had run away from him with the rent, or any one died who owed him money. His remarkable reserve and evident desire to conceal the thoughts that were crowding on his mind, only heightened the curiosity of his old servant, who could not rest until she went to blind Tim to seek for information on the subject. There again she was met with a reserve that drove her almost frantic; for she had sagacity enough to know that some change was contemplated in the household arrangements, which was to be kept secret from her. In truth, she had always had some vague notion floating on her mind, that her master would one day or other make her the legalized mistress of the old mansion, and partner of his fortune. All attempts to extort information from Tim proved ineffectual, and her anxiety was kept at the utmost tension during the day, her master not having come home until nearly twelve o'clock at night; and then he merely answered her interrogatories by monosyllables, and with an air of mystery that only increased her curiosity. He ordered her to go seek for Tim, and then take herself to bed with all possible speed.

Tim, who was anxious to hear the news of the day from Old Hawk, had at this moment arrived, and as soon as Shue had been got rid of, the remnant of the bottle of wine that had been opened the previous night was placed on the table, the master and man drew their chairs together, when the former thus proceeded:

"I have broached the subject of the marriage to Fogarty to-day, who was, as you may suppose, delighted at the proposal; but by some strange fatality his daughter had proceeded at an early hour in the morning by the 'Fly' to Kilkenny, on her way to Tipperary, where she was to have remained for some weeks on a visit with her friends; but as I am anxious that no delay shall take place, I have directed her father to send for her, and have

her brought back as soon as possible : a friend of his, in whom he can confide, will start to-morrow morning on the mission, and we may expect Kate Fogarty here within a few days."

"What did Fogarty say exactly, when you spoke to him on the matter?" inquired Tim.

"I will tell you," said his master, "every word that passed. I walked into the 'Ram,' took Fogarty aside, and said, 'I remember your kindness to me last night, and although it was no more than what any honest man should do, it has brought me here to-day to carry into effect an intention which I had long since formed, and about which I have often wavered. I want your daughter in marriage.' The eye of Fogarty brightened up at this announcement, and his wife, who by my directions had been called into the room, seemed so overcome with joy, that I thought she would have lost her senses, and before her husband had time to make any reply, she said, 'Oh, Mr. Norberry, sure we could never have hoped for such an honour being conferred on our family : my daughter will be the greatest woman in Dublin ; she will have her coach, of course, and the Cavanaghs, at the other side of the way, who were always endeavouring to cope up to us, will die with envy. Oh, the creatures, they have the curse of being poor and proud ; they are always talking of their high family—of the princes of Borres, or some place like that in the country ; but what will they say when they see my daughter rolling in her coach, and hear that she is wife of Mr. Norberry, who is one of the richest men and best families in Dublin ? why, it will drive the Cavanaghs mad ; and then when they see the livery servants up behind the carriage, and sticks with gold heads on them in their hands, they will actually run out of the street. But what sad luck it is that my daughter is not here to receive this joyful news !' The foolish woman would have gone on at much greater length in the same strain, but that she was interrupted by her husband, who at once perceived that I was alarmed at such extravagant notions being entertained with regard to her daughter's future prospects and household establishment. 'Stop, woman,' said he, 'stop your folly ; you have idle notions about those things. Our daughter will have whatever her husband pleases, and no more, and whatever that may be, she will be satisfied, for she is one of the kindest and most gentle creatures in existence ; I have never known her to complain of any thing.' 'Poh !' rejoined the mother, 'what has Mr. Norberry been keeping up his money for but to spend it on a wife, and sure a prettier creature could not be decked out with jewels than our own Kate ? Maybe a diamond necklace won't sparkle most brilliantly on her white neck, and feathers and pearls will look delightful over her raven hair !'"

"Ah, master," said Tim, "did you faint, or how did you

bear to hear of such extravagance? I venture to say, before you go further, that the match will be broken off."

"Hold your tongue," continued Old Hawk, "hear me out. All that nonsense was only the dreaming of an ignorant woman. The father of Kate is a sensible man; his daughter is sensible and saving, she has no such notions as her mother. You know I told you before that I heard her say once, 'Take a penny from a hundred pounds and you are no longer master of that sum, and that it was the pennies saved more than the pennies earned that made the money.' Oh! no, Tim, I can never forget that. Let the mother rave away; when her imagination cools down she will be very well pleased with having her daughter Mrs. Norberry, without coaches, servants, diamond necklaces, pearl head-dresses, and what not; besides, she must know that in the end her daughter will have all my money—that I am determined on, or at least I am determined that my brother or his graceless blackguard of a son, who is now in college, shall never touch a six-pence of it; my wife and children shall have all."

"But tell me," replied Tim, "what did Fogarty himself say? how did you part upon the business, or what arrangements are to be made for the wedding? But why do I talk of a wedding, till you have Kate's consent first?"

"Don't talk of consent," said the master, "it would be impossible there could be a question about that; the girl is young, her heart is disengaged, she knows I have money, and the hope of one day or another possessing it all, will soon decide her; besides, the father and mother will insist on it. I am going to purchase the wedding dress to-morrow. Come, Tim, take your wine, let us drink Kate's safe return and happy marriage."

Tim slowly filled his glass, and having drank the toast, he said, "Master, allow me to say one word by way of advice. Don't buy the clothes, or go to expense, till after Kate's arrival, and that you have her consent; something tells me there will be a break up in the business; the creature is young and beautiful, and most likely somebody has made love to her before this, and the way with young girls is, that whoever has the courage to first declare his passion, is sure to be favourably received; they generally get a preference. I remember when I made love to Nancy Cassidy, that in about a week after two other fine looking young fellows were ready for her, but as I was the first to propose, she said, in gratitude to me that she would have me in preference. Besides, master, you are so much older than she is, that I fear she will never consent."

"Silence, you old fool," said the master, whose temper had been ruffled by the evil predictions of his servant; "silence: I was a fool to have entrusted you with the secret, and here is the return I get for the confidence I have placed in you. What right

have you to lay out such evil for me, where there are no grounds for supposing that it could occur? I never mentioned a word of this affair to any one but yourself."

"Did you consult no friend?" said Tim; "or had you any to consult?"

"No," replied the master; and then stopping, as if his memory had ran back over the dreary waste of a long life in search of one who could be honoured by the endearing name, but being unable to make such discovery, he said with a subdued tone, "No, no, Tim, I know no friend in whom I could confide but yourself; but why, tell me, why do you distract me by prognosticating such disappointments? for now that I have taken the thing in head, and have disclosed my intentions to the father and mother of the young woman, I would die if I were disappointed."

"Master, dear," said the affectionate old servant, "don't be either angry or sorrowful; you admit I am the only friend you have in whom you could confide, and sure I would be the worst man in existence if I could deceive you, or say or do any thing that would give you pain; but I only took a common sense view of the matter, and said that the thing could not be certain until you had the young woman's consent, and that, afraid of disappointments, it would be better not to purchase the wedding-clothes until after Kate's arrival."

"Probably you are right," said Old Hawk, "and there is no use in laying out money till the moment it is necessary; but as to disappointment, that is quite out of the question."

"I hope so," said blind Tim, as he filled another glass of wine and drew nearer to the fire. "But let me ask you, master, what is to be done with old Shue? She seems as if in a state of distraction all this day; did you tell her anything of your intended marriage?"

"No," replied the master, "although she questioned me very closely about the matter, and I wish of all things she should be kept in ignorance of what has been going on."

"Ignorant of what is going on!" echoed a voice with a demoniacal shout; "I am no longer ignorant, I know it all; and if I were to be roasted in h— for eternity I'll have revenge."

"O! may the Virgin of heaven protect us!" said Tim, "I have often heard that this old house was haunted, but I am now convinced of it. Master, dear, make the sign of the cross on your forehead, it will strengthen you against temptation, and guard you from your enemies."

"The cross won't do," continued the voice, in a shrill, grating tone; "God or man shall not save him from my vengeance—mark that."

Old Hawk shivered like an aspen leaf shaken by the breeze, and Tim having rattled the poker against the bars of the old

grate, as if to drown the unpleasant interruption, told his master to kneel down and say a prayer, and acting himself according to the counsel he had given, was on his knees in a moment.

Old Hawk paused, and said, "I remember not the time when I bent the knee to God; I have not for nearly fifty years entered a place of public worship, nor have I ever during that time, that I remember, offered a single prayer to heaven."

"You have been offering to h—— all your life," continued the voice, in a tone of increased harshness and fury.

"Your evil predictions," said Old Hawk to Tim, angrily, "have been very soon fulfilled. Take care, old man, that you have not something to do with the fulfilment of your own prophecy."

"Oh, Father of mercy!" said Tim, "let me finish my prayers. I never met with any thing like this in the whole course of my life, since Ferguson, who was shot by Tom Grier, appeared in Gorteen house. I was a little boy at the time, and on a visit with the butler at Gorteen, when Ferguson came in, and we all at the kitchen fire drinking the first-shot of a charge of *poteen* that had been run that day. I saw his side all bloody, and his face as white as paper; he spoke to the butler, who was formerly an old servant of his, but his voice was so much more mild and gentlemanly than those of the master of the house or any other we were accustomed to hear, that we could have wished them all dead for the sake of improvement. And says he, when he came in, 'Don't be frightened, good people, it was the best thing ever happened to me to have been shot when I was, for had I lived a week longer, I would have committed a murder for which I would have been hanged. My business here,' said he, 'is to tell Keating the butler, who is a religious man, that attends church every Sunday, and has never told a lie, that I have a daughter by my first marriage at school in France under another name; her parentage will never be discovered, unless you go to the house of Mr. Sheerin in Dublin, tell him to open an unregistered deed that I left there, and that will set all right. I have no more to say further, than that I am settled between the froth and water in the little lake at the bottom of the lawn, where I am to remain to the day of judgment;' and with that he left the room before all our eyes in a flash of light; and the truth is, that his daughter, who was most cruelly treated in France, because she had no money, and nobody knew where she came from, was brought home, and enjoyed all his fortune."

"Are these your prayers?" said Old Hawk. "I have often heard that some prayers are very nonsensical, but such stuff as that I have never heard. Come, come from your knees; let us search the house and see what is the matter. Where is old Shue? is she gone to bed?"

Tim arose, and having lighted a candle of the most slender dimensions, he and his master went on a tour of discovery through the old building, to ascertain from whence the supernatural voice had proceeded. The sleeping apartment of old Shue was first visited, but she was not there ; every other nook in the house where she could possibly be concealed was searched, but without better success ; she was no where to be found. However, an inspection of the loft over the room where Old Hawk and his servant were, led them to believe that the supposed apparition was old Shue, and that the voice proceeded from a hole which they discovered in the ceiling nearly over where they sat. Both were almost electrified with surprise, but Old Hawk manifested much more terror than when he had reason to think that he had been addressed by a ghost from the grave.

"I felt some horror," said he, "at your evil predictions, and I feel a presentiment of evils to come which I never felt before. I wish I had not thought of marriage ; I feel that my peace is gone, and that I will never be able to make money as I did."

"My dear master," said Tim, "be quiet ; sure it is not the loss of old Shue that would grieve you ; she may not be gone, but even if she be, you can do without her. You were speaking of discharging her when the mistress came home, and perhaps it is all for the better that she has discharged herself a few days before that time."

"Be it so," replied the master, "but the die is cast ; married I must be, and the sooner the better."

The master and man then retired for the night ; the former to brood over the contending feelings that distracted his mind, and take a retrospective view of a life where there was not a single spot upon which memory could delight to linger, or one bright ray from the past to illumine the dreary though short way he had yet to tread. He was unable to close his eyes in sleep, and having arisen in the morning weary and distracted, he found that there was still no account of old Shue, and he was obliged to make his way to the "Ram" to get his breakfast.

Some few days passed over in this state of anxiety and suspense ; there was no account of Shue ; Kate had not yet arrived, and Old Hawk was found late and early at the "Ram," where he was entertained by his intended matrimonial connections in a style of comfort to which he had hitherto been a stranger. In the mean time his wedding dress was purchased to suit the taste of Mrs. Fogarty, who was in a perpetual state of hurry and bustle, and who wore an air of pride suited to the importance and dignity of the occasion. The daughter's dresses of course could not be purchased until she would be present herself to suit her own taste, but the old lady, in order to make the event more certain, caused Mr. Norberry to furnish his wardrobe with a

handsome wedding suit, calculated, in her opinion, to make him look as brisk and gay as a young man of five-and-twenty. His coat was sky-blue, with well gilt buttons; white vest, ruffles, and tuckers; pink cravat, top boots, and small-clothes of drab cloth; conical shaped hat, and white doe-skin gloves. Being tall and well made, when thus fitted out under the superintendence of Mrs. Fogarty, and having some fifty or sixty thousand guineas at his command, he was such as many young ladies of the present day, of much higher pretensions than the bar-maid of an inn, could not find it in their hearts to refuse.

It was on the third or fourth evening after the disappearance of old Shue, and when Mr. Norberry was dressed in his wedding suit, that Queelan arrived at the door of the "Ram," accompanied by Kate. Her mother flew to receive her with an ecstasy of joy that completely overpowered the young woman. "Oh, my dear child," said she, "the greatest fortune that ever befell any people awaits us; you are destined for the highest honours; if you only marry without hesitation our old friend Mr. Norberry we will be all happy, you will be going in your coach, and the Cavanaghs, the vile clan, will die with envy. Come, my dear Kate, Mr. Norberry is inside; let me at once introduce you to him as his intended bride."

Kate, who was sensitive and gentle in her disposition, and whose memory during the journey from Tipperary had been perpetually recurring to the comely form and handsome countenance of her deliverer O'Kelly, felt as if the chill of death had crossed her heart, and all the fond hopes of a fervid imagination had been blighted in one instant. The samoom, laden with the mephitic effluvia of the poison tree of Java, could not be more destructive to the fairest flower, than were the last words of Kate's mother to the fondest hopes of her daughter. Still she was of that pliant, docile disposition, that would bear the most acute pain without repining, sooner than be the cause of pain to others:

She alighted from the "Fly," which came from its terminus at Queelan's house in Thomas-street to the "Ram," sooner than give the young bride (for such she was designated by Queelan during the journey) the trouble of walking home, or put her to the expense of procuring a chariot, and was led by her mother to their state apartment, where Old Hawk was seated, dressed in his new suit. He arose at her entrance, and she stood before him in the proud consciousness that involuntarily marks the movements of the young and innocent, before sin or sorrow draws its curtain between them and heaven.

Kate, although occasionally barmaid, or rather bookkeeper, at her father's inn, was religiously educated, and wholly a stranger to the deccits and frauds of the world. She was remarkable

for her beauty throughout Dublin, and this circumstance led the father to not permit her to attend the bar, except when such callous old gentlemen as Mr. Norberry were his customers. Perhaps a subject more worthy the pencil of an able pourtrayer of the human passions could hardly be afforded, than Kate standing before her venerable admirer, with her father and Queelan on the one side, and her mother on the other, watching with fearful anxiety the result of an interview upon which, in their opinion, their future hopes and prosperity depended. There was a graceful pride and dignity in the mien of the maiden; the glances from her dark eye flashed like lightning upon the old man, who stood trembling before her, whilst a look of gentle reproach was turned towards her parents, which seemed to say, "Is this the fate intended for me?"

It is stated in oriental story, that the serpent is blinded when it gazes upon the virgin light of the emerald; and so, when vice beholds white-robed innocence in all its lustre and beauty, it falls back, blinded and abashed. Old Hawk stood for a moment under the lustrous glance of her eye, through which the workings of her heart found their way, then staggered back, and fell upon the seat from which he had just arisen.

"Oh! dear me, Mr. Norberry," said Kate's mother, "what can be the matter with you? You ate little or no breakfast this morning; you seemed to be in some trouble, but I thought the sight of poor Kate would have rejoiced your heart. Run, Biddy Flanagan, bring some water and pour it on his face, and unbutton his waistcoat, which that rascally tailor made entirely too tight for him; run, Biddy, run,"—then turning aside to her husband, "Oh, Tom dear, he is dying! Oh, mercy be praised! if the knot had been tied an hour ago, what luck we would have had. But stop, he is recovering; he will live till the marriage is over, and then the sooner he goes the better."

Old Hawk had by this time sufficiently recovered to apologise by stating that some weakness had come over him, but that he was himself again.

The astonished maiden still remained in the same position, when her mother said, "Go forward, Kate, and give the old—why did I say, 'old?'—give the gentleman your hand, it will give him courage to address you as his intended. Come, Kate, be a good girl, and do what your mother bids you."

Old Hawk, notwithstanding the mean and miserable habits of a life of avarice and deceit, had that pride within him which arises from the possession of wealth, coupled with being of a family that gave some names to the country who ranked amongst its aristocracy. He felt that he was humbled by the connection he was about to make, and rendered ridiculous by his exhibition before the bar-maid of a hotel. Aroused by this feel-

ing, he said, when he had sufficiently rallied to be able to speak, "This young woman seems to regard me with a degree of surprise and caution that I did not expect, but it is, I suppose, that bashfulness which arises from the novelty of coming into the presence of a man of high family and large fortune. Come, my girl, don't seem abashed."

Kate, although disgusted at the rudeness of those expressions, merely said, that the novelty of the situation in which she was placed was calculated to embarrass a person of much more experience than herself.

"Come, come, Kate," said Mrs. Fogarty, advancing towards her daughter, and leading her over to Old Hawk, "give Mr. Norberry your hand; let us all be happy and pleasant together: dinner is just ready, and when we shall have dined we will talk over this happy business." Then whispering to her daughter, "Oh, Kate dear, think of the diamond necklaces, the silk gowns, the head-dresses, and the coach. Come, ladies and gentlemen, dinner is ready."

So saying, she led the way to the dining-room, where the tables were laden with the choicest viands the "Ram" could afford, and it was at that time celebrated for the best dinners given in Dublin. The feast went on, and the anxiety of Mrs. Fogarty to rally her daughter's spirits, and make her appear pleasing in the eyes of her admirer, was so intense, that she hardly knew what she said or did. Queelan formed one of the company, and astonished the whole party by a detailed account of Kate's fortunate rescue from her abductors in Tipperary, and a high eulogium upon the gallantry, manly bearing, great acquirements, and handsome person of O'Kelly, her deliverer.

During his recital the countenance of Kate varied like the glancing of the sun's rays through foliage shaken by the breeze, whilst playing upon the rippling current beneath. The countenance of Old Hawk, in which not a single outline indicative of one generous feeling remained, was unmoved, although he saw plainly enough that her affections were centred upon another object, and that he could never hope to share even the slightest portion of them; but he said with a sardonic sneer, "Foolish young women like the sight of red coats, but come, Miss Fogarty, don't be thinking of the sergeant; you will be something more respectable as the lady of the rich Norberry, than seated of a snowy day upon the top of a baggage car; come, my good girl, cheer up, the wedding must go on in a day or two."

"I like to hear that, Mr. Norberry," said the mother of Kate, "you speak like a wise man as you are; young girls, sure enough, like red coats, but the greatest misfortune that could befall one of them would be to marry a soldier. I remember when I was a young girl there was a recruiting party in the town of Fethard,

where I lived, and when I saw the fine sergeant, and the colours flying out of his cap, I thought the heart would jump out of me, and then when I heard the fife and drum I wished to be out after them, and whenever they passed I used to be continually watching them out of the window, till at last the sergeant spied me, and in he comes without more to do and makes love to me. Says he to me, 'Miss Ryan, you are a beautiful young woman, you would make the nicest sergeant's wife in the regiment; I will be marching out of this in about a month for Canterbury in England, so will you be ready to come with me?' The thing seemed so kind and so good natured, and he was such a good looking fellow, that I could not refuse. 'Has your father any money?' says he; and faith it was he that had, for Tom Fogarty got three score good guineas in his hand the day I was married. 'Indeed,' says I, 'he has money, and I am sure he will be very glad to give it to you with me.' 'Oh,' says he, 'your father can't know any thing about the business at all; there is a rule in the regiment that all the men must be married privately; do you be ready the day before I march, and be sure to have the money secured, we will want some of it on the way, and now that officers are falling in the war as thick as blackberries, I'll get a commission for the rest of it, and you will be an officer's lady.' Well, to be sure, I believed every word he said; I was making preparations for the day; I knew where my father had the money, and that I could lay my hands on it any moment; I fancied myself all as one as an officer's lady, when in less than a week after, the villain's wife and two children came all the way from England after him, and I, Lord be praised, escaped all sorts of misery. That's the way with the red coats: not one of them is to be trusted; no girl in her senses could ever think of one of them. Kate dear, let this be a warning to you; but I know you have too much sense to require to be spoken to twice."

This story, told with such particular emphasis, did not fail to make some impression upon the mind of Kate, who thought it most likely that O'Kelly, who was much her senior, and who had travelled throughout most of the three kingdoms, was not without having his affections engaged by some other woman: besides, he had not made any declaration in her favour; he merely said, on parting with her, "I have the happiness of being your deliverer, and it is not too much to ask of you to give me some account of the person who aspires to the honour of your hand before you are married; in a word, promise, in case you do not see me in Dublin before your marriage, to write to me."

This was all he said at parting with her, and upon turning the whole over in her mind, she thought it contained nothing that might not be said by a man who had been already married; but then she remembered the hope expressed by her uncle at the feast

in the barn, that he would see his niece Mrs. O'Kelly, and see O'Kelly a captain, and that nothing was said by him to negative the possibility of such a hope being realized. On the whole, her mind was in that state of uncertainty when the counsel of a friend can most readily turn the scale of opinion one way or the other; and she said, "Mother, you have had experience by which I ought to profit, and you know I must always take your advice."

The countenance of Mrs. Fogarty brightened up, and Old Hawk himself thought that the girl's heart was softened, and that her consent to the marriage would be obtained as a matter of course. Kate, to please her mother, disguised her feelings, and appeared to feel happy, so that the evening passed over in the utmost hilarity and good humour. Queelan told some of his Whiteboy adventures, which Mr. Norberry heard with apparent astonishment and horror; he seemed to feel that his intended matrimonial connections were of that class which he most dreaded through life, for no man ever felt a greater desire to suppress outrage and violence by the gibbet and the halter than he did; and the only occasion upon which he was known to subscribe to any public purpose, was towards prosecuting to conviction persons charged with beating a tithe-proctor, and posting notices threatening an agent with death if he came to collect rents upon an estate where he had himself a rent-charge. But he was irretrievably wound up in a matter which he felt compelled by some irresistible impulse to proceed with. The company separated at a late hour, and Old Hawk was safely conducted to his house by Mr. Fogarty, who hired a chariot at his own expense for the purpose.

Whilst the "quality" at the "Ram," as Biddy Flanagan, the pretty housemaid, significantly called the company up stairs, were enjoying themselves during the evening, the servants in the kitchen were, by the direction of Mrs. Fogarty, supplied with every thing calculated to make them merry. Paddy Barry, the blind harper, was sent for; the ostlers and servants of a neighbouring inn, and two or three of Biddy's bachelors, were invited to the merry-making which thus took place in honour of the intended marriage, and to welcome the return of Kate.

When all were assembled, Paddy, who was a poet as well as a minstrel, was requested by Biddy Flanagan to give something suited to the occasion, as she was most anxious to hear his opinion in verse upon the marriage of Kate. She said that she was almost tempted to write something for the occasion, for it was herself who could write; perhaps the company did not know that her mother kept a school in Francis Street, where she was doing well till she ran away with one of the volunteers who was billeted at her house.

"I'd like," said Jack Gormly, the ostler, who was one of

Biddy's admirers, "to have a specimen of Miss Flanagan's poetry, I'm sure it would be beautiful; she is all soul, like an oyster."

"Come, come," said Biddy, "don't make so free till you're better acquainted. Let us hear what Mr. Barry can do; he will first tell us what he thinks in verse, and then play it on the harp."

"Ah!" said Paddy, with a shrug of the shoulder, "if I was amidst my own sunny plains at the Cove of Cork, I would be in an atmosphere more suited to sing of love. I hate the smoke, and dust, and oppression of your dark city; the muses never visit such an uncongenial region; and if I attempt any thing, I know I must fail in it. But give me that tumbler of wine; Horace says, '*Fecundi calices quem non facere disertum.*'"

Paddy quaffed his wine, and thus proceeded with the following lay:

"The time is come when none shall repine,
When cellars shall open and give up their wine,
That bards may drink to the maiden's dark eye,
And shouts of gladness ascend to the sky;

"When the chorus, and song, and dance shall go round,
And music, and fun, and mirth shall abound;
When the bard shall sing of the beauteous flower,
Fit to adorn an eastern bower.

"Then here's to the maid with the dark blue eye,
Let our songs of gladness ascend on high.
But why should a flower so fair and so bright,
Be doomed to wither in shades of night?

"Why should the happy, the youthful, and fair,
Be left to chill in the northern air?
And why should silver or gold have power
To tear the rose from its native bower?

"But still there is hope that another is near,
Who will wipe away the pearly tear
That falls from the maid with the dark blue eye:
Then let songs of gladness ascend on high."

This effusion of the minstrel elicited universal applause; Biddy put the corner of her apron to her eye, as if to wipe away a tear that had been called up by the touching strain of the bard, and declared that she never heard in her life anything so nice and feeling.

"Pshaw," said Jack Gormly, with a sarcastic sneer, "the whole meaning of the thing is, that a young woman is going to be married to an old man, and this I can tell you, that one of them would sooner marry an old fellow with money, than the finest young man in Dublin without it; and I'll give you a proof of the truth of this, for the thing happened to myself. It will also be seen that old fellows are easily imposed upon, and that when

young women marry them, they know what they are at." Here he gave a significant glance at Biddy, and thus proceeded with his story. "When I lived at my father's house in Clonthumper, in the country, I was as handsome a young fellow as you would see in a day's walk."

Here Biddy interrupted him by saying, "If all your story be as true as that, don't go further with it, for no human being will believe it."

Jack continued, "Ah! sour grapes says the fox, how bad I am, it is well known I never told a lie in my life." Here Biddy made the sign of the cross on her forehead, and called on the company to remember what he said, but Jack proceeded without appearing to notice the interruption.

"I was saying that it was well known that I was one of the handsomest fellows could be found in a day's walk; and there was Molly Gorman, a widow's daughter who lived just beside us, who was a beautiful young woman, and she actually fell in love with me."

"Curse your impudence," said Biddy, "fall in love with you! no woman in the world could fall in love with such a fellow the best day ever you were."

"Arrah, Biddy, now can't you be easy; before I go further with my story, I'll hould you five goold guineas I have here in my pocket, that I'll be married to you before Christmas-day, and you are as handsome a young woman as a man could wish for; come now, if there be any one in the company willing to take me up, I'll post the rhino." Biddy held down her head, merely remarking, that no one minded anything he said; and there being no one to bet with him, not even Biddy herself, he proceeded with his story.

"But as I was saying, she fell in love with me, and surely I met her more than half way; preparations were actually making for our marriage, although I had hardly the marriage money in the world, when Molly went one Sunday to a place called Columbkil, to see some friends of her's who lived there. She went to the chapel to be sure in great style, and there she met a rich ould farmer named Dooris, who had tin cows and a bull, a couple of horses, and a fine pillion, a good house hot and warm and full of every thing, with upwards of six score guineas stuck in the thatch, and what do you think but he makes love to Molly, and tells her that he will marry her, not caring whether she has any fortune or not. She heard all about his riches, and says she to him, never thinking of me all the time, 'Come over and ask my mother, and sure whatever she wishes I must be agreeable to.' Well to be shure I heard all about it, and at first I was going to dhrown myself, but I went and took a large dose of poteen whiskey, where there was a still at work next door to me, and then instead

of dhrowning myself, I intended to dhrown ould Dooris if I could catch him in a convenient place, but as luck happened I did not dhrown either. Well, the ould fellow paid some visits to Molly's mother, and every thing was arranged for their marriage ; but the night before it, he rode over and slept at the widow's house, it being very late when the settlement was made. He rode off early in the morning to get the license ; I saw him pass my door, and knew well what he was about, and that Molly would be married that day, so I took it into my head to go over and pay her a last visit. I went accordingly, and found her biling the tay kettle, to have breakfast ready when Dooris and his friends would come back with the license ; and to tell the truth, when she saw me a tear came into her eye, and she dhropped a fine new chiney cup out of her hand and broke it. 'That is a bad sign, Jack,' says she, 'what made you come near me this mornin'?' 'Why,' says I, 'I came to take my leave of you for sake of ould times, and to tell you that a finer girl than ever you were is willing to marry me ;' although, in point of fact, such was not the case at the time."

"I thought," said Biddy, with an air of exultation, "that you never told a lie in your life."

"Oh! never," continued Jack, "except an odd one about women and game cocks ; and I can tell you, Miss Flanagan, if you be catching me at every corner in this way when we are married, we will get on very badly together. But let me proceed with my story. Well, as I was saying, I tould her another was ready to have me. 'I'm glad of it,' says she, 'if it was only to put you out of harm's way ; but as you have come over to see me, I won't let you go till you take some breakfast.' 'Very well,' said I, 'we will part in friends,' and I sat down at the table opposite to her, when what in the world should we see but the face of ould Dooris at the window, and he looking in at us. 'Oh! murther,' says Molly, 'I'm undone, it's all over with me, I won't have the fine house and the riches and all the fine dress ; you are an unlucky man,' says she. 'Never mind,' says I, 'all's not lost yet ; the ould fellow is almost blind, and may be he did not see me ;' so with that I made one bounce and up the chimney with me. I just put my head out so that I could watch ould Dooris till he got in ; he thundered at the door, and as soon as he got in I got out, and jumped from the roof of the house into a cabbage plot was at the back of it, and left Molly and her mother to manage him as well as they could. When he got in, 'Well,' says he, 'I had a good escape of you, it was lucky the knot was not tied ; give me back the money and the presents I gave you, and marry the fellow you had at breakfast with you.' 'What fellow?' says she ; 'are you mad, Mr. Dooris, or what in the world ails you this mornin'?' 'Oh,' said he, 'I had sad luck to have ever met with you, but it would have

been worse if I had not detected you in time.' 'Whist, whist,' says she, 'don't waken my mother that's asleep in the room after bein' up so late last night; if you think there was any fellow in the house, sarch it; shut the door, and sarch.' Well, the ould fellow fell to sarchin', and to be sure I was not there; he seemed completely bewildered, and did not know what to make of the matter. Molly began to cry, and run off to a neighbour's house, saying that she would not marry one who promised so badly in the beginning. Dooris, who was certainly in love with her, if an ould man can be in love, sat down at the fire, and began to muse over what he had seen. He took another bout at sarchin' through the house, but av coorse found nothin'; he sat down again and began to pause and think, when the ould mother, who pretended to be asleep in the roon, but hard all that went on, came up wipin' her eyes, and says she, 'Good morrow to you both.' 'What both?' says he, 'who are you talkin' to?' 'Oh! *savour deherin*,' says she, 'I thought there were two of you in it;' and, wipin' her eyes again, 'is there not two of you sittin' at the fire.' 'No, no, woman, there is only myself in it,' says he, 'you are ravin'.' 'Oh!' says she, 'I broke my fast with scallions and salt this mornin', and when one does that, they think they see two where there's only one.' 'Ah! by this and by that,' says he, 'that explains every thing. When I was going out this mornin', I was afraid of meetin' the *fargurthe*, and I ate a scallion and salt that was on the dresser; I did not go far when I turned back to give Molly some directions about the weddin', and when I came to the window and looked in, I thought I saw a fellow sittin' with her at breakfast. I was going to break off the whole business, and she is gone away cryin' to a neighbour's house; I find I wronged her, so send for her and let us be all happy.' The weddin' went on that very evenin'. Dooris took the wife home with him, and from that day to this, 'good morrow to you both' is a cant word quite common about Clonthumper, but the ould fellow, av coorse, never knew the meanin' of it."

"You never paid a visit to Molly after the wedding?" said Paddy Barry, with peculiar emphasis, as he run his fingers over the harp.

"No, faith," says Jack, "for I had to fly the country in a few days after, about another matter which I need not menshin, but you may be sure it was not for buildin' churches."

The night having waxed late, the company below stairs separated, highly pleased with Paddy Barry's music and poetry, and the humorous stories of Jack Gormly.

CHAPTER IV.

MARRIAGE OF OLD HAWK — THE CELEBRATED DOCTOR
O'LEARY—STRANGE VICISSITUDES.

Mrs. FOGARTY and all her household were on the *qui vive* at an early hour on the morning after Kate's arrival. The good old lady assumed an air of consequence and dignity suited to the importance and dignity of the occasion ; every heart was light and gay except that of poor Kate, who spent a sleepless night, resolving upon what course she should pursue, and whilst she was inclined to obey the commands of her parents, should they persevere in their determination of having her married to old Norberry, she thought it would be only right to fulfil the promise she had made to O'Kelly of writing to him before that event should take place. When she appeared at breakfast her mother was somewhat alarmed at perceiving that she was overpowered by a load of grief which she could ill conceal. She said :

"Cheer up, my dear child, cheer up, and make us all happy ; Mr. Norberry will be here presently, the dresses will be bought, and every thing will be ready for the wedding to-morrow ; and sure, Mr. Norberry is, after all, a fine looking man, such as many a fine lady in Dublin would be delighted to get, and if it was for nothing but to make the Cavanaghs die of envy, sure it is a fine thing to marry him. Recollect, Kate dear, the coach and the footmen ; for although he may not buy you one now, he will hereafter, and you must in the end have all his money, and it is well known that he is one of the richest men in Dublin. Come, Kate, cheer up ; I tell you, you will get up on your right side the day you will be married to him : for my part I never heard of a girl have such luck."

"Indeed, mother," replied Kate, "I would do any thing under heaven that you would command me, because I know you have my happiness at heart, but the marriage cannot take place so soon as you say, for I am under a promise to write to some friends in the country before that time."

"Oh ! I see," said the mother, "you are dreaming about that sergeant, who, I would almost swear, is married already, and when I look back and think of the escape I had myself, it is

enough to make me hurry on the matter without a moment's delay. Come, Kate, Mr. Norberry will be here immediately, and if you look so ill and melancholy when he comes as you do now, the match may be broken off, and we will be all ruined; but, above all, the Cavanaghs will be laughing at us, for the report is all through the neighbourhood that you are to be married in a day or two, and if any disappointment was to take place we would be mocked and laughed at through all Dublin."

Kate entered into a long train of reasoning to show the impropriety of having the marriage celebrated so hastily, and concluded by a positive refusal to consent until she fulfilled her promise of writing to the country.

"Why, for that matter," said the mother, "you could write to the country this moment and get married the next; all you promised was, that you would write before the marriage took place."

"That won't do," rejoined Kate; "the condition is, that I shall not only take time to write but to receive an answer; and although in the end I will obey my parents, even if my life were to be sacrificed, I will not consent to be married until after I write to the country and hear from it too; besides, propriety and decency would be outraged by marrying a man after a few hours' acquaintance."

"A few hours' acquaintance!" said the mother, in an angry tone; "why, you must have known Mr. Norberry as a customer to our house for a few years; but what knowledge is there required of him beyond that of belonging to a high family, and being, I verily believe, the richest man in Dublin? Come, Kate, you shall neither write or be written to, with my consent, until after the marriage takes place, and that will be the time to give an account of your good fortune, of the fine dresses and every thing else that will astonish all our friends in the country. The marriage must certainly take place to-morrow, if Mr. Norberry wishes."

"Certainly not to-morrow, mother," said Kate; "I am so far resolved about the matter, I shall not be married to-morrow," and she walked hastily out of the room.

Just at that moment Mr. Fogarty came in almost breathless, declaring that he was undone; that an order had come from the Recorder of Dublin and three magistrates that his house should be shut up; that informations had been given against him for having it open to all the Whiteboys and bad characters that fled from Tipperary, and in consequence a mandate had been issued for the withdrawal of his license and the immediate closing up of his inn; the police were below in the bar searching for Whiteboy papers; in a word, they were utterly ruined, and he

supposed that Mr. Norberry would break off the match when he found the miserable condition they had been reduced to.

Immediately after Fogarty had made this painful announcement to his wife, Mr. Norberry entered, dressed in his new suit, and assuming an air of gaiety to which he had been long a stranger. He saw the embarrassment and confusion that existed, and upon inquiring into the cause of such a sudden order for the closing of the "Ram," he found that the informations upon which the magistrates and recorder had acted were sworn by his old friends, the two watchmen, who had but some few nights previous offered their disinterested services in conveying him home when they believed he was in a state of intoxication. He called for the order that the police had for withdrawing the license of Fogarty and shutting up his house, and saw that it was signed by Samuel Bradstreet, recorder, Hans Bailie, Perceval Hunt, and Philip Cecil, aldermen and magistrates.

"I'll soon settle the matter for you," said Old Hawk ; "these fellows are all in my power. There are two of them who owe me the last gale of interest, and the third has given me a bond with immediate execution ; leave them to me. But where is Miss Fogarty ? I shall not interfere about the matter if there be the slightest delay on her part to marry me. I know how to act. If there be no marriage, there shall be no interference on my part, although I shall, in any case, assist in punishing these villainous watchmen, who are perjured robbers ; leave them to me."

"Oh ! my dear Mr. Norberry," said Mrs. Fogarty, "you are our only friend and protector ; it was a kind Providence sent you to us ; when Kate hears that you are our deliverer from such ruin and misfortune, she cannot hesitate a moment."

Poor Kate was here called down and made acquainted with the sudden disasters that had befallen the family, and informed that it was in her power to relieve them in an instant from utter ruin by consenting that her marriage should take place on the following day, or as soon as her venerable suitor might think proper. Her countenance assumed a death-like hue ; she heaved a convulsive sigh, and in faltering accents said :

"Father and mother, do whatever you please with me ; I would die for your preservation ; let the marriage take place as soon as you wish, but I fear I cannot live till the ceremony is performed ; I feel the chill of death about my heart." She then fell almost lifeless into the arms of her mother.

Old Hawk, who was unmoved at this affecting scene, then sat down and wrote the following note (the original of which the editor of these memoirs has in his possession) to Recorder Brad-

street and the three magistrates who made the order for closing Fogarty's house :

"Mr. Recorder Bradstreet, Mr. Bailie, Mr. Hunt, and Mr. Cecil, I wish you all to know, that I am the friend of honest Fogarty, whom you seek to ruin, upon what you would find to be false information, if you had taken the trouble to inquire about it. Withdraw at once your order for shutting up his house, and I will be security for his good conduct. You all know me, and are accustomed to see me write receipts, so there can be no mistake about this. Send back your answer without delay to

"N. NORBERRY."

"Go," said old Hawk to one of the satellites of power who came to execute the behests of the recorder and magistrates, "and show this letter to the gentlemen who sent you here; take it round to them separately, and when they examine it bring it back to me. If any of them doubt that the handwriting is mine, let them come here and satisfy themselves of the truth of the matter."

The fellow was off in an instant, and was not more than a couple of hours absent, when he returned with apologies from all the gentlemen for having had the misfortune to interfere with any friend of Mr. Norberry's, to whom they were under so many obligations.

When poor Kate had sufficiently recovered to be informed of what had been done, she felt that her father and his family would have been utterly ruined, were it not for the interference of her intended husband, and she thought she should willingly sacrifice herself for the attainment of such an object. She said, "Mother, I consent; do with me as you please; but I hope that heaven will soon put an end to my existence."

"Don't cry, my dear child," said the mother; "these feelings will soon be forgotten. Sure you ought to be the happiest girl in the world this day. Oh! think of the coach, the silk and satin dresses, the diamond necklace, and all those fine things which you must have very soon. You will be able, besides, to give fortunes to your little sisters, when Mr. Norberry is dead and gone. You will be all to nothing the richest and the handsomest widow in Dublin—not that I would wish poor Mr. Norberry to die soon, for I am sure he will make a good husband—a man near sixty. Oh! why did I say sixty? I suppose he is only between forty and fifty. But a gentleman a little elderly cannot be expected to live as long as a girl of eighteen. Come, Kate, cheer up. You will be a credit to your family. The dresses will be bought this very day."

Kate saw that the die was cast, and that she might as well submit with a good grace. Preparations were accordingly made for purchasing the wedding dresses, and the second or third day after was appointed for the celebration of the marriage.

On the morning after Fogarty had been rendered so signal a service by Old Hawk, and whilst Kate was absent, a letter from O'Kelly to her fell into her mother's hands, and was thus prevented reaching its destination. Upon perusal of it, the old lady found that it breathed sentiments of the most devoted affection for her daughter, with expressions of surprise that she had not written to him any account of her intended marriage. He added that he would be in Dublin within two or three days, and have the honour of calling to see her. This circumstance induced the mother to hurry the matter to a close, believing that if her daughter either read the letter, or had an opportunity of seeing O'Kelly, the alliance with old Norberry would, after all, most probably have been broken off. Directions were accordingly given to all the servants about the inn to state to any one who inquired for Miss Fogarty, that she was married and gone to the country with her husband.

The day appointed for the marriage came; and here a difficulty arose, which had not been previously foreseen. Old Hawk, who, although by his own confession he had not entered any place of public worship since he was a child, was a reputed Protestant, and Kate being a Catholic, it was necessary that they should be married according to the rites of the Established Church. Besides it was highly penal then for any Popish priest to officiate in any capacity whatever: in point of law, a priest was not supposed to exist in the country at all. Kate and her friends possessed all the bigotry and prejudice that oppression and persecution will ever produce, and next to the pain she felt at being compelled to marry such a man as old Norberry, was that of being obliged to go to a Protestant church to have the ceremony celebrated. Yet all scruples about the matter should be overcome, and she was determined to brave the horrors of the double trial with all the energy and courage she could command. Old Hawk never made the slightest inquiry about the dogmas of any religion, or the faith that was in any man he dealt with, yet he had that intuitive horror of the mere Irish and their religion, which was peculiar to all his family. His notions of orthodoxy may however be judged of from a saying which he commonly made use of, namely, that no man was religiously educated who could not turn all his six-pences into shillings.

Preparations for the marriage upon a scale of great magnitude were that day made at the "Ram." It was arranged that after the marriage ceremony had taken place in St. Patrick's ca-

thedral, a second ceremony should be performed privately at Fogarty's house by the celebrated Doctor O'Leary of Cork, who was then in Dublin upon business connected with the publication of his review of the controversy between the Rev. Doctor Carroll and the Rev. Messrs. Wharton and Hawkins, who had, about that time, renounced Protestantism, and became members of the Church of Rome.

The morning shone beautifully bright, and Kate, trembling and pale, was led by her bridesmaids to the carriage, which was to take her to the cathedral, where, in a state of utter unconscientiousness of what was passing, the indissoluble bond was sealed.

When the bridal party returned from the Protestant church, O'Leary was in readiness to perform the ceremony according to the rites of his church. Old Hawk was peculiarly struck by the appearance of that singularly-gifted man, who, even in the dreary days of persecution and penal enactments, had the good fortune to win the affection of every man of every creed who had the happiness of his acquaintance, or read his works, which were then shedding light upon the darkness and bigotry of the age. It was said by Yelverton that he was proud to call such a man as O'Leary his particular friend; that his works might be placed on a footing with the finest writers of any age. They originated from the urbanity of the heart, because, unattached to the world's affairs, he could have none but the purest motives of rendering service to the cause of morality and his country: and, had he not imbibed every sentiment of toleration before he knew Father O'Leary, he should be proud to adopt sentiments of toleration from him. Then his good sense, unaffected piety, and extensive knowledge, gained him the respect and admiration of the learned, whilst his unbounded wit and unrivalled brilliancy of imagination made him the source of delight and entertainment to all who had the happiness of being admitted to his society. He was a native of the county Cork, and, being related to the Fogartys of Tipperary, Kate's mother, to give greater *eclat* to the festival, obtained his consent to perform the second marriage ceremony.

The astonishment of this celebrated ecclesiastic was beyond bounds, when the innocent, youthful, and beautiful Kate, and the hoary-headed miser presented themselves before him to have a contract already indissoluble, recorded again in heaven which should never have been entered into upon earth. He made no remark, but performed the ceremony with that dignity and grace which peculiarly marked the performance of all his ministerial duties. He grieved to find that the daughter of his relations had been united to a man who, besides the disparity of years that existed

between them, was in a state of total darkness as regarded not only the practices, but the fundamental truths of religion. And he took occasion, after the ceremony was over, to dwell at length upon the majestic greatness of the Catholic faith, the necessity of leading a life in conformity with revelation, the religious fidelity of the Irish people, who, amidst the most sanguinary persecutions and emaciating laws that ever disgraced any country, still preserved the faith as handed down to them by their fathers. "How," said he to Old Hawk, "did you like the cathedral where you were married this morning according to the rites of the Protestant faith?"

The other replied that he could hardly comprehend the use of so large a building, for it appeared to him that there was only a little corner of it fitted up—that all the rest was a mere wilderness; he had been there once before at the funeral of a friend, and had made the same observations; he wondered what had become of the congregation who originally filled it. This gave O'Leary an opportunity of launching out into one of those eloquent exordiums for which he was so remarkable when dealing with the evidences of the truth of that faith of which he was then the proud and distinguished defender, whilst he respected the speculative opinions of every other creed. He said, "That church in which you were to-day, stands as a proud monument of the piety and zeal of our fathers: the congregations which filled it in other days have had their blood shed and their properties confiscated, sooner than renounce the faith in honour of which that sacred edifice, and all the other splendid temples that adorned our land, but are now in ruins, had been raised. The time, however, is not far distant, when they shall arise again, phoenix-like, from their ashes, in more than their original glory. Look around in the world, and you will see that sects, creeds, and empires, have flourished for a time, and then disappeared: the chosen followers of the Jewish dispensation are scattered over the earth, and have been without a kingdom or a temple since their overthrow by Titus; the empire of Greece, that gave the light of science and of letters to the world, has faded away; and the power and glory of Rome, after persecuting the primitive Christians for ages, fell beneath the northern invaders, leaving, as it were, amidst the ruin of empires, and seated in the eternal city, the earthly head of the Catholic faith, as a testimony of its durability and its truth; and that testimony will remain, no matter what revolutions may shake the kingdoms of the earth, until time shall be no more, and we shall all meet in the glories of a purer and brighter world, of which the clouded faculties of the human mind can form no conception, except that which is imparted by the light of revelation."

Old Hawk listened with astonishment to the eloquence and pathos of the language of O'Leary, and seemed half inclined to proclaim himself a convert to his creed; but dark shadows of the past flitted over his mind. He thought that the link which binds man on earth to heaven had been long since severed, and that he might as well continue as he was.

An early dinner, prepared for the bridal party, of which O'Leary partook, having been ended, a carriage and four blood horses drove up to the door of the "Ram" to take unfortunate Kate and her hoary headed husband to the county Wicklow, to spend the honey-moon.

Mrs. Fogarty ran to the window to see if the Cavanaghs were looking out; her vanity was not gratified, for there was not a stir in the house, no more than if they were all dead; but there was chalked on one of the window-shutters outside, a representation of a blind old man on crutches, and a young woman leading him. "Well, well," said the good woman, "I knew it would come to that at last. Did any one ever see such an envious thing? I think they have all died of envy this morning; ha! let them cope up to us no longer. Oh! but there is the coach-door open, and the bride-maids are putting Kate in. Oh! dear me, but Mr. Norberry looks beautiful in his new suit, bought under my directions."

Kate was carried out half lifeless, and seated in the carriage; her husband stepped in after her, and the prancing horses tore up the pavements, as the postillions, who were decorated with white ribbons, drove off, amidst the cheers of a large mob, who were congregated about the "Ram."

"Hah!" said Mrs. Fogarty, "although the Cavanaghs won't come out to see, they must hear that. But, hush! I see two or three of them peeping from behind the window-shutters; that will do; let them take that. I will go now and see that all the servants and neighbours who wish to come, be served out with every thing they want. I am, to be sure, the happiest woman that ever the world produced."

Human happiness is of short duration, and often, when we fancy ourselves secure in the possession of all that can gratify our wishes, dark clouds are hovering over our heads, which soon burst, and pour down upon us unforeseen misfortunes and sorrow. At the same time, if the history of all the evils that afflict us be traced to their source, it will be found that they have originated in our own faults and follies; and those only are wise who, by a careful retrospect of the past, can avoid similar errors for the future.

Mrs. Fogarty thought she had arrived at the summit of happiness, by getting the object upon which all her thoughts and

hopes were centred, accomplished; for she had not sufficient reasoning power to come to that most inevitable conclusion, that where any evil, real or apparent, is avoided by means inconsistent with strict morality, or by the violation of feelings dear to the human heart, there is only an avenue opened to a series of troubles, which would never fall in our way had we adhered to the strict principle of right, regardless as to consequences.

The coach, which conveyed the bride and venerable bridegroom to the mountain scenery of Wicklow, had not been more than an hour on the road, when a fine young man, elegantly dressed, entered the Ram Hotel, and introduced himself to Mrs. Fogarty as Mr. O'Kelly, who had the good fortune to rescue Miss Fogarty from the hands of her abductors, in Tipperary; he hoped she was well, and begged that she might be informed of his arrival.

"Oh!" said the mother, unwilling to abruptly disclose the fact that her daughter had been that day married, "she is just gone to the county Wicklow for a little time, and will not return for some days."

"Tell her," replied O'Kelly, "that I called to inquire after her welfare, and to inform her of my own good fortune. A wealthy relation of mine in this city died within the last few days; he has left me a considerable portion of his property, and I am come to offer my hand and all I possess to your daughter, should she deem me worthy of her consideration."

Mrs. Fogarty seemed completely overpowered by this strange and unexpected news. Here was a young man with wealth, the extent of which she was left to guess at—it might be, for all she knew, equal to that of old Norberry's; and as to family and connections, she was in doubt about them too; so that she began to think it might have been just as well if she had not been so precipitate in forcing on the marriage. She found, however, that concealment of it any longer would answer no purpose, and she said: "I have to inform you, Mr. O'Kelly, that my daughter was married this morning to Mr. Norberry, one of the richest men in Ireland; they have gone off to Wicklow to spend the honey-moon; she will have horses, carriages, servants, silks, satins, diamond necklaces, and every thing else that a great lady can wish for."

O'Kelly's countenance during this extraordinary and unexpected recital portrayed the deep emotions of his heart; he was hardly able to articulate a word in reply, and after a long pause he said: "Your daughter might be more happy in a state of comfortable independence than in the possession of those superfluities, which, after all, do not constitute true felicity in.

this world; but I could hardly credit that Miss Fogarty had been married so precipitately, had I heard the news from any but her own mother. There must be something connected with the matter which I have not heard. May I ask, where or by whom the marriage ceremony was performed?"

Mrs. Fogarty replied, that her daughter had been married in St. Patrick's church by the Protestant clergyman of the parish, and then by her cousin, Doctor O'Leary of Cork, who happened to be in town.

"I believe," said O'Kelly, "it is too true. Where shall I see Doctor O'Leary?"

"He is here at this moment," said Mrs. Fogarty, "and is making preparations to start for Cork."

O'Kelly was immediately introduced to O'Leary, and had a long interview with him, during which he noted down all the particulars he had heard from him respecting Kate's marriage, and then took his departure, evidently overwhelmed with deep grief. He returned on the following day, and having gained all the further information he could possibly obtain with regard to old Norberry, and the causes which led to his marriage with Kate, he again carefully noted all down. He had even an interview with blind Barry, the harper, who gave him no small quantity of material for his memoranda. He saw the father of Kate, who explained to him the urgent necessity which compelled him to give his daughter to old Norberry, and put into his hands the note which had been written by him to the recorder and magistrates, and which had the effect of saving him from ruin.

O'Kelly took his final departure not only from the "Ram," but from Dublin, and in order to connect hereafter the thread of this extraordinary history, it will be necessary to follow him on his travels for a short time. His regiment was ordered out to South America, and previous to his departure he purchased a company with the money obtained as a legacy from his friend. On his arrival at his destination he became acquainted with the family of a Spanish merchant, of Moorish descent, who had a daughter of exquisite beauty, who formed an attachment for him. They were married, and shortly afterwards, being ordered to India, he sailed with his wife, and on the voyage to Bombay she gave birth to a daughter. They landed safe in India, where we shall leave him with his regiment and family, until the reader will meet him again after the lapse of many years under circumstances of peculiar interest.

The day after Kate's marriage and O'Kelly's last visit to the "Ram," a Doctor Deering, who kept a private madhouse in the neighbourhood of Dublin, accompanied by Gripe the attorney, a young man fashionably dressed, and two desperate looking ruffians, alighted from a close carriage at Fogarty's door. The

mad doctor, as he was called (not from being insane himself, but from having driven so many sane persons mad who were given into his clutches) rushed in, followed by these desperate looking fellows, and asked Mrs. Fogarty had an old madman named Norberry been stopping at her inn, or if she could give any tidings of him.

"An old madman named Norberry!" exclaimed Mrs. Fogarty, with indignant surprise. "You must be mad yourselves, gentlemen, to say such a thing. There is no gentleman of the name ever stopped here except the wealthy and the great Mr. Nipper Norberry, to whom, I am happy to tell you, my daughter Kate was married yesterday."

"Married yesterday!" said the fashionably dressed young man, who remained outside the door. "Married, does she say, doctor?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Fogarty, "my daughter has been married yesterday to the wealthy Mr. Norberry; she will yet have her coaches and servants, silks, satins, diamond necklaces, and every thing else that a great lady can wish for. I want to know, gentlemen, what concern is her marriage to any of you?"

"I'll be d—d," said the young man, "if she shall have all these things in case I live. If I can lay hold of the old madman I shall soon put him up, and you may have your daughter back again to sweep the tap-room."

"Mercy be praised," said Mrs. Fogarty, "what does all this mean? My daughter never swept a tap-room; she had no tap-room to sweep; this is a respectable inn for gentlemen, and no common tap, I can tell you; every one knows the respectability of the Fogartys."

"Come, come," said Gripe, who till this moment had been silent, as if picking up all that passed to use as evidence upon some future occasion, "no more palavering, but let us know where this madman is; for I can tell you, woman, that a commission '*de lunatico inquirendo*' has been issued out against him."

"A what?" said Mrs. Fogarty.

"A commission of lunacy," replied Gripe.

"Is it that you want to make out he is mad?" rejoined the good woman. "Why, I can tell you that so far from being mad, he has given proof that he is one of the most sensible men in Dublin, for he has married my daughter, who is as handsome a girl as you would find in a month's journey, not that I, who am her mother, ought to say it, but it is well known throughout all the city; and if you were to see them driving off in a beautiful coach, drawn by four fine horses, it would do your hearts good."

"A coach and four horses!" said Gripe eagerly. "A coach and four horses! Why, no greater proof could be given of the man's madness: he who would look seven times at a shilling before he would part it, to employ a coach and four, even upon

the occasion of his marriage (if he be married), is incredible, and can only be accounted for on the ground that his senses have forsaken him. We will have you, ma'am, as a witness to prove that fact."

"Why, for that matter," said Mrs. Fogarty, "it was I who employed the coach and horses, and hired the cottage in the county Wicklow for a month, just to vex envious people. I know, to be sure, that Mr. Norberry will pay for all in the end, but up to this he has had nothing to do in these matters."

"Worse and worse," replied Gripe; "your last account, which, no doubt, is perfectly true, only proves that this doting old man is a mere tool in the hands of low, designing people. Get me pen and ink at once, till I note down all you have stated, and all the facts connected with this extraordinary case. You will be a capital witness, ma'am, for you will be pinned to your first statement."

"You will note nothing here," said Mrs. Fogarty with indignation; "take yourselves away, gentlemen, unless you are going to make the house the better of you, and if you be, you are welcome to stop and say what you please; but this I can tell you, that if Mr. Norberry were here he would soon make you beg pardon, as he did the recorder and three aldermen who thought to close up our house without any cause."

"Most important! Do you hear that, Mr. Gripe?" said the fashionably dressed young man. "He was actually the writer of the letter, of which we have heard so much. Mr. Cecil fortunately took a copy of it, and we will make use of it on the inquiry. No doubt can remain that the man is mad, is mad—perfectly mad."

"No doubt," replied Gripe; "no doubt whatever. But our business now is, to lay hands upon him. Pray, ma'am," turning to Mrs. Fogarty, "what part of the county Wicklow is this old lunatic gone to? I suppose your daughter, who we have heard is devilish handsome, is gone to reside in the neighbourhood of some gay young fellow who will pay attention to her when the old fellow is doting about."

Mrs. Fogarty, who, notwithstanding her vanity and eccentricity, had a high sense of moral rectitude, could no longer bear the rudeness and indelicacy of such language, and ordered her servants to eject the gentlemen by force from her house. Gripe, who knew that he had no authority to remain, withdrew along with his friends before the command of the honest landlady could be executed.

It was by this time within an hour of night, and as it would be a hopeless task to set off then to search amongst the Wicklow mountains for the bridegroom, they all returned to their respective homes.

At an early hour on the following morning, the same party were on the road leading to Delgany, in the neighbourhood of which place the object of their search had been located. After some inquiry, they were pointed out the house where the rich old man, who was married to the beautiful young woman, resided. Without even deigning to announce their names or their business, they rushed in, when, to their great disappointment, they found that Old Hawk was not there, but the beautiful and unfortunate Mrs. Norberry was ; and the terror caused by such a visit, added to the deep anguish which had preyed upon her heart, from her return to Dublin, so completely overpowered every faculty, that she fell lifeless from her chair in a few moments after the intruders had entered her apartment.

The mad doctor, accompanied by the fashionably dressed young man, ran to her assistance, but the latter was so overwhelmed with surprise at her surpassing beauty, that he stood almost motionless, exclaiming, "It is no wonder that she has driven the old fellow out of his senses." By proper applications, Mrs. Norberry was restored to a state of consciousness, and then learned that the party who had come so unexpectedly to visit her were in search of her husband, to have him put under restraint as a lunatic, and she saw no prospect before her but that of hopeless sorrow and misery. She thought of the rashness and precipitancy of her parents in forcing her to such an alliance, and she held down her head in a state of mental agony, which is often supportable only from its own intensity, because it destroys the power of feeling.

The absence of her husband was caused by a visit paid to him the previous evening by his faithful servant and friend, blind Tim, who, having heard some account of the proceedings which were instituted against him, and the search that was being made for him, proceeded to apprise him of what was going forward. He did not inform his wife of the unpleasant news he had heard, but went to town, in company with Tim, before the sun rose that morning, to take measures to avert the calamities with which he was threatened, and defeat the conspiracy that had been entered into against him.

The mad doctor and his companions returned to town in full chase of their prey. They posted direct to the old house in James's Street, where they found Mr. Norberry, with poor Tim, arranging the contents of the safe in his state apartment, which has been already noticed: bags full of gold, old deeds, bonds, and documents of various kinds, were on the table beside them. Gripe was the first to enter the room, and his eyes glistened with malicious delight when he beheld the treasure spread out before him, and just within his grasp. "Ho ! my old boy," said he, "caught at last ; it was Providence directed your move-

ments. Why, we have got more by the accident of finding you in this place, and at such a time, than we could hope to obtain in years through the intervention of depositions, pleadings, bills in equity, and what not. Come, sir, deliver up this money to me; I am solicitor to the *comission de lunatico inquirendo*; I just wanted funds to go on with the proceedings: I will, of course, be accountable for any overplus that may be left when the whole matter is closed. Come, Mr. Nipper Norberry, you have been long watching me, screwing me in costs, and suspecting me of acting unfairly by you. I have got you at last, and I promise you, you will never get out of my clutches till you get into those of the only being in existence who can possibly be a match for Gripe the attorney." So saying, he snatched up the bags of gold that lay on the table, whilst the terrified old man and his simple-hearted, faithful servant were motionless with surprise.

"Not so fast," said the fashionably dressed young man; "that money should be left in my possession, as petitioner in the matter and heir to the property."

"Stop, stop," said Gripe, calling him aside; "you will ruin the whole proceedings if you interfere. What you see there is but a mere fraction of the old fellow's wealth. I know it. Recollect there will be an enormous sum wanted to pay the commissioners and the jury. You are not to know what they will get. The thing must be left to my management if you wish to succeed. If you don't place confidence in me, take the matter altogether out of my hands, and then you may easily guess what the result will be."

He to whom this pithy address was directed, saw that a villain such as Gripe was necessary to the accomplishment of the object in view, and he allowed him to take possession of the bags of gold.

"All right! all right!" said Gripe in an ecstasy of delight: come, Doctor Deering, order your men to secure the lunatic; put him under restraint at once; he may commit violence upon himself. Bless my soul, how I grieve to see my old friend and client in such a position. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and we must all submit to the divine decrees."

"Very true," said the doctor, "very true, Mr. Gripe." Then in an under tone, "Remember my fees, and a provision for the support of the lunatic. Before we go farther, what am I to have out of the money in hand? You know nothing can be done without me. Say a thousand guineas as per chance out of what you have; we will arrange hereafter in proportion to whatever may be realized; as you said yourself a moment ago, it is but a fraction out of his enormous wealth."

"Your demand is exorbitant," said Gripe angrily; "you shall not have it."

"Then," said the doctor, "there is an end of the proceedings. If what I ask be the fifth part of what you have taken possession of this moment, I will not ask any thing; and I'll tell you this is no time to be talking about trifles; I am, up to this moment, safe; I made no affidavit. You know what I mean, Mr. Gripe."

"Come, come, my dear doctor," said Gripe, assuming an air of good humour, "you must have what you ask: tell your men at once to secure the lunatic."

The worthy doctor then made a signal to the two ruffians who stood outside. They rushed into the room in an instant, laid hold of the wretched old man, bound his hands with cords, and dragged him to the carriage which stood at the door, whilst he cried out, "My bags of gold! my bags of gold! Oh! Tim, Tim, what has become of us?"

"Right so far," said Gripe, as the fellows placed him in the carriage; "but this old man of his must be put out of the way for a time, to prevent story-telling. Aye, let me see—the poor lunatic will want an attendant in the madhouse; and it will be an act of great kindness and consideration to send his old servant to take care of him." Then, turning to Tim, "Come, my old fellow, get into the carriage there with your master."

"I will," said Tim, as a tear rolled down his aged cheek; and he accordingly took his seat in the carriage beside his master and the two bailiffs.

The rest of the party entered another carriage, and all drove off to the private madhouse at a place called Bopeep, on the Leixlip road, where Old Hawk and his faithful servant were left, under the tender mercies of Doctor Deering and his myrmidons.

CHAPTER V.

PREPARATION OF A DEED—A PEEP INTO A PRIVATE MAD-HOUSE—PROCEEDINGS UNDER THE COMMISSION OF LUNACY—DEATH OF OLD HAWK.

GRIPE and his client having left Old Hawk and his faithful servant secure in the asylum, returned to town to adopt measures necessary for their future proceedings.

"I have," said Gripe as they proceeded on their way, "taken every precaution that human foresight and wisdom could suggest, to have this affair managed so as to render any hostile proceedings nugatory, if such should be instituted. My experience in such matters is of the utmost value in conducting a case where so much wealth is at stake; and if I succeed in bringing the whole to a satisfactory termination, my expectations will be considerable."

"Considerable, of course," replied his companion; "and probably it might be well to name a sum contingent upon that success."

"Yes," continued Gripe, "it might be well to do so, but we can arrange that point hereafter. I want, however, to know, before we proceed further, why it is that you have taken such pains to conceal your name in a transaction in which you are the principal promovent? You know it cannot go on without your testimony, and, thus coming before the public, I doubt, too, but I may have committed an error that would vitiate the whole proceedings, by putting you forward in the petition under the name of Swingsnap instead of Norberry. By the way, are not you the full nephew to that poor lunatic whose fate we have such an interest in?"

"Yes," replied the worthy client, "I am; but, in fact, my name is Swingsnap, which I have taken from my mother, and by which I hope to obtain considerable property at the death of a family connection of that name in Scotland. Although I am known, as a matter of course, by my father's name, it was by that of Swingsnap that I entered college. I knew what I was about when I prepared the petition in that name; besides, I would not for any consideration have it thought, if exposure should hereafter occur, that a Norberry was the persecutor of a Norberry. It was always a maxim in our family, that 'dogs don't eat dogs.' A Norberry was never seen plaintiff in a suit against Norberry. When we want to bring a namesake to his senses, or drive sense or feeling out of him, as the case may be, we manage it in the name or person of another."

"I see," said Gripe, "all is right: it was in the name of Swingsnap you entered college, and I suppose that name also appears in the registry of your baptism."

"In both," replied Mr. Swingsnap.

"All right," rejoined Gripe. "I have arranged that we shall proceed to business on our arrival at my office in Saint Andrew Street, where Counsellor Muggleten is to meet us with the rough draft of a deed."

"Muggleten!" exclaimed Swingsnap. "Why, in the name of wonder, call in such a willy-wagtail—such a nonentity as Muggleten? He is utterly despised as a barrister; he is, in truth, one of the most contemptible in the whole profession."

"Stop, stop," said Gripe; "my good young friend, not so fast: it is not talent we want so much, on an occasion of this kind, as fidelity. Muggleten is a man I can trust; he and I are members of a secret society, which, by the way, you must join very soon: a member of that society has never been known to betray the secret of a brother: besides, he is not by any means so deficient in acquirements as you seem to think. As to the preparation of the deed, it will be done under my own superintendence. I have had extensive practice in that way, besides having acquired a competent knowledge of deeds and pleadings generally whilst in the office of a conveyancer and equity draftsman in London. You will find, Mr. Swingsnap, that I will manage the matter right, and if I get compensation according to my merits, my reward for conducting this business will be large indeed, but I scorn to drive a hard bargain with you."

The client of Gripe, who plainly saw the kind of man he had to deal with, could hardly forbear from telling him his thoughts, but he curbed his tongue, and merely said, as he cast an eye at the bags of gold that had that morning fallen into his hands: "Indeed, Mr. Gripe, I have already had a specimen of your disinterestedness in this transaction;" and then, affecting a smile, added, "I know your talents and experience, and that perhaps you are the only man in Dublin capable of conducting a case like this, and I am sure you will keep Mr. Muggleten from committing any mistake in the matter."

"That I will," said Gripe with an air of self-satisfaction; "I keep the bar in check wherever I am; I seldom employ one of them unless it is necessary to get his name to a pleading; I am in great favour with the bench, and I generally state my client's case myself. But, surely, Muggleten is not so contemptible as you imagine; he can make a plausible speech, has a little bit of the actor about him, and will state our case right well to the commissioners and jury who are to sit upon the inquiry."

"Very good, very good," replied Swingsnap; "don't for a moment imagine that I intended to dictate to you how you should

conduct your business, or what professional men you ought to employ ; all must go right in your hands."

"My dear young friend," said Gripe, assuming a look of kindness, "I have always had the highest opinion of your talents, integrity, and acquirements ; that opinion has been fully verified by what I have lately seen of you. You are going to the bar yourself, and were I to give you but a portion of the junior business of my office, it would soon put you on the high road to fame. But I shall give it all to you ; we will play out of each other's hands. You will understand me better after a few interviews, when you get 'the wig' on."

"If I don't deceive myself I understand you perfectly this moment," said Swingsnap ; "no doubt can exist that we may be useful to each other in many ways, even after we bring this business to a successful issue."

"No doubt in the world," replied Gripe ; "and my future friendship and patronage will depend much upon how you shall act your part in this affair. For myself I think I may say that all my actions shall be purely benevolent and disinterested."

"Well, without running any risk of committing an outrage upon truth, I may say," rejoined Swingsnap, "that I shall not be far behind you in the exercise of those high moral qualities ; we understand each other."

The worthy solicitor and his young client having at this moment arrived at the office in Saint Andrew Street, their self-laudatory conversation was broken off, and they proceeded at once to business, which, in their opinions, could not safely be delayed for a moment. They found Muggleten, who had a good voice, upon which he frequently dined with those who loved a song, sitting in the office of Gripe, with his back to the door, carolling an old ditty. Swingsnap stopped, and whispered in the ear of Gripe, "There is your man of business ; it just corresponds with all that I ever heard of him."

"Don't mind," said Gripe peevishly ; "I have already explained the matter to you. Ho ! ho ! Mr. Muggleten, how do you do ? a delightful melody that ; sorry we interrupted you ; suppose after business amusement ; you had the draft deed finished."

"Ho ! ho ! my dear Gripe," said the counsellor ; "how d'ye do ? the deed is not finished ; I could proceed no further without getting fresh instructions ; and I was just about ordering a chaise to the door to post down to Bopeep after you, whither I knew you had gone ; but you have fortunately arrived in good time."

"Mr. Swingsnap," said Gripe, without deigning a reply to what had been said about the intended posting excursion to Bopeep, and pointing to his client, who was standing in the

middle of the room, "Mr. Muggleten, of whose talents and integrity you have heard me speak so highly: he is to be our counsel in this very heavy and intricate case."

The gentlemen formally saluted each other, when Muggleten commenced an exordium with regard to his talents and capacity in conducting a case of such peculiar delicacy and so complicated in its various details. "It," he said, "required temper, talent, and ability, for the performance of the duties he had undertaken, and he flattered himself that he possessed some of those qualifications at least. No power under heaven could shake him from his purpose, or make him do aught but that which he intended to do, although, at the same time, no event that could by possibility occur should make him lose his temper; his great boast was, the command he had over himself; and he who conquered himself was sure to conquer others."

Swingsnap gave a contemptuous sneer, and cast a withering look at the stunted little egotist, who stood with head erect, evidently attempting to make his physical appearance correspond in some measure with the high mental qualities he had been describing, and said, "I presume, Mr. Muggleten, that your clients must feel irreparable loss for every moment that you are unnecessarily absent from them; and undoubtedly your absence will be greatly prolonged by the kindness of your disposition in relating to us an account most accurate, no doubt, of those high qualifications you possess, and which are so necessary in conducting a case like ours. We know you do so to satisfy our minds that we will be safe in your hands; but this is unnecessary, as we fully estimate your talents."

Muggleten felt the full force of those sarcastic observations, particularly the allusion to the clients, for the poor fellow could not call to his mind that he had any, except two or three attorneys for whom he signed declarations at half price, giving them six months' credit into the bargain, and he conceived at once the most inveterate dislike to his new acquaintance; but he saw he could not afford to fall out with him, so he bit his lips, shut his good eye, and leaving the place of the other (which had been knocked out by the end of a cue in a billiard-room) open, said nothing, and resumed the seat from which he had arisen.

"Come, come," said Gripe, "to business, to business;" and taking a key from his pocket, walked over to a large iron safe that was built into the wall at the opposite side of the room, opened it, and having deposited his newly acquired treasure within this fire-proof and robber-proof magazine, took his seat beside Muggleten with an air of satisfaction and delight that told how well pleased he was with the recent proceedings in which he had been engaged. Young Swingsnap stood watching the movements of Gripe, and cast a longing, lingering look after

the bags of gold, as he shut the massive doors of the safe with a clank, and gave the key a particular twist, by which twelve strong bolts were sent out as guardians over the valuable contents within. He said nothing, but took his seat at the other side of the table, that he might hear the deed read, in which he had so deep an interest.

"What further instructions," said Gripe to Muggleten, "did you require from me, that should cause you to post after me, as you intended?"

"Why," replied Muggleten, "there has been no specific detail of the property about to be conveyed; the particulars of which it consists must be enumerated. Chattels or lands cannot be conveyed with sufficient certainty without describing them."

"I have read some elementary works upon law," said Swingsnap, "and you are perfectly right, counsellor; the money got this morning must, of course, be counted over, and included in the conveyance."

The eyes of Gripe flashed like an enraged hyena, and he exclaimed with a furious tone, "No, sir; I thought we understood each other about that matter. Was it not agreed that the trifle alluded to should be *hors* the deed? Will it not be wanted for a purpose that was fully explained by me, and agreed to by you this morning? I fear, Mr. Swingsnap, I have been paying you encomiums this day which you did not merit."

"Why," said Swingsnap coolly, "if the deed be executed, the money will not be wanted for the other purpose, because you cannot get a man to execute a valid deed and have him declared a lunatic at the same time. That is the dilemma, Mr. Gripe. The property in question must be mentioned in the conveyance. If we cannot get the deed executed, why then the money will go to the purpose contemplated this morning."

"Why," said Gripe, assuming an air of good humour, "it is easy to manage the trifle in question without parchment. You forget that other claimants may come forward, and the deed would be indisputable evidence of the amount we should account for, and it would be nothing amiss that you, Mr. Swingsnap, a young man entering into fashionable life and a high profession, should have something that inquisitive people would know nothing about. I told you before to trust to my prudence and skill, or take the thing altogether out of my hands. I added, that all my acts should be benevolent and disinterested; you assented; and I am sure it is only necessary to recall those circumstances to your mind, and to show you that it is your interest alone I have in view, to induce you to abandon those mischievous crotchets, and leave the matter to my management."

Muggleten at once enlisted upon the side of Gripe, and added, that when a man had a solicitor of high honour and integrity, he

should leave the whole conduct of his case in his hands, for many men had been ruined by following their own plan instead of the counsel of their law advisers.

"And not a few," replied Swingsnap, "have been ruined by their legal advisers too; but I submit at once to the wisdom, judgment, and discretion of my friend Gripe."

"Ah!" said Gripe, assuming a tone of kindness, and looking with a hideous grin at Swingsnap, which he intended for a good-humoured smile, "I knew I was not mistaken in my young friend, who I am certain will shine in his profession, and yet occupy a seat on the bench."

Muggleten introduced the draft deed, which he read over to his clients, and after various alterations and additions, during which the temper and patience of Swingsnap were put to their utmost limit, it was agreed to, for he was obliged to submit to the arrangements dictated by his legal advisers.

This preliminary having been so far settled, it was arranged that the document should be given out for engrossment, and that the parties should meet on the second day afterwards, and proceed to the asylum at Bopeep, there to induce Old Hawk to execute it. They were accordingly punctual to their appointment, and on a fine morning, as a crowd of shipping were under full sail up the Liffey to the old custom-house, they were seen seated in an open barouche, going at full speed down the quay towards Queen Street, on their way to Old Hawk.

Muggleten, who delighted in nothing so much as posting about in a hurry, under an apparent pressure of business, assumed an air of great importance, and requested that Gripe would again allow him to throw his "eye" over the deed as they proceeded towards their destination.

"Stop, my dear counsellor," said his friend; "your impatience to be engaged in business at every opportunity that can be caught is no doubt most commendable, but there is, after all, a time for every thing. You may depend that all is right; and, for my own part, I am much more inclined to philosophise upon the glories of this fine morning, and the surpassing beauty of the scene with which we are surrounded, than to speak of business just now. Can any thing be more sublime and soul-stirring than to view the rays of the sun playing upon the full tide that fills that noble river, in which are reflected the long line of buildings at each side, with the shipping seen in the distance, coming up, wafted from the bay by a gentle breeze? I feel that such scenes as these always call up within me a strong divinity of soul, and I could almost wish that the spirit would burst its bonds, and soar into the glory, of which the scenes we now behold are but faint emblems. Yes, although tied to this world by its cares and its pains, I have been always a truly moral man in my heart; and,

after all, unless we have morality as a groundwork, our actions cannot bear the test of truth."

"You speak like a Christian and a philosopher," said Muggleten. "Your sentiments are worthy of a Bossuet or a Fenelon."

"You should add his acts, too," said Swingsnap, drily.

"Why, as to acts," said Gripe, "they are mere incidents which rise from the circumstances in which men are placed, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they are not accountable for them; but give me the man who loves the sublime, and has a full sense of the goodness of the Deity, and I care not a yard of red tape about his acts, always premising that in every thing he does he will be sure to keep within the law."

"Your vocation has been mistaken," said Swingsnap; "you should have been in the church; if you were, you would ere now have mounted to the episcopal bench."

"Why," continued the worthy attorney, "a man can as well work out his salvation jostling through this busy world as filling the high place of a bishop, who has nothing to do but eat and drink and die of the gout. No, sir, my habits are too active for the life of a bishop, at the same time that I feel I have sounder morality at bottom than most of them."

"No great praise, after all," said Muggleten, who, from the time he was refused a perusal of the deed, had not ventured to edge in a word. "I think you are superior in many respects to all the bishops I have ever heard of; and perhaps in your later days you may seek an asylum in the church, where you will have ample leisure to put into operation those high moral sentiments which do you so much honour: men of your kind are much wanted in it at this moment."

"There are enough of good men there already," added Swingsnap; "it is not, however, the men, but the establishment to which they belong, that has conferred so many blessings on the country. I am an ardent supporter of it, and I have no doubt that I shall yet render it some important services."

This conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the parties at the asylum, where Doctor Deering was at the gate waiting to receive them.

"You see," said Gripe, alighting from the carriage, "we are punctual as to time. It is one of the peculiar characteristics of my professional career, that I have never yet been known to break an engagement. Business for me, sir; business, business."

"I fear," replied the doctor, in a low tone, "we will have a troublesome business with our *protegee*, and his stupid, obstinate old servant. He is, of course, as sane as any man in existence. There is one circumstance in the case which can, however, be turned to good account: the words 'my bags of gold, my bags

of gold,' have hardly ever left his mouth since he came here, and that stubborn stupid old servant of his is perpetually crying out, 'I'll prove the robbery the moment I get out of this.'

"These are trifles," said Gripe. "The blind old rascal must get some hush money: that will soon bring him to his senses."

"I fear it won't do with him," replied the doctor.

"Leave that to me," added Gripe; "but we have come, as you have been apprised, to get the deed executed, so let's to business."

The worthy doctor led the way, and the party followed him through a long, dark corridor, to a small room paved with tiles, and admitting, through a grated window a considerable height from the floor, scarcely as much light as would enable the spectators to discern what the apartment contained. "This," said he, pausing at the threshold of the door, "is a room peculiarly fitted to cases of this kind. I have had several distinguished persons here, who came to me in a far worse condition than our friend inside, whom I had perfectly convalescent in two or three months. You understand me, gentlemen?"

"Perfectly," replied Gripe.

"Amongst those sent to me," continued the doctor, "were an old nobleman, whose son sought my kind protection for his dear father; and a clergyman, whose wife and daughter sent him to me under circumstances of a very peculiar character. I fear there was not sufficient caution taken in the case; and his malady was the most obstinate I ever had to deal with. He was a man of peculiarly sober habits through life; and such persons are very difficult to cure. But the old lord, who was partially affected with *delirium tremens* coming in, was all right in a few weeks. You know what I mean?"

"Oh! my dear friend, not another word to explain your meaning," said Gripe. "I presume you were going to express your apprehension that this poor old man will present one of those inveterate cases which arise from long habits of sobriety and frugality?"

"Precisely so," added the doctor.

"In that I think you are mistaken," continued Gripe; "for it will be part of the evidence we will offer, in case we are forced to speed the commission, that the old fellow was latterly in the habit of getting drunk at night with his servant man. The servant woman, whom I have ready to be examined, is prepared to depose to that fact; but if the deed be executed, there will be no necessity for it; we will merely leave him under your kind protection, and you will know how to treat him: he is now very old, and cannot by possibility live many months."

"Precisely so," said the doctor; "and probably if the deed were executed, *days* would suit your purpose better."

"You are a man of business," added Gripe; "I am certain that every thing shall be properly done in your hands. But you were, I believe, going to explain to us the peculiar construction of this room as a place of convalescence for your patients?"

"Yes," continued the doctor, "it is entirely on a plan known only to myself. You are all friends, and I may confidentially state to you what its effects are. There is, immediately underneath the floor, a large reservoir of water, impregnated with a chemical preparation, that has long been a secret in my family, and this fills the apartment with a freezing air, whilst its soporific powers set the patient to sleep, who, upon awaking, is generally quite delirious, and cries out for warmth. This is the effect sought to be produced, and, as a matter of kindness, he is either brought out under a burning sun, with a thin cap on his head, or into an over-heated room, where he fancies he experiences great comfort from the sudden transition. This operation being gone through half a dozen times, even with ordinary regimen, is generally successful. There is no appearance of coercion, restraint, or ill treatment of any kind; and if even the servants of the asylum were to be examined as witnesses, they should depose that the patients are treated with kindness and indulgence. These, gentlemen, are the effects produced by confinement in this room."

"I suppose," said Gripe, "that course of treatment always effects a cure?"

"Why, not always," replied the doctor; "plaaster for the head is the *ultimatum*; but, throughout a long and successful course of practice, I have very seldom been obliged to have recourse to it."

"Is the patient inside?" said Swingsnap eagerly; "I think we have heard enough about your practice; let us see what are its effects upon this wretched old man."

"He is inside," replied the doctor, "in one of those balmy slumbers produced by the atmosphere of the apartment."

"Call him out," added Gripe, "for I should not like to go in after the information you have given us."

"Very well," said the doctor; "I merely wanted to show you how the patient was situated; but I intend that we shall transact our business in my own apartments."

He then entered the cell, in a remote corner of which, stretched upon a miserable bed of straw, lay the man whose wealth had placed many of the lords and nobles of the land within his power, and who never paused for a moment to reflect upon the tears he had caused to flow, or the misery of which he was the author, whilst in the pursuit of gold. He was, however, now the victim of that grasping avarice which can only be satiated by wholesale gains, and is much more culpable than the slow process which

leads through the dark and loathsome labyrinths of penury, extortion, self-denial, and deceit in the accumulation of riches ; for although the great bulk of mankind would seize, if they could, upon wealth in a moment, without going through any process by which it could be said, even in the eye of the law, to be fairly earned, there are few, very few, who have patience or perseverance enough to acquire it by labour, united to frugality and self-denial. Whether by the sweat of the brain or the brow, man, to acquire wealth, must labour ; and every man who is idle is a tax upon those who laboured before him, are labouring at present, or are to labour after him. Why mankind should universally condemn the miser, and concede their approbation to the anchorite, is an anomaly well worthy the consideration of the philosopher and theologian. The anchorite, who renounces the world and its wealth, and leads a life of self-denial, is an object of praise and admiration amongst many ; whilst the miser, who, with the means of gratifying all the wishes and wants incident to man, and of indulging in all the luxuries of the world, denies himself every thing, is an object of scorn and reprobation. Truly, if any thing can prove the philosophy and high moral qualities of any man, it is placing him in the enjoyment of immense wealth, without control or restriction of any kind, and then finding him pursue a course of frugality, prudence, and self-denial. The most worthless that the boiling over of great cities ever produced, if they get unexpectedly into the possession of wealth, will enjoy it with the bearing and assumed manners of the aristocrats of the day ; and those who are born to riches, instead of making money produce money, most generally squander what they received without labour or trouble. This would not be so, if they possessed some of the qualities which are so strongly condemned in misers. There is, therefore, something paradoxical in the matter, which philosophers or moralists have not yet accounted for, except upon the score of motives ; but it is with results, and not motives or intentions, that society has any thing to do.

The doctor returned, leading poor Old Hawk with him in a state of stupefaction or half consciousness, exclaiming, as he came out of the cell, "Oh, bring me to the heat ; I am shivering with cold."

"Yes, my dear sir," said the doctor, "you shall have your wishes gratified ; every thing that humanity and the most active benevolence can dictate shall be done for you. You know how kind I have been to you since you came here, and that kindness shall continue to increase as long as you are under my protection. Your friends are here, waiting to impart some good news to you, and to transact important business with you ; but you must do every thing that they wish ; we are all your real friends."

"Oh !" said Old Hawk, "have they brought back my bags of

gold? And where is my wife? What has happened to me at all? And where, above all, is my only friend in this world, poor old Tim? Oh! Tim, where are you? Where are my bags of gold?"

"Come, come," said the doctor, "we are going to make you happy; all will be right; come with me." And, taking him by the hand, he led him up the corridor, and across a court-yard, to his own apartments, whither Gripe and his friends followed.

On their way, poor Tim, who was looking through the bars of a window on the opposite side, saw the parties, and cried out, "Oh! my poor master, my poor master; and the robbers who took all his gold. I'll swear robbery against every man of you the moment I get out of this—that I will; I'll transport the whole of you, for you are nothing but a gang of robbers. I'll put the law in force against every one of you—that I will."

"Ho!" said the doctor, "this is a troublesome intrusion. Hallo! Toby," calling to an athletic, ruffianly-looking fellow, who was seated on a bench under a shed, playing chess with a companion of similar appearance; "why have you that man in this side of the building? take him out of that quickly, and bring him to one of the rooms over the vapour bath." Toby and his playmate were on their way in an instant, and in a few moments afterwards the shrieks of the poor old man were heard as they dragged him mercilessly through a long gallery that led to the place which the doctor ordered him to be consigned to.

"Stop," said Gripe, "we may want this man; if the commission is to be sped we cannot well do without him; treat him kindly till we see how matters shall terminate."

"Toby," shouted the doctor, "bring back that poor man until further orders."

The willing satellites conducted Tim back to his former apartment, and then resumed their game with the most perfect *sang froid*, wholly regardless of the misery and sorrow, the pining hearts, the blighted hopes, and the ruined intellects of the wretched victims by whom they were surrounded.

The doctor and his patient were followed by the rest of the party into a reception room, magnificently furnished, which formed a striking contrast to the loathsome cell from which the wretched Norberry had been brought.

When Gripe entered, Old Hawk viewed him with a look of stupid amazement, as if uncertain of the identity of the person upon whom he gazed. At length he uttered, in a loud voice, "My bags of gold! my bags of gold!"

"Ah! my good, my dear old friend," said Gripe, assuming a lachrymose tone, "how my heart is grieved to see you in your present position! but a decided step was necessary to save the Norberry family from disgrace and ruin; it could not be tolerated

that the very head of that family should form an alliance with the daughter of a low publican and plebeian."

"Stop," said Old Hawk; "where is my wife, where is Kate Fogarty? but, oh! my bags of gold, my bags of gold: return to me my money, and I will never think of wife or any thing else: I will form no mean alliance; I am not married at all—at least I barely recollect it."

"A most important admission," said Muggleten; "let it be noted down: if there be no marriage, there will be no troublesome claimants from any other quarter; let it, by all means, be noted down, and put in my brief. I have always the foresight to catch the points necessary in my case."

"Come, my dear, dear old friend and client," said Gripe, "you do not appreciate the kindness that prompted this course; you do not know your real friends; just sign your name to this piece of parchment, and all will be well. Come, my dear old friend, there take the pen and sign your name opposite that bit of wax, and then you will get all your money and every thing you want. Come, my dear Norberry, I have rendered you many a service in the execution of bonds, deeds, and *post obits*; just do what I desire you, and all will be right. You do not appreciate or understand the truly benevolent feelings which actuate your friends. Come, write your name like a worthy gentleman, as you have always been; don't dishonour the high name you bear."

"No," said Old Hawk, "never; I shall do nothing until my faithful servant and friend, Tim, is present; he witnessed the robbery that was committed, and he must also witness whatever else may follow."

"I knew," said Gripe, calling the doctor aside, "that we would be obliged to make use of that old servant; let me have an interview with him." Then, turning to Old Hawk, "My dear friend, just compose yourself for a moment; your faithful servant shall be brought to you; he is, I am told, a sensible man, and you will do whatever he advises you; just compose yourself for a moment."

"Come," said the doctor, "I may as well at once show you the way to the apartment of the old servant." So, leaving the room, he was followed by Gripe, and both were in a few moments in the presence of Tim, who viewed them with amazement still greater than that manifested by his master.

"Ho! my man," said Gripe, "how are you? I am just after giving directions that whilst you remain here, every thing shall be done to promote your comfort. The circumstances that have occurred appear strange to you; because, in the first place, you do not understand the benevolent motives which have directed these proceedings; nor can you foresee the wise ends for which they have been instituted. I have heard much of your integrity

and attachment to your poor master. You have considerable influence over him, and we wish you should exercise it to induce him to write his name to a document, the purport of which, as a man of unimpeachable honour, I declare to be, to save the Norberry family from disgrace. You heard of your master seeking to be married to the bar-maid of a public house, kept by wily, crafty, cunning, low-bred people, who would be his ruin. We want to take him out of their hands, and it is only by signing the document in question that it can be done. You must prevail on him to do so; but then if you should fail in that, I will draw up a statement of facts for your perusal, which you will of course depose to on oath at an inquiry which is about to take place. Come, my worthy old man, your integrity must be rewarded." So, taking from his pocket a leather purse, he emptied its contents upon the seat of the window, at which Tim was still standing, gazing into the court-yard, as if in hope of catching another glimpse of his master. The poor fellow saw sixty golden guineas told over, and again placed in the purse by Gripe, who, with an air of kindness and condescension, presented it to him.

"There," said the doctor, as the hand of Gripe was outstretched with the proffered gift; "there is an act of generosity and benevolence that ought to make you value the friendship of Mr. Gripe, and convince you that all he is doing with regard to your master is founded upon the purest and most disinterested motives."

The faithful and incorruptible Tim, whose actions throughout a long life were prompted by the emotions of a kindly heart and innate rectitude of principle, which had never been corrupted by worldly pursuits, took the purse containing the proffered treasure from the hand of Gripe, and, summoning all the strength he could command, he flung it at his head, and struck him a stunning blow on the right eye. And, by the way, sixty golden guineas, rolled up in a leathern casement, would form a pellet, that, when projected from a strong hand, few would like to be visited by, even for the sake of its contents. The blow had a terrific effect upon Gripe, who staggered back and would have fallen, were he not supported by the doctor, who was dumb with amazement at the scene he had just witnessed.

When Gripe recovered sufficiently to collect his thoughts, he said, in rather a gentle tone, "I see that this wretched old man is as mad as his master, but he is of that dangerous class of lunatics that requires quite a different mode of treatment; leave him for the present, and we will consider hereafter what is to be done with him." And then turning round, he walked back towards the apartment where he had left Old Hawk and the other gentlemen. The doctor picked up the rejected gift and followed him.

When they entered, Swingsnap inquired where was the servant, or what was the result of the interview with him?

Gripe, whose disappointment far exceeded his rage—for he was a man who had perfect control of his temper—pointed to his swollen eye, with an assumed smile: “There,” said he, “is the result of the interview with that dangerous old maniac; he is much worse than his master. There is nothing left but to speed the commission.”

“I will have him sent to one of the rooms over the vapour bath,” said the doctor.

“I think,” said Gripe, “I will manage to have him brought out of this, and placed in Newgate in Dublin, as a dangerous lunatic. I will make a deposition before the magistrates at Mountrath Street Police Office as soon as I go into town, and we will get rid of him in that way.”

“I have a precedent here in one of the books I brought with me,” said Muggleten, “from which you can both frame your deposition, and draw up the form of a commitment, to have ready to be signed by the magistrates. I always come prepared for any contingency that may arise. I am always ready to meet the collateral points as well as the main branch of my case.”

“If all the world thought as highly of you as you do of yourself, you would soon be lord chancellor,” observed Swingsnap with a sneer.

“Come, come,” said Gripe, “this is no time for either bandying compliments or indulging in malicious jokes; we have business of much more importance to think of.” And he placed his hand upon his eye, which was causing him much pain.

“Hallo! Toby,” said the doctor, “take this old gentleman back to the place from whence he came, and put a collar and waistcoat upon his old servant, who is raging mad.” Then, turning to Gripe: “I fear the plaster to the head must be adopted.”

Toby and his companion executed in an instant the behests of their master; and after some further consultation amongst the parties, and such medical advice as the doctor thought applicable to the damaged eye of Gripe, which was beginning to assume a serious appearance, they took their departure for town, rather discomfited and cast down, in the same vehicle which had borne them out in triumph.

On their arrival, a deposition and committal, with regard to blind Tim, was prepared by Muggleten, and on the following day Gripe attended before the magistrates of Mountrath Street to swear to it. He had with him a certificate from the doctor, which stated that the individual in question had been sent to his private and peaceful asylum, where repose and quiet were so necessary for its inmates; but that his insanity being of that boisterous and dangerous character, it was unsafe, as regarded both the poor man himself, and the quiet, kind-hearted class of ser-

wants necessary for the establishment, and unjust to the other inmates, who were all of the highest order of respectability, to allow him to remain there any longer, and that he ought to be sent to one of the public prisons, where treatment would be pursued which by no possibility could be adopted at the retired and happy asylum of Bopeep.

Armed with these documents, and presenting an eye with a purple circle round the orbit, which radiated into hues of varied yellow, Gripe came before Messrs. Smullet and Ember, the presiding magistrates at Mountrath Street, to tender his depositions, with a view to have the unfortunate but faithful Tim removed to the side of Newgate allotted to dangerous lunatics, where hundreds have lived and died in a state of wretchedness and misery without parallel, who were at first driven to paroxysms of despair by the cruelty, the rapacity, the deceit and injustice of their fellow men, but who, by kindly treatment, or one honest voice raised in their behalf to rescue them from such a fate, might have lived amongst society, in possession of the glorious gift of that reason which loathsome dungeons, mismanagement, and neglect, could not fail to destroy.

Gripe entered the police court leaning on Muggleten, and followed by a servant in rich livery.

"Make way there, constable, make way," said Mr. Ember, as the parties advanced towards the bench. "Bless my soul! gentlemen, how do you both do? But what accident has befallen you, my dear Gripe? When I was a practising lawyer, you were one of my best clients. How grieved I am to see your eye in such a condition: what in the world is the matter with you?"

"Indeed," replied Gripe with a tone of humility, "I am not the first who has been made the victim of an indiscreet generosity and ever active benevolence. The documents I have with me will explain the matter better than I can; but I may shortly mention that a most unaccountable misfortune has befallen one of the oldest clients and best friends I had in the world—both himself and his servant have become insane, and under the directions of some members of his family, I had both removed to the asylum of Dr. Deering, which is an earthly paradise. The insanity of the master is of an idiotic and harmless kind, but that of the servant is of a most dangerous character. I went yesterday to place a considerable sum of money in the hands of the doctor for the benefit of both, with directions that their comforts should be strictly attended to, although that indeed was wholly useless" (this was the only part of the tale that was true), "when the wretched man seized the purse of gold that I was handing to the doctor, and flung it at my head; here" (pointing to his eye) "are the effects of it; and here are the documents that will further explain every thing."

"A singular case indeed," said Smullet; "but we are in the habit of hearing such extraordinary cases every day, that we are hardly surprised at any thing. You, however, have the consolation to know that you received that injury whilst in the performance of a most sacred and meritorious duty. Pray be seated, gentlemen; be seated whilst I read over these papers. Muggleten, how do you do? it is a good many years since we were serving our terms together in London; you see I am tied here to the magisterial bench; I am almost sorry that I gave up my practice at the bar for it."

"I wish," said Muggleten, whispering to Gripe, "that I could exchange places with him."

"Don't believe a word he says," answered the attorney in the same pitch of voice; "the fellow never had any practice except when I employed him on particular occasions: he got the place, as all places are got, through family interest."

"I trust," said Muggleten, addressing the worthy magistrate, "I shall see your worship elevated still higher. Your high legal attainments and practice at the bar would have entitled you to be chief justice of the King's bench."

Ember graciously nodded assent to the complimentary statement made by his friend, and then continued with an air of great gravity to read over the papers that had been put into his hands by Gripe. When he concluded, he slowly raised his head, elevated his spectacles from his nose to his forehead, and remarked that it was a singular case indeed; he had met, he believed, in one of the year books an account of a master and man having become mad simultaneously, but it was afterwards discovered, in the course of a complicated law-suit which grew out of the matter, that they were brothers, although the fact had been a secret for upwards of fifty years.

"Such a discovery," added Gripe, rather testily, "won't be the result in this case."

"I don't presume, by any means, to say it will," replied Ember; "your course, however, is clear: sign this deposition, and I shall sign the committal, which appears to have been drawn up with great care, and the poor unfortunate man must be at once removed to the lunatic side of Newgate, as the place best suited to him."

"The committal has been prepared by me," said Muggleten, with an air of self-satisfaction; "I manage matters with temper and caution. I take care never to lose my temper, so that I come coolly to the performance of all my professional duties."

"The document does you great credit," replied Ember, nodding graciously.

Smullet, the other magistrate, who seemed to be making amends for want of the previous night's sleep, opened his eyes

when all was over, exclaiming, "What case is this before the bench?"

"Nothing," replied his worthy brother magistrate, "but the committal to prison of a dangerous lunatic."

"Oh! that's a mere matter of course," grunted Smullet, and again began to doze.

The documents having been duly executed, Gripe and his friend left the office to make preparations for speeding the commission, and Ember despatched two or three confidential constables to convey poor Tim from Bopeep to Newgate; and before the sun set that evening, they had executed their commands.

"There is nothing for it now," said Gripe to Muggleten, as they passed from the police court into the street, "but to speed the commission without a moment's delay. Your brief is nearly ready; you must make a truly pathetic statement; but all will depend on a good jury; they must be corporation men—fellows who love good dinners, and have now visible pursuits or means of existence except what arises from their pay as yeomen, and fees as jurors."

Muggleten suggested to Gripe that the corporation roll should be submitted to his inspection before the jury would be struck. He had an opportunity of meeting many of them who were good singers, and were repeatedly asked to parties at which he, too, had the honour of being entertained, where they dined and supped upon the strength of their vocal powers; they were a class of persons who had nothing to do, or, if they had, they never troubled themselves about it; and he was certain that a few good fellows could be chosen from amongst them who would be anxious to find a favourable verdict in a case where an eminent solicitor, who often had jobs of the kind, was concerned; besides, many of them were members of the society to which both of them belonged, and when delivering his address he would not fail to "throw them up" the sign.

"Your suggestions," said Gripe, "are well worthy of consideration. You know I am a member of the same society myself, and that fact has made you my counsel; but I am told that some of our signs are borrowed from the Freemasons, and it might be dangerous to 'throw up' any of them to the jury, lest some members of it might belong to that honourable and widespread fraternity, who have always ranked high amongst mankind; and if they thought that any attempt was made to interfere with their craft, our plans would be defeated. You know, my dear Muggleten, that our society are the real sort, sworn to be true to each other in every case in which any of its members may be engaged. Ascertain, therefore, in the first instance, how many of 'us' can be placed on the jury;

but don't throw up any signs, lest they might be mistaken by a freemason, if amongst them: get a majority of 'us' by all means, but throw up no signs when delivering your address."

"You speak like a man of sense," replied Muggleten, "and I shall attend to your suggestions with the utmost care and caution; but is not there a hope that old Norberry will yet sign the deed? Doctor Deering thinks that when the plaster is applied to his head he will consent."

"Oh, d—— the plaster," said Gripe; "the commission, after all, is the better course of proceeding; it must succeed, and I will have something like decent costs to get when the suit is over, and plenty of money on account whilst it is going on."

The gentlemen then proceeded to the office in Saint Andrew Street, where it was agreed to meet at the lunatic office in Chancery Lane on the following morning, to make arrangements for summoning a jury and proceeding with the commission. Muggleten, Gripe, and Swingsnap were, accordingly, early in their attendance at the office, where a jury list to the satisfaction of the parties was prepared and despatched to the sheriff, with directions to have them summoned for the following Monday. A liberal fee accompanied this request, and the sheriff lost no time in having summonses served upon the worthy corporators, whose names had been ear-marked upon the list sent in by Gripe.

At an early hour on Monday morning, all the parties concerned were in motion. A number of fellows with carbuncled faces, and dressed in shabby black, were seen entering a narrow, dingy, dirty-looking passage in Chancery Lane, which led to the place appointed for proceeding with the commission of lunacy. The commissioners were punctual in their attendance, and took their seats on the bench with an air of gravity suited to the occasion. There was a good attendance of jurors; many who did not receive summonses came upon the speculation that some of those who did, might, by some fatality, have been absent; and when the chosen number were sworn, the others left the court with long faces, as soon as they heard the commissioners declare that, as a mark of respect to the feelings of the highly respectable family upon whom a most direful affliction had fallen, the proceedings should be conducted in private.

All preliminaries being thus arranged, Muggleten ostentatiously unfolded a huge brief, on the back of which a fee of fifty guineas had been marked, and was proceeding at once to state his case, when Gripe rose and walked behind the backs of the jury, who were seated in two rows upon forms removed a considerable distance from the bench: as he passed on, each man thrust his hand behind him, which was met by that of Gripe, then hastily withdrawn, and afterwards carelessly thrust into

the capacious pocket of his waistcoat. This process having been gone through, the worthy jurors closed into a narrow circle, and after a short consultation, the foreman, with a good-humoured smile, and a peculiar leer of his eye, announced that they were ready to hear the statement of the learned counsel.

Muggleten then rose with great gravity, and having adjusted a large pair of spectacles, which he generally wore for the purpose of hiding his bad eye, proceeded thus to address the commissioners and the jury :

"Gentlemen, I am here as counsel in the case of Norberry, a lunatic, and Swingsnap, petitioner ; and if I find myself completely overpowered by the weight of the duty I have to perform, and the feelings which the recital of so painful a case must call up within me, I know that I am addressing gentlemen of humanity, station, and experience as jurors, and that I may confidently calculate upon your indulgence. There are cases where the advocate becomes involved in the profundity of his own thoughts, when he contemplates the inscrutable ways of Providence in visiting the most virtuous, dignified, and upright of the human race with afflictions which are almost too much for humanity to bear. But this collateral contemplation, if I may use the term, would only lead to metaphysical abstraction, and a theological inquiry which, however highly edifying and instructive in itself, would only turn our minds away from the issue you have this day to try. Of all the afflictions that can possibly befall any unfortunate individual or family, it is that of insanity. It is one of those visitations occasionally sent by an all-wise Creator for purposes known only to Himself ; and our duty is to meet such an infliction with virtuous stoicism, and to give our warmest sympathies to those who are either immediately or remotely the victims of such a malady. There is one melancholy consolation with regard to the unfortunate maniac, that renders his condition in some degree less painful than that of his family and friends, and that is, his unconsciousness of the malady with which he is afflicted. And, gentlemen of the jury, whilst I implore your sympathies for the unfortunate gentleman who is the object of the present inquiry, I beseech you to extend them in a peculiar degree to his sorrowing friends, some of whom will be examined as witnesses here this day ; nay, I would say, extend them to myself, for I am a man who feels poignantly for the sorrow of others ; and whilst I thus address you, I may confidently assert that my anguish is at least fully equal to that of my highly respectable clients, for whom I appear here this day. I find I am almost unable to proceed ; but, gentlemen, you will excuse my weakness—the sympathies of the man have overcome whatever little forensic power belongs to the advocate—and if you do not extend to me your kind indulgence, I would be just

in as melancholy a condition as the unfortunate old gentleman whose case we have come here this day to consider. You will, perhaps, be inclined to ask me, before I go further, who are my clients in this matter, and at whose instance this commission has been sued out? and I might reply, that the whole of the high family of Norberry, with all its collateral branches, are my clients; but those who are immediately concerned in the present proceedings are Mr. Swingsnap, the nephew and heir of the lunatic—his father and family, and that highly upright, benevolent, and respectable solicitor, Mr. Gripe, who has been for many years the law agent and bosom friend of the lunatic, as well as the confidential adviser of other branches of the house of Norberry. His affliction and anguish at the calamity that has befallen his friends are beyond the power of description. The painful task of examining him here this day as a witness will fall to my lot; and I fear it will be too much for me. Extend then, I beseech you, to my client, Mr. Gripe, the same sympathy which a moment ago I begged might be exercised with regard to myself; and any you may then have left is due to my young client, Swingsnap, who has to go through the painful ordeal of a petitioner, in a case where his uncle is the lunatic. You may then look remotely towards the various branches of the Norberry family, who, I am instructed to say, are deeply pained at the calamity that has fallen upon their kinsman. Do not think, gentlemen, that I am following the hackneyed track of making an appeal to the feelings and the passions of a jury—no such thing. If even my instructions were such, there exists no necessity for doing so in the present case, because I have the high honour of addressing gentlemen of the most enlarged sympathies, noble minds, and active benevolence, who require not the adventitious aid of an appeal from any advocate to enlist all their feelings in the cause of humanity and truth.

“Gentlemen, having now said so much by way of preliminary, permit me to open to you the facts of this extraordinary case. You have all heard of Mr. Nipper Norberry, remarkable alike for his wealth and eccentricity, but still bearing that high name in the mercantile world worthy of the family to which he belonged. He led a very frugal and retired life, and most probably the misfortune that has befallen him would never have occurred were it not that some infernal trap was laid for the unsuspecting old man, by the owners of a tavern where he was in the habit of dining. These people, it is supposed, administered some dose to him that deprived him of his senses, with a view to get him married to their daughter; and they have actually given out that a marriage has taken place. Be that as it may, gentlemen, it was observed that soon after Mr. Norberry began to frequent the house in question, and that these artful, cunning

people set their snares for him, his habits became totally changed, and from leading a life of the most perfect sobriety, he began to indulge in the use of strong drink, and was in the habit of going to bed in a state of the most beastly intoxication, his pot companion being no other than his own servant man, who, I must inform you, has also become deranged, and is now confined in Newgate as a dangerous lunatic."

Foreman of the Jury—"Oh! the case is quite clear; the two old fellows set themselves mad drinking. There was Alderman Clinker, with whom I had many a fine dinner, and he died roaring mad, from the effects of brandy and claret, which he would swallow off like small beer."

The worthy counsel continued:—"There can be no doubt, gentlemen, but a sudden transition from habits of frugality and sobriety to those of intoxication, must have had a considerable effect upon both master and man; but I fear the malady with regard to both is seated much deeper, for had it arisen from the mere temporary use of strong drink, being deprived of that indulgence, and under the kind and skilful treatment that both have since received at the hands of one of the most able and humane men in his profession, Doctor Deering, would have effectually cured them; but both cases, although different in character, are perfectly hopeless. You all know, at least you have heard, that Mr. Norberry was deeply affected by the *auri sacra fames*, and it is one of the peculiar characteristics of his complaint, that he is perpetually calling out for bags of gold, and alleging that he had been robbed of a large quantity of that precious metal. The malady of the man so far corresponds with that of the master, that he declares himself ready to swear to any thing he says about the gold and the robbery; but in every other respect he is perfectly outrageous in his conduct, and has been removed to that portion of Newgate allotted to dangerous lunatics, where he will remain, I suppose, for life, having no property out of which the expenses of speeding a commission of lunacy could be paid; but he will have the happiness of being under the care of Doctor Deering, who is owner of the private asylum where his poor master is so kindly treated, he being also physician to the prison. I would here turn away from the direct thread of my narrative to pay that eulogium to the professional and private character of Doctor Deering, which both so richly merit; but, being personally known to you all, it would be a work of supererogation to do so; and the feeble praise that I could bestow would only detract from the merits of a name which carries with it its best eulogy. Yes, gentlemen, the name of Doctor Deering will, I predict, be hereafter gratefully remembered by posterity. But, to resume the painful thread of the facts connected with this distressing case, let me at once

inform you that the first witness who shall be produced to you will be the female servant, who lived for many years with the old gentleman, and whose veracity and integrity are above all suspicion. She will depose to you that for some time before the malady with which her unfortunate master is afflicted had become publicly known, he was in the habit of sitting up all night drinking with the old servant man, and talking about some young woman, with whom he fancied he was in love."

A Juryman—"I suppose this is the daughter of the tavern keeper, to whom it is alleged that he is married? I see—I see the whole case."

"You are right, sir," continued Muggleten; "and permit me to again express the delight I feel in addressing a jury composed of men of such high moral worth and intelligence. You know my case—you anticipate my very thoughts—and my address shall be consequently very brief. Well, gentlemen, being, by some means or other unknown to us, reduced to this state of insanity, those low, cunning people, the tavern keepers, caused some form of marriage, as they allege, to be gone through between him and their daughter, with the view, no doubt, of possessing themselves of his wealth, to the loss and disgrace of his heir and high family connections. So completely had the tavern keeper and his family got control over the poor old man, that they induced him to hire coaches and blood-horses, and dress himself out in the most grotesque and, at the same time, most expensive manner. They induced him also to write a letter to the recorder of Dublin and certain magistrates, a copy of which will be produced in evidence, and upon a perusal of it, it will be seen that it could only have emanated from a man stark mad. Under these circumstances, however painful it might have been to the friends of the lunatic, nothing remained but to issue this commission; and Mr. Swingsnap, his nephew, had both the courage and humanity to come forward to rescue his uncle, as far as he could, from the wretched condition in which he was placed, and to save his property from the grasp of a gang of low swindlers, who had got the poor man into their possession. On the whole, such clear and incontrovertible testimony will be submitted to you as will leave not a shadow of doubt of the unfortunate old man's insanity for some time previous to the alleged marriage. In finding your verdict accordingly, you will only do an act of the greatest benevolence and humanity, for you will thereby place the poor man in the hands of his best and kindest friends, who can render him every comfort and convenience that the asylum of that genuine philanthropist, Doctor Deering, can afford. I will not," he added, "say another word, but proceed to call my witnesses, and then leave the case

in your hands, confidently relying that you will do your duty before God and your country."

Judith O'Shaughnessey was the first witness called, and when she came into the room she cast her eyes around with a malignant scowl, as if in search of her unfortunate master, but he was not within her view. "I want," she muttered, "to see that old villain, to show him that I can be revenged of him; I swore I would, and I'll be as good as my oath."

"Come, my good woman," said Gripe, "calm down your feelings, and just answer this gentleman's" (pointing to Muggleten) "questions, in a voice sufficiently loud to be heard by the most distant of those gentlemen whom you see here in court." Then turning to the jury: "This poor woman has been most cruelly treated by the lunatic; indeed, I might say, both lunatics, during the paroxysms of their insanity; the creature feels it most acutely, as she attributed it to cruelty and caprice, and not to the real cause."

The witness was then examined at length by Muggleten, and gave satisfactory answers to all the interrogatories put to her, and left the table evidently disappointed at not having the malicious satisfaction of seeing her old master in the wretched condition to which he had been reduced, and showing him how completely she was avenged of him for slighting her affections, and breaking a promise which she alleged he had made nearly twenty years previous, to marry her if he should ever marry any woman.

Mr. Cecil, one of the magistrates to whom Old Hawk had addressed the letter in favour of Fogarty, was the next witness called. He produced a copy of the document, and deposed that the original was in the hand-writing of the lunatic. He added that he had for some time entertained suspicions as to Mr. Norberry's sanity, inasmuch as he wanted him to pay a debt twice.

Swingsnap, who was anxiously watching the proceedings, said to Muggleten, "Ask him did he get a receipt for the money paid."

Muggleten complied with the request, and Cecil said, "No, indeed; I merely met him one day in the bank, and gave it to him; he said he would send a receipt, but he did not do so."

"That will do," said Swingsnap, in an under tone.

Muggleten said, the next witness he would produce would be his inestimable and virtuous friend, Mr. Gripe. He could not undergo the ordeal of examining him; he would let him tell his own story, and then leave him in the hands of the jury.

Gripe then slowly rose from his seat, drew a large cambric handkerchief of exquisite whiteness and highly perfumed, from his pocket, applied the corner of it to his right eye—which still bore the marks of Tim's honest indignation—and ascended the

witness box with a solemn air and grave deportment. When he took his place there, he drew the handkerchief from the right eye, rolled it up, rubbed it hastily two or three times across his mouth, then placed his elbow on the moulding of the jury box, his hand to his face, and, having heaved a long sigh, requested that the commissioners and the jury would bear with him for a moment until his feelings would calm down, and the painful emotions which he felt for the misfortunes of his dear friend and client would subside.

"Ah!" said Muggleten, "that manifestation of feeling does honour to humanity; there is a sight worthy of the philosopher and the Christian. Your name will be transmitted to posterity in conjunction with this case."

"Most likely," muttered Swingsnap, in an under tone.

When the worthy attorney recovered his self-composure, and was duly sworn, he entered into a long detail of the case of the lunatic, not forgetting to extol his own benevolence and philanthropy as the main spring of all his actions.

The jury seemed to evince the deepest sympathy for the witness, and the foreman said it was quite unnecessary to produce much further evidence after the clear and convincing testimony given by Mr. Gripe; all they wanted was to see the unfortunate lunatic, if he was in a condition to be brought before them.

Muggleten observed that in point of law such a course of proceeding was unnecessary, but the inquiry could not close without examining a medical gentleman, who would explain to them the precise nature of the disease, and the little hope that existed of his ultimate recovery.

The foreman remarked that his object in proposing an examination of the lunatic was an adjournment to the following day, but as there was another witness to be examined it would answer his purpose and that of his brother jurors as well; and he would, with the permission of the commissioners, request a postponement of the proceedings.

"I was just going to state that we had gone far enough for one day," said one of the commissioners; "and as we have some other business on hands to-morrow, we shall not be able to meet until an advanced hour in the day."

"Well, then," observed several of the jurymen, all at the same moment, "it will be impossible to close the doctor's evidence to-morrow, and we must have a further adjournment."

"Of course," said one of the commissioners, "I can never sit late, and as we cannot meet till three or four o'clock, we will merely open the court *pro forma*, and adjourn again."

"All right, all right," exclaimed the worthy jurors, in apparent delight.

"Messrs. Commissioners, and Gentlemen of the Jury," said

Muggleten, "your convenience, of course, must be consulted ; but, before we break up, permit me to express the deep obligation I feel for the indulgence and courtesy extended to me in the discharge of the painful professional duty which I have been called upon to perform."

The jury and commissioners reciprocated the compliment, and the court adjourned to three o'clock the following day.

"This is monstrous," said Swingsnap as the parties left the court. "A great portion of the property will be swallowed by this unnecessary delay and consequent expense."

"I thought you were more of a philosopher," replied Gripe ; "you are going to the bar, and depend upon it you will find that the chief profits of your profession shall arise from the delays of the law. If suits were to be terminated within the time that clients think they ought, it would be better be a street knife-grinder, than a barrister or attorney. My dear young friend, although you may suffer some trivial loss or inconvenience at present, you should rejoice in the prospect of future gain, which delays similar to this may bring you."

On the following day, at the appointed hour, all the parties were punctual in their attendance, and the jury having taken their seats as on the former day, Gripe went through the process of communication with them, as already described, and then desired Doctor Deering to be called.

The doctor was not then in attendance ; but after a delay of a few minutes he rushed into court, almost breathless, and apparently labouring under great excitement. The cause was soon explained. It appeared from his statement that unfortunate Norberry had died rather suddenly that morning.

At this intelligence the countenance of Swingsnap brightened up, and he said in an under tone, "The cormorants are disappointed ; yes, d—— them, they are ; there is an end of the proceedings."

The foreman of the jury remarked to one of his brethren, it was very lucky the news did not arrive half an hour sooner.

Gripe applied the cambric handkerchief to his eyes, and affected to shed tears copiously.

Muggleten exclaimed, "The will of heaven be done ; the ways of Providence are inscrutable."

The commissioners looked somewhat amazed, declared that the proceedings had been rendered nugatory by the melancholy event that had occurred, and that the court was adjourned *sine die*.

CHAPTER VI.

SAD DISASTERS OF THE FOGARTY FAMILY—AN HEIR BORN TO THE HOUSE OF NORBERRY—DEATH OF KATE—A SUIT INSTITUTED TO ESTABLISH THE RIGHT OF THE HEIR.

THE editor of these extraordinary memoirs, which are here transcribed almost without alteration in style or substance, had it suggested to him by literary friends on whose taste and judgment he has always set a high value, to pass over the family history of Norberry, come at once to the incidents connected with the present time, and introduce to the reader, in the first or second chapter, the reporter whose sketches and adventures form the great bulk of the work; but after a careful perusal of the manuscript committed to his care, he resolved to give the whole in one connected narrative, just as he found it, that the reader, upon a comparison of the administration of the law upwards of half a century ago and at the present time, may find, notwithstanding all that is said of modern improvements, the glories of our constitution, and the excellence of our system of jurisprudence, courts of justice have been, and still are, instruments of the grossest oppression, and "law" the origin of more tears, sorrows, and emaciating misery, than "war" itself. It may be thought that the foregoing account of the proceedings under the commission of lunacy, and the details of the petty tyranny exercised towards the Fogartys, as related in the present chapter, are overdrawn pictures; but, if we take the trouble of making minute inquiries with regard to the incidents of everyday life, which are frequently occurring around us, or stop to examine scenes where many of our own acquaintances are actors, true originals will be found for pictures which at first sight may appear too highly coloured. A venerable member of the profession of solicitor, who was serving his time to Gripe when those incidents occurred, and whose honourable and upright conduct through a long life forms a strong contrast to the villainy and deceit of his late master, was, some time since, directed by the court of chancery, in the progress of a celebrated suit, a branch of which is still pending, to give up documents and notes of proceedings, including the confession of Gripe (which will appear in the next chapter), and from them and memoranda made by O'Kelly, the materials for the first part of these memoirs have been taken.

But to return to the regular thread of the narrative. The unfortunate Mrs. Norberry was left, by the visit of Gripe and

his party, in a state of insensibility, followed by a nervous attack from which she did not recover for nearly three weeks; during the greater part of the time she was delirious, and repeatedly called on O'Kelly as her deliverer, and when lucid intervals occurred, she looked back upon the transactions of the last month as a troubled dream. Youth and a natural buoyancy of spirits effected a recovery, which, under other circumstances, might have been hopeless, and as soon as her removal could be effected with safety, she was brought to the house of her parents in Dublin, presenting a melancholy contrast to the condition in which she left it little more than a month previous. The only account with regard to her ill-fated husband that reached her was, that his friends believed him to be mad, and had him taken into custody; but where he was, or in what way he left his affairs, she knew nothing, and the state of painful anxiety to which she and her parents, who had built up all their hopes of future aggrandisement upon an alliance with the wealthy Norberry, had been reduced, rendered them totally unfit to pursue their usual avocations, and their house soon assumed the appearance of a concern going to decay.

The Cavanaghs, on the other side of the way, who would not on the day of Kate's marriage gratify Mrs. Fogarty by looking at the splendid equipage as it drove from the door of the "Ram," were perpetually at their windows talking so loudly about Kate and her great match, that they could be heard by Mrs. Fogarty whenever she ventured to go as far as the street door of her own house. The poor woman's pride was sadly humbled, by daily beholding the melancholy condition of her beautiful and blooming daughter, who, were it not for the precipitancy with which she had been forced into a marriage with Norberry, might have been allied to the brave O'Kelly, the object of her affections, and have the honour of being the wife of an officer in the British army.

These reflections were almost too much for Mrs. Fogarty to bear, and she was from day to day in a state bordering on insanity. She knew nothing of the nature of the proceedings that had been adopted against Old Hawk, and she fancied, perhaps truly, that law could not give her any redress. She saw her daughter's hopes blighted, her constitution impaired, and a weight of sorrow preying upon her heart, which was increased by the prospect of her becoming a mother.

Mrs. Cavanagh, who was one of the Kinshellas of Catherlogh, and possessed a genuine Irish heart, having heard all the particulars of the disasters that had befallen the Fogartys, and the condition that Kate was in, was deeply affected. She warned her daughters never to be seen at the windows again, whilst talking over the condition of their unfortunate neighbours, and

asserted it was their duty to commiserate and sympathise with them in their sorrows, and although they had not been on good terms for some time, she determined to pay them a visit, and be good friends with them for the future. Accordingly, on the following morning she fulfilled her promise. Mrs. Fogarty, who, setting aside her vanity and a perpetual *penchant* to make herself appear superior to others, was of a generous disposition, and ever ready to reciprocate kindness, was almost dumb with surprise when she saw her neighbour, to whom she had not spoken for many years, enter her house. She thought at first that the visit was made by way of exultation over the misfortunes that had befallen her; but the supposition was removed when she saw Mrs. Cavanagh burst into tears, and heard her exclaim, "My dear Mrs. Fogarty, my heart would not allow me to be unfriendly with you, when I found that sorrow and trouble had come over you. I felt as if one of my own children was at the point of death when I saw your beautiful daughter the other day so thin and wasted away, that I would not have known her had I met her in a strange place."

Mrs. Fogarty was completely overpowered by such a manifestation of noble sentiment and generous feeling on the part of this good woman, and she embraced her with the warmest affection, and gave vent to her feelings in a copious flood of tears.

"I knew," said Mrs. Cavanagh, "that I could never be mistaken as to your real character, and it is my fault more than your's that there has not been that friendly intercourse between us which ought always subsist between near neighbours."

"Arrah, a cushla," said Mrs. Fogarty, "the fault was mine, and now I feel what a bad part I acted, and I am ashamed of myself. I have got a '*scallah chree*,' and it is great ease to me to have your friendship. Come down, Kate; come down till you welcome our kind friend, Mrs. Cavanagh."

Kate presently appeared, and the three ladies retired to a private room to talk over the strange vicissitudes that had occurred within so brief a period.

Mrs. Cavanagh, who was a woman infinitely superior to her neighbours in information and a knowledge of the world, having been educated by a wealthy relation in Dublin, after listening to a minute detail of the particulars of Kate's marriage, and the detention of old Norberry as a lunatic, advised the Fogartys to put the case into the hands of able lawyers, who could not fail to bring it to a successful issue.

The advice and sympathy thus given to Kate and her mother imparted a degree of comfort to them which they had not felt since the unhappy marriage took place, and the party separated that night with the understanding that an attorney should be sent for, with directions to be there on the following morning,

to whom the whole matter would be submitted. It was agreed, too, that Mrs. Cavanagh should be present at the interview with the man of law.

Mr. Wormwood, of Peter Street, one of the most expert practitioners in a general way that Dublin could then boast of, was accordingly apprised on that night that his presence would be required the next morning at the Ram Hotel, where business of great importance was to be submitted to him.

Wormwood was a man who paid attention to a suit just proportioned to the weight of his client's purse, or the remuneration contingent upon a certainty of success. He had been in early life an attorney's clerk and process-server, and was intimately acquainted with all the low practices of the profession, and thoroughly understood the value of a shilling, so that he had not only contrived to scrape some money together, but had got a reputation amongst the people of being a man of great cleverness, and very lucky in the prosecution of any suit which he might undertake, and it was this opinion of him that induced his selection as the law agent of the Fogartys upon the present important occasion.

When the message requiring his attendance at the "Ram" arrived, he happened to be in consultation with the friends of a merchant's clerk, who was accused of embezzling a large sum of his master's money, and whose trial was to take place on the following day. When he received the note which had been written by Kate, he read it aloud to his clients. "There," said he, "you see the high esteem in which I am held, and the pressure of business that is upon me, and still you higgie about a fee. I am wanted to-morrow morning by a wealthy hotel-keeper in the city to take up a case where there are upwards of fifty thousand pounds at stake, but still I would not desert any prior engagement I might have on hands, provided the parties deal fairly with me."

"Oh!" said the brother of the accused, "not another word; you must have whatever you require, sooner than lose your services."

"Be easy for a moment," rejoined Wormwood; "you know I would scorn to drive a hard bargain, and that I would as soon conduct your case gratis as if I got a hundred guineas, if I thought you had not the means to pay me; but I know you have the money amongst you that was alleged to have been embezzled, and I am of course entitled to a thumping fee."

"I said you should get whatever you demanded; I have the money here."

"Very well," said Wormwood, eying a bag of guineas which the speaker had in his hand; and then turning round to the messenger who brought him Mrs. Norberry's note, said, "Tell

your mistress I shall be with her the day after to-morrow, although I am to receive a fee of twenty guineas from another party in case I attend to their business ; but I feel interested in the affair about which your mistress has written to me, and I shall attend to it in preference to any other. I would attend to-morrow but that I am in the middle of a criminal prosecution, where the life and liberty of my client are at stake, and once I take up the defence of any one I never relinquish it till I bring the proceedings to a close, even though my clients could not afford to pay me a shilling, and that other parties wanting me might give me a thousand guineas. Tell your mistress that ; tell Fogarty of the 'Ram,' who often supplied me with post-horses when going to the country, what I have stated to you, and I am sure he will appreciate the purity of my motives. Away with you ; tell all I have stated, and here is a shilling for yourself."

The messenger of Mrs. Fogarty brought to her, without the slightest loss in the carriage, a full, true, and particular account of all that Wormwood had said, and added, by way of personal opinion, "Ah ! that's a real gentleman ; any one who would look at him must admit that he was accustomed to gentility—a real, real gentleman."

Kate and her mother were by no means displeased to hear the favourable account of Wormwood given by the servant, who concealed the fact of having received the gratuity, which no doubt formed the basis upon which the good opinion so freely pronounced had been founded.

On the following morning, whilst the Fogarty family were mournfully sitting at breakfast in a little room off the bar, the two watchmen already alluded to, accompanied by a person apparently in a higher station, entered the tap-room, and demanded, in an imperative tone, that the person who had the license for that house should immediately appear. Fogarty laid down his cup of tea, and went out to meet his new visitors.

"Ho ! Mr. Fogarty," said the person who accompanied the watchmen, "you have a license for this house ?"

"Yes, your honour, I have."

"Well, then, we are come to tell you that your business as an innkeeper is at an end, and that we have a warrant for your arrest, as a suborner of crime, and an accessory after the fact of most of the murders and outrages committed in Tipperary."

"God protect me !" said Fogarty, "what have I done ? I am as innocent as a child."

"None of your palavering," said one of the watchmen ; "you have not your old friend Norberry to bamboozle the magistrates. D—— me but it was a nice business indeed, to be humbugged by an old madman. The recorder and magistrates will never

forgive themselves for being so taken in ; but it is all for the better. We have got fresh evidence since we were here before, so that there was 'luck in leisure, and pleasure in waiting for it.' You now see we are here again."

"What in the name of mercy is all this about?" said Mrs. Fogarty; "are our misfortunes never to end? What have we done, that we are to be treated this way; my poor husband arrested, and our house shut up?"

"I scorn to hold up any altercation with a faymale," said the speaker, who had been just deploring the simplicity of the magistrates. "Our business is short and sweet, and with your leave, ma'am, we will try a drop of your brandy." So stepping into the bar, he helped himself and his comrade, and two or three others of the fraternity, who had, by this time, arrived upon speculation, or to give their assistance in conveying Fogarty to Newgate, in case any resistance should be made.

There was then an active search made through the whole house on pretence of looking for papers connected with the movement of the Whiteboys in Munster, which at that time assumed a very formidable appearance, but there was nothing found to show that poor Fogarty had any communication with them. This, however, was of no avail; informations had been sworn against him on the ground that he aided and abetted the escape of a notorious criminal from Tipperary, for whose apprehension there was a large reward, but who was supposed to have got off to America disguised in female apparel.

The fate of this unhappy family seemed to be sealed. Fogarty was brought off to Newgate by his old friends the watchmen and their assistants, who told him on the way that they were about to make good their promise of hunting him out of Dublin. It might have satisfied them at first to send him back to Tipperary amongst the rebels; but at present they were bound to tell him in a friendly way, that the magistrates would not be satisfied till they sent him over the herring-brook; but, as he would be sure to meet plenty of his friends in Botany Bay, he would be more at home there than any place else he could be sent to, and that same ought to be a consolation to his mind.

Fortunately for poor Kate, she was brought the evening before by the kind-hearted Mrs. Cavanagh to a cottage which she had in the neighbourhood of Rathfarnham, and was thus saved the pain of being present at the fresh misfortune which had befallen the family.

After Fogarty was transmitted to Newgate, the Ram Hotel was shut up, and the strange vicissitudes which had so recently occurred, and the mystery that hung over every thing lately connected with the Fogartys, was the perpetual theme of conversation in the neighbourhood.

Mrs. Fogarty would have been wholly unable to support those fresh trials, were it not for the advice and sympathy of Mrs. Cavanagh, who arranged that Kate should be kept in the country, in ignorance of what had happened, until measures would be taken to redress the evils which had befallen them, and, above all, obtain her father's release from prison.

Mr. Wormwood was punctual in his attendance at the appointed time, but was a good deal surprised to find the "Ram" shut up, Fogarty in Newgate, and his unfortunate wife in a state of distraction, bordering on despair. "Ho! ho!" said he, "this is a bad business; who is to be my client in the matter? the owner of this house is in Newgate, and most probably may be transported, and if I take up the business at all I must of course be paid beforehand."

Mrs. Cavanagh was sent for to be present at the interview between the worthy attorney and Mrs. Fogarty, and when he heard all the facts circumstantially related, and that he found so wealthy a subject in the case as old Norberry, his little eyes began to glisten at the prospect of a long chancery suit, in which there would be ample funds to pay costs as it proceeded. Mrs. Norberry would soon be a mother, and let the lunacy proceedings end as they might, the heir would be entitled to the property; then all that was wanted was some money in hand, to pay the costs out of pocket, it being an invariable rule with him never to undertake any suit without obtaining funds from some quarter to that amount at least.

"Well," said he, when he had fully heard the case, "all that's wanted now is some money, without which I cannot stir a peg; but from what I hear, there can be no doubt that I will secure the property for your daughter and her child; and as her unfortunate husband is mad, and that she never had any liking for him, he may as well be left wherever he is."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Fogarty, "try in the first place if you could get my unfortunate husband out of gaol; for until we have him out it will be impossible to get any money for the purposes of the suit."

"In that case," replied Wormwood, "we must see what can be done." He accordingly went that day, obtained a copy of his committal, and made some preparations for defending him at the commission of Oyer and Terminer, which was to take place within the following week. In the mean time, Mrs. Fogarty supplied him with the money necessary for that occasion, and Fogarty promised as soon as he got out to raise funds necessary for going on with the suit to establish the rights of his daughter.

The commission sat on the appointed day, the lord chief justice of the King's Bench and Mr. Justice Patterson presided, and, to the joy and astonishment of Fogarty, he was discharged

by proclamation. But then the opening of his house for business was quite another affair. Such permission wholly rested with the recorder and magistrates, and all attempts to procure a restoration of his license were ineffectual. He accordingly came to the resolution to sell his house and furniture to raise money to carry on the suit, and through the agency of Wormwood he was not long effecting his purpose.

Funds being thus obtained, the first step taken by the worthy attorney was to call on Gripe, whom he discovered to be the solicitor in the lunacy proceedings. He was astonished beyond bounds when he heard old Norberry had died in the mad-house a few days previous, and that consequently there was no finding of the jury in the case. Gripe also assured him that no legal marriage, indeed he believed no marriage at all, had taken place between him and Fogarty's daughter, and that the whole was a fabrication—a scheme to get possession of the unfortunate mad-man's property.

Wormwood was considerably nonplussed by this intelligence, and returned to poor Fogarty to communicate what he had heard, but he consoled himself that he had already obtained money more than sufficient to pay him for any trouble he had been at.

The Fogartys heard this new disaster with great surprise, but they were latterly so accustomed to accumulated misfortunes, that their hearts were hardened, and new sorrows could affect them little. When Mrs. Fogarty heard it alleged that her daughter was not married, she could not restrain her indignation, "Not married!" she exclaimed; "she was not only married in St. Patrick's church, but afterwards married in our own house by the great Father O'Leary, who, I am proud to say, is her own cousin."

"Hold your tongue, you stupid woman," said Wormwood; "if you want to get O'Leary hanged or transported, you will speak about his having married your daughter to old Norberry; but if a marriage took place at Patrick's church all is right, and I will go at once and get a certificate which will set the matter at rest."

The news of old Norberry's death was communicated to Kate by the kind and considerate Mrs. Cavanagh. She received the intelligence with composure; she felt that her health was so much impaired that there was little probability of her surviving the event which was shortly to occur. All her hopes of happiness were blighted, and she regarded those new strokes of misfortune with perfect resignation and fortitude.

Wormwood proceeded to obtain the marriage certificate, but by some unaccountable fatality there was no record of the event to be found; and when the curate who performed the ceremony

was applied to, he stated most truly that he had not any distinct recollection of the transaction. He remembered that about the time alluded to, he had married some persons between whom a great disparity of years existed, but he could not charge his memory further with the matter: he would not know any one of the parties if they were before him. It was, however, the business of the clerk to enter all marriages, and he, of course, had entered the one in question.

A visit to the clerk was attended with as little success. He remembered a very old gentleman and a young lady coming to be married, but after the parties had entered the church, the intended bride began to shy at the matter, when she looked at the old fellow straight in the face. She then fainted, or pretended to faint, and was carried out to the carriage, and he never saw her since. That was his recollection of the transaction. Sure if a marriage did take place, he added, it would be down there in black and white, and it would be all for his profit, as he would be paid his fee for the certificate.

Wormwood returned to his unfortunate clients wholly at a loss with regard to what course of proceeding he should adopt. He did not wish to relinquish a cause where ultimately there would be ample funds to meet all expenses, and where there could hardly be a doubt that he would establish the right of Mrs. Norberry; for although there was no record of the marriage in the parish books, there were two witnesses who happened to be in St. Patrick's church when the marriage was celebrated, and who were ready to depose to the fact. With regard to the performance of the ceremony by Dr. O'Leary, although there was indisputable evidence of it, it could not be legally relied on.

In this state of perplexity, Wormwood postponed proceeding in the matter until after the confinement of Mrs. Norberry.

In the mean time ruin had overtaken the poor Fogartys: their little substance was completely wasted; their son, a fine young lad, emigrated to America; Kate's sister, a sweet little girl, was taken into the family of Mrs. Cavanagh, and treated as one of her own children.

Mrs. Norberry gave birth to a son, which event she survived but a few hours. This was an additional misfortune to her parents, which they did not long survive. The poor father was attacked with paralysis and general debility, and in three months after the death of his daughter, he was interred in her grave in the Hospital Fields. His wife survived him but a few weeks, and was laid in the same tomb with her husband and child.

Mrs. Cavanagh, whose kindness and attention helped to console the last sad hours of the unfortunate Fogartys, had a nurse provided for the child of Kate, and every necessary attention paid to it.

In the mean time Wormwood called again upon Gripe, to inform him that unless a compromise was entered into, or some arrangement made, he would be obliged to file a bill in the name of the infant child of Mrs. Norberry, to set aside all the proceedings that had taken place with regard to old Norberry, and secure the property for the real heir.

The intelligence of an heir being in question, which was new to Gripe, seemed to startle him considerably, and he exclaimed that such a circumstance was an insurmountable bar to any settlement or compromise; a legal marriage had taken place, or it had not; if it had, it was not in the power of any agent to make any settlement that would bind the minor; if it had not, which in point of fact was the case, no offer of compromise could be entertained for a moment.

Wormwood found there was nothing left but to commence hostilities forthwith, and in order to supply himself with additional funds beyond what he had received from Fogarty whilst living, he took out letters of administration to whatever remnant of property he left after him, and, thus furnished with means, he filed his bill in the name of the infant child of poor Kate. It is unnecessary to say that he was brought by Gripe through the intricate paths and perplexing by-ways that lead to the temple of justice in this bappy land, and that he was met at every turn by all the barriers which some thousands of ponderous volumes all contradictory of each other, could present. There were depositions on both sides, which ran to one thousand sheets; then there were answers, replications, demurrers, rejoinders, rebutters, and sub-rebutters, founded either upon some flaw discovered in the pleadings, or fresh evidence, so that it would seem as if all the quibbles, quiddities, and quirks of the law had been completely exhausted before the merits of the case had been touched upon. Thus matters went on for upwards of two years, Gripe still drawing largely upon Swingsnap, who was administrator of the property of Old Hawk, for funds to prosecute the suit, when an event was announced which changed the whole aspect of affairs as regarded all parties concerned.

The child of Kate had been sent to nurse in the county Wicklow, and between the affectionate attentions of Mrs. Cavanagh, and those bestowed by Wormwood from motives of a very different character, was well taken care of, and had become a most promising boy. The woman in whose care he was, evinced the greatest fondness for him, and having occasion to go to the county Wexford, she took the child with her, and had been there only a week or two when she wrote to Mrs. Cavanagh, stating that poor little Robert had suddenly died of quinsy, notwithstanding the attention of two of the most eminent doctors in that part of the country. This news was received by Wormwood

with the utmost dismay. When the letter arrived which conveyed it, he mounted his horse and rode night and day till he reached Wexford. He found the nurse in apparent sorrow for the loss of her dear boy, as she called him, and a conference with the medical men left no doubt whatever on his mind that the child had died from natural causes. What was to be done? The suit was abated after an outlay of several hundred pounds of his own, besides whatever little property poor Fogarty left. He cursed the fates, got into convulsions from rage, not so much for the loss he had sustained as the triumph thus given to Gripe, who had, throughout the whole proceedings, harassed and annoyed him by every means which the dark windings of the law would permit. He put his wits to work, and bethought of buying the nurse over to secrecy about the matter, and as it would be very easy to obtain a child of the same age, the suit might still be carried on, until his costs would be secured by a decree. He suggested the matter to the nurse, who, to his astonishment, peremptorily refused to be a party to any such arrangement. She had already communicated the news to her friends in Dublin, she would of course make no secret of it, and such an attempt would only lead to exposure and disgrace. Wormwood felt the force of this reasoning, and returned to Dublin in a state of distraction at his misfortune. On his arrival, he was surprised to find the death of the heir of Norberry inserted in the *Hibernian Magazine*, *Dublin Evening Post*, and *Freeman's Journal*. Who could have been the author of these paragraphs? The thing was startling and mysterious. Could Gripe have been at work to put the child out of the way, or cause its death? There was nothing infamous and diabolical that his malice would not suggest, and his skill accomplish. On the whole, Wormwood concluded that a short cut had been taken to put an end to the suit, and determined that the circumstances attending the death of young Norberry should be further investigated. He proceeded again to Wexford, and had a notice served on the coroner to exhume the deceased child, and hold an inquest, in order to ascertain, without any doubt whatever, the cause of its death. In the mean time he set about procuring witnesses, and every thing was ready for the inquiry, when it was ascertained that the nurse had returned to Dublin on the day that Wormwood arrived in Wexford. She was of course the most material witness, but the coroner decided upon going on without her; all he wanted was the medical men; for to swear to the identity of the child in its present state, he thought impossible. The worthy functionary was brother-in-law to one of the doctors, and a relation to the other, and although not displeased for discharging a duty which would bring his medical friends a guinea or two each, yet he felt that their honour and integrity were in

some degree impeached by doubting for a moment that the death had occurred in the way described by them.

Wormwood prayed for an adjournment till the nurse would be brought back from Dublin, and the attendance of some other witnesses procured whose evidence he deemed necessary for a full and satisfactory investigation.

"You are not come here to teach me my business, I presume, Mr. Attorney from Dublin," said the coroner, with an air of dignity.

"By no means," replied Wormwood; "but I am come here to assist in eliciting the truth in a case which appears to me to wear a very suspicious aspect. Your worship cannot go on without witnesses."

"To elicit truth is my object always; and I can tell you, Mr. Attorney, when I go in pursuit of it I shall not call at your office in Dublin. As to witnesses, I see many here waiting to be examined, who were served at your desire with my summons to attend. You have been beating up for testimony since you came to Wexford, and now indeed you call for an adjournment. You ought to know, sir, that this is not an inquiry at your suit; it is one on the part of our sovereign lord the king, to ascertain when, where, how, and in what manner the deceased—barony constable, what is the name of the individual now lying dead then and there?"

Constable—"Oh! it's only a little child, your worship; I believe no one knows its name."

The coroner proceeded—"I tell you, sir, that this is an inquiry on the part of our sovereign lord the king, who has empowered me, by my precept, to call together twelve or more loyal subjects—good men and true—to ascertain when, where, how, and in what manner, an individual—name unknown—now lying dead in the parish of Oilgate, barony of Scaravage, townland of Inchpruck, county of Wexford, and kingdom of Ireland, came by his death. That is my duty, sir, and I am sure after being twenty-one years in the high judicial station I have the honour to fill, I know how to discharge it. Take the book, Mr. Juror, and hearken to your oath. Constables, keep silence outside there, and don't be talking about search warrants for stolen fowl, whilst I am performing the high duty of administering the juror's oath. Come, sir, hearken to your oath. 'You shall well and truly try, and diligently inquire, when, where, how, and in what manner'—G——d——it, will you stop your noise outside there whilst I am administering the juror's oath; this is no place to be talking about trespass of goats and pounding of cattle: it is one thing to sit as a magistrate, and another as a coroner: when this inquest is over, you can go on with these cases. But I can tell you, beforehand, that the fowl never was

stolen. I dined at Squire Gulliver's yesterday, and eat my share of a fine fat turkey that was one of what Devereux said was stole from him ; his wife made a present of them to the landlord, and was then afraid to tell her husband. That's the upshot of that story. Silence there. Come, sir, hearken to your oath. 'You shall well and truly try, and diligently inquire—'

A constable here cried out, "There's a young woman, your worship, with a child in her arms, wanting to force into the court."

"Come, come, I must exercise my authority, and commit any one who shall for the future attempt to disturb the proceedings."

Mr. Wormwood here remarked that as his worship seemed to act in the double, and, he should add, inconsistent, capacity of coroner and magistrate, he might, with the less inconvenience to himself, adjourn the inquest as soon as he had sworn the jury, and attend to his magisterial duties, which seemed to be very pressing.

"What's this I hear?" said his worship, becoming fiercely indignant, "inconsistent in my conduct in acting as magistrate and coroner, eh! Is that what you say, Mr. Attorney from Dublin? I was a magistrate when I was appointed coroner, and I have acted as one ever since without being questioned; the people all came to me, and I settle their disputes without having recourse to such men as you are. I keep them out of law. My father had a good estate; he was a magistrate also, and he never let a tenant stop a day on it who brought an action against another tenant; he used to settle all disputes. I copy so far after him, and never let any one go to law that I can prevent. What are magistrates for but to decide every thing? As to your courts in Dublin, I was never in them, and I hope I never will; I'd as soon go in amongst a den of thieves. Having said so much, sir, I now tell you to keep yourself quiet. Just keep your toe in your pump, or I'll commit you while you'd be saying amen. I know my duty and my power; the lord lieutenant dare not move me from my office. Come, now, be silent, every mother's son of you."

"I presume," said Wormwood, "that your office continues *dum se bene gesserit*."

"Continues what? Should continue dumb, and what else do you say? Oh! I see that a friendly caution is of no use to you; I should commit you at once, but I'll be content to put you out of court. Constables, show that Dublin jackeen the colour of the walls outside."

"I have come here to assist professionally in this investigation, and I claim my right to be present; if I have said any thing to offend your worship, I can only say I did not intend it; but you insulted me grossly."

"There is nothing ill said but what is ill taken, and you ought to be greatly obliged to me for not sending you to goal; but I see, after all, you are a bad lawyer; you have no right to be professionally here; we don't want your assistance except you wish to be sworn as a witness, and if you do you shall be called in. Constables, put him outside, and put his name on the list of witnesses if he wishes to be examined."

The order of the worthy coroner was forthwith obeyed, and as Wormwood left the house he declared he would report the case to the lord chancellor.

"Is it the chancellor he's threatening me with?" said his worship. "His lordship may go hang himself any day he likes for all I care, and provided he would do so in the county of Wexford, the sooner the better."

After two or three other interruptions, this celebrated functionary swore the jury, and proceeded to examine the witnesses.

The woman at whose house the nurse and child lodged was first examined. She deposed that they came there a few weeks previous; the nurse told her the child's name was Norberry, and that it was heir to a great fortune, about which a law-suit was going on; it was ailing when it came there, and seemed to get worse every day, although every care and attention was paid to it; the nurse had plenty of money, and doctors Leech and Flam were called in to attend it; they would, of course, be able to tell what ailed it."

"Clear and conclusive evidence," said the coroner. "The depositions must be read over to that Dublin prig, just to show him how we do business here."

The two doctors, who were men of skill and good practice in that part of the country, were examined. They deposed that they had been called in to attend a sick child, as described by the last witness, and found it affected by water on the brain; they deemed the case incurable from the first, but the child would have lived much longer had it not been attacked with quinsy; it survived but a few days under the double complaint; they had made a *post mortem* examination, which fully bore out the truth of their evidence; the nurse represented the child to be an orphan named Robert Norberry, who would be entitled to a very large fortune, and they had no reason to doubt what she stated.

Wormwood was then called in, the depositions read over to him, and being asked if he had any evidence to give, he seemed sadly puzzled what to think, and replied in the negative.

"This," said the coroner, "is the great case about which this Dublin attorney has been making so much noise in the country since he came here; and all I know is, that if we had many like him, who would cause an inquest to be held upon every brat that

died in the country with quinsy, small-pox, or any other complaint, it would be good times for me. There is no doubt whatever, but I approve highly of circumspection and watchfulness with regard to sudden deaths ; and every good subject of the king should be aiding and abetting their discovery, with a view, in the first place, to uphold the dignity of the ancient and high office of coroner, and in the next place to bring guilty parties to justice where deaths take place from lawless violence ; but in the present no such motive actuated this Dublin attorney."

Here the foreman of the jury, to whom this extraordinary address was directed, bowed assent, and two or three of his brethren turned to him, and said in a tone loud enough to be heard by all present, "He has, with his usual ability, taken the attorney's measure ; he is stating the real facts."

Thus encouraged, the worshipful functionary proceeded— "Yes, gentlemen, we have been called here by an attorney to hold this inquiry, not with a view to sustain the laws, but either to gratify a spirit of revenge against some party not before us now, or probably to possess himself of whatever property the deceased might ultimately become entitled to. We, of course, cannot exactly tell what his motives were, but from his conduct in court to-day you may fairly judge if I be much mistaken."

Here the foreman again bowed assent, and was supported by the approving voices of his brother jurors, whilst unfortunate Wormwood was writhing with rage, which was suppressed by the presence of half a dozen yeomen, armed with old Queen Anne muskets, and as many more barony constables, all ready to convey any delinquent to prison who might disturb the court whilst his worship was delivering his charge. There seemed to be that understanding between the coroner, the constables, the doctors, and the jury, which is generally the result of an identity of interests. The constables were the heralds who conveyed the pleasing intelligence of violent or accidental deaths, and were always welcomed with delight, and treated to the best fare the coroner's house could afford. The doctors shared their fees with his worship, and often certified that parties were poisoned who died from the effects of intoxication. (That, however, would be no great violation of truth.) This gave employment to the barony constables, who were then paid whilst on duty, to search for the supposed criminals, and whilst thus engaged they generally stumbled upon another case of sudden death, which put his worship in motion again ; and as it was desirable that he should in all cases be able to obtain juries with the least possible delay, he frequently ordered dinner and *potteen* for them at the next public house, so that there was some profit as well as honour connected with their office. The union of sentiment that existed between all these parties was therefore admirable, and might

serve as a model for a form of government where every man would have an interest in upholding the state, and preserving the institutions of the country from the changes which frequently arise from divisions amongst the people. Such was the popularity of the worthy functionary, that if the government attempted to remove him, most probably the yeomen would have thrown down their arms, the barony constables become Whiteboys, and the independent voters of the county refused to vote for the friends or connections of any one who had any thing to say in the transaction. His worship was therefore perfectly secure in his place, no matter what complaints might be made against him, and he laughed to scorn the idle threat of Wormwood, who had no one present to bear testimony for him.

The jury brought in a verdict that the child died from natural causes, and the attorney returned to Dublin hardly able to bear up against the weight of sorrow, disappointment, and vexation, which preyed upon him. He saw that there was an end of the suit, and that the golden harvest which he had expected to reap had been blighted. On his arrival in town, he found a notice before him, to stay proceedings, as the suit had been abated, and calling upon him to pay a considerable sum in the shape of costs, on account of some *laches* of which he had been guilty, and which arose from his attention to the inquest in the country, and his efforts to discover that some trick had been played with regard to the death of the heir. A complication of troubles and disappointments, at the moment when he fancied he was about to bring the suit to a successful issue, had driven him almost to despair, and he was only consoled by recollecting that he had another suit in hands, where his success, and the total ruin of an old and inveterate enemy were placed beyond the possibility of a doubt. As those salutary reflections crossed his mind, he exclaimed, "Can any thing be so exquisite as to witness the defeat, the ruin, the prostration, the sorrow, the misery of an envenomed, malignant, and once dangerous foe? No; there are better days in store for me, and I will live to enjoy them. If I have been defeated by the villain Gripe, I have defeated a still greater villain, if it be possible that one could be found. I never knew Gripe, except by name, until the present suit was instituted, and, after all, he has done nothing—has taken no advantage but that which the law sanctions; and if he has been able to bribe the nurse to either cause the death of the heir, or put him out of the way, and substitute another in his place without detection, it only proves his skill; it was what a man of business and of the world ought to have done. It was all fair, exceedingly fair, and I have got a lesson by which I may profit. I admire you, Gripe; I admire you exceedingly; and I would be a great fool to feel perpetual discontent because you defeated me, particularly

when so much enjoyment awaits me." After thus soliloquising, Wormwood walked down stairs to his office, gave an order to his clerk to attend to the taxation of the costs which Gripe claimed in the cause of Norberry, a lunatic, and directed that the proceedings in the other cause, where his triumph was certain, should not be delayed a moment. "Issue," said he, "at once an attachment for contempt for not putting in an answer to my supplemental bill, although I know the ruined wretch has not in the world what would pay for the parchment upon which it must be engrossed. No matter, let him be arrested, and a receiver placed over his property; he shall end his life in a goal." So saying, Wormwood sat down to his business, endeavouring to forget the unfortunate result of the Norberry suit, and the contumelious treatment he received at the hands of the Wexford coroner. It was no doubt a trial sufficient to test the patience of any attorney, and his enduring powers were stretched still further when his clerk brought him back word that Gripe had obtained a taxation behind his back, with an immediate order for the payment of the costs in question. Upon this news being conveyed to him, he raved, swore, foamed at the mouth, and exclaimed that he would be well satisfied to suffer eternal punishment if he could have revenge on Gripe. He could, however, get the taxation overhauled, but as he had eventually to pay costs, a few shillings or a few pounds were of no great consequence, and if he was to go over the business again it would only remind him of his defeat in the Norberry suit; so he made up his mind to pay the demand, and have done with Gripe. He, however, vowed vengeance, and he was often heard to declare that he had never determined upon doing harm to any individual that he was not able to accomplish his purpose, or gratify his revenge in some way or other. He sat down, and wrote at considerable length in his memorandum-book, a full account of his transactions with Gripe, and the bad treatment he had received from the Wexford functionary, and recorded a vow at the bottom of his statement, that he would be revenged of both, although he believed the latter would be reached with difficulty. At the same time there was no knowing what might turn up, and he would keep him on his list, so that his memory might be refreshed whenever an opportunity to put his intentions into execution should occur. Notwithstanding the result of the inquest, he was by no means satisfied that the heir had not been put out of the way, and his suspicions upon this head were strengthened by the fruitless attempts he had made to discover where the nurse was when he came back to Dublin; but under the circumstances it was impossible that he could do any thing to extricate himself from the difficulty in which he was involved, so there was nothing left for the present but to sit down and chew the bitter cud of disappointment.

CHAPTER VII.

FUNERAL OF OLD HAWK—A DUEL—THE REVENGE OF
WORMWOOD GRATIFIED.

AFTER the termination of the proceedings under the commissioners of lunacy in the manner already stated, Gripe and his client walked together to the office of the former in St. Andrew Street. "This is a highly satisfactory termination of the proceedings," said Swingsnap, as they went along; "our most sanguine expectations could hardly have anticipated such a result as this; but do you think that the tongues of scandal can catch hold of any thing? You know I am tenacious of my fame, as I am about to be called to the bar, and also to a seat in the Irish house."

"You need not have the smallest apprehensions about the matter," said Gripe; "every thing has been done with such care and circumspection, that the tongue of calumny cannot utter a suspicion with regard to our proceedings. The commission was legally issued, commissioners presided, and a jury regularly empannelled; and then as to the treatment in the asylum, we are not accountable for that. Doctor Deering bears a high character; he visits at the Castle; has many of the aristocracy for his patients, and no one can ever imagine that he treated the lunatic in any other way than that which the nature of his complaint warranted. Indeed I am quite certain of that fact myself; but now that the old fellow is gone, and has left all his wealth behind him, he must be interred with some pomp and solemnity. A few pounds additional laid out on his funeral may stifle any ill-natured remarks, even if busy people were inclined to make them."

"I agree with you," said the client, "and in this, as well as in legal matters, I will wholly submit to your judgment and discretion. I think we must have a respectable funeral."

"A magnificent funeral," added Gripe. "I will go now and give directions to Mr. Muffle, the undertaker, to do the thing in style; he is a friend of mine, and has already buried two or three of my richest clients; and as in the present case, I really know not whether I profited more by their death than if they had lived longer. Muffle is an excellent fellow, and he shall have the funeral of your uncle. You and I shall attend as chief mourners, the doctor shall occupy the second carriage, and it might be well if we were to have Muggleten there too."

"Yes," said Swingsnap; "we shall all then be going home with our work, like the tailors."

"Oh! my young friend," rejoined Gripe, "you have reason to be facetious; but there is a time for all things, and reserve your jokes for another occasion; be guided by your legal adviser and preceptor."

"Very well," said the client, with a serious air, "you are my mentor, and I trust I shall prove myself a disciple worthy of such a master; but tell me seriously how it will be about the money the doctor got for the support of the lunatic? Surely he is not entitled to keep it, as the death occurred so soon."

"I fear," replied Gripe, "that this perpetual *penchant* you have to be looking after trifles—this penny wise and pound foolish system—will only lead to troubles and difficulties that you do not foresee. The thing could never have been managed without the doctor, and we are very safe if he cries 'quits' as the matter stands."

Swingsnap, although far from being satisfied, was silent, and the rebuke which he received prevented him from making any inquiry then about the bags of gold, which had been deposited in the strong box of Gripe a few weeks previously.

The gentlemen separated for the evening—Gripe to give instructions to Muffle to convey the remains of old Norberry to his last home in splendour, and Swingsnap, who inherited the love of money peculiar to his family, to consider how he could best rescue the property of his deceased relative from the fangs of the avaricious and crafty attorney.

Muffle, who owed Gripe a bill of costs, was directed by him to spare no expense, and when the job was finished to send him in his bill with a receipt to it, credit for which would be given in the account for costs. A promise was made at the same time by the worthy attorney that he would soon put other good jobs in the way of the undertaker.

The funeral was conducted upon a very respectable scale, and, on the second morning following, the remains of old Norberry were conveyed from the asylum, followed by a long line of carriages, three-fourths of which were empty, and deposited in the vaults underneath the church of St. Patrick, where a handsome monument was erected inside the building, to mark the spot where they lay.

In a few weeks after the funeral, Gripe was directed by his young client to call in the amount of the various bonds, mortgages, money in the funds, and other securities to which he was entitled as heir to his deceased uncle. But whilst preparations were being made for the performance of this agreeable duty, proceedings were, as already stated, commenced by Wormwood, with the view to establish the right of Old Hawk's child to the property.

Swingsnap, who thought he had the immense wealth of his

uncle nearly secure in his pocket, heard the intelligence with dismay. Notices were served upon all parties having property in their hands belonging to the late Mr. Norberry, or owing him money, directing that they should not part with or pay away the same until a receiver in the cause would be appointed, or a decree of the court made, commanding them to do so. Amongst others, a notice to this effect was served upon Gripe, which he at once put into the hands of his client, declaring that such was always his respect for the law, that not even in the smallest particular would he violate it, and he should therefore keep whatever money he had belonging to the deceased sealed up until an order with regard to it would be made.

Swingsnap, who had on the morning of the day upon which he received this intelligence been called to the bar, and designated for shortness Counsellor Swing, made his first *ex parte* motion in his own cause, and was most favourably heard by the court. His application was that a sum of money should be ordered to be placed to the credit of the cause, to be applicable to the payment of costs incurred in resisting a most unfounded claim to the property which had been set up by parties who induced a litigious attorney to act for them in the matter. A conditional order was granted, but when Wormwood came to show cause against it, he put in such a terrific string of affidavits, accusing his opponents of false and unjust proceedings under the commission of lunacy, that the court refused to make the order absolute.

Swingsnap, or Swing, as the young counsellor was called, made a hard fight upon the occasion, and one of the judges declared that it was with reluctance he was obliged to decide against him.

"Well," said Gripe, when the motion was over, "I will seal up whatever money I may have left after paying the costs of the lunacy proceedings, and be prepared to hand it over untouched, if a receiver should be granted, as I have no doubt there will."

"Won't you," said Swingsnap, "pay the costs of the present proceedings against us out of what you have on hands, the amount of which I do not know up to this moment?"

"No," replied Gripe; "that would be disobeying the order of the court for which I have such a profound respect. The most I can do is, to take out of it the costs incurred in the lunacy proceedings, and the amount of the funeral expenses, which will be considerable; if I touched it after the order of the court, and the refusal of our application, I would be liable to be attached."

"Where then," said Swingsnap, half choked with suppressed rage, "shall funds be obtained to carry on the suit?"

"There will, of course," said Gripe, "be a receiver appointed *ad litem*, and perhaps after we have proceeded for a year or so,

an allocation order for costs may be made, but until then I must look to you for funds."

"Why," said Swingsnap, inflating his cheeks and foaming at the mouth, "is this the result of our glorious anticipations of gain? It would have been better that we never had any thing to do with this affair."

"It is the law—the law, my dear young friend, which should be always not only obeyed but revered."

"May I ask you," said Swingsnap, still endeavouring to master his feelings, "if you have counted over the gold? You stated that one of your reasons for not including the amount of it in the deed, was that it might be useful to me in entering on my profession, in case claimants should appear from whom it ought to be kept secret. I don't want it now for my own use, but I think you ought to apply it to sustaining our rights in the present proceedings; and, by the way, you never told me yet what the amount was; perhaps you would favour me with that information now?"

"Well done, my lawyerling," said Gripe, with a sarcastic sneer; "well done, by Jove; there is a young fellow called to the bar, wanting an old, an experienced, a highly respectable solicitor, to violate the law, and leave himself subject to be thrust into prison under an attachment. No, no; I shall not appropriate funds sealed up by order of the court to any purpose, until that order or injunction be dissolved; and then as to favouring you with information about the amount, it is not in my power at present. The whole sum is in my safe as I got it, with the exception of the thousand guineas given to the doctor, which, to say the truth, was fairly earned by him. I may add, that as soon as I shall add up my costs, and get the amount of the funeral expenses furnished to me, I will recompense myself out of the sum in hands. I shall then seal up the remainder, and if I should chance to count it, why I may give you the information you require; but in any case you will have to provide funds for the suit. At the same time, I shall not take a shilling from you but the sums out of pocket. Indeed, I fear, Mr. Swingsnap, that you are infected with the family complaint, inordinate love of money."

"By —," said Swingsnap, "this is intolerable; it cannot be borne much longer; I'd sooner be dead and ——— than be obliged to submit to such injustice, coupled as it is, with the grossest insult."

"Calm your fury," said Gripe, "you know your man—if you don't wish to defend the suit, why let it drop to the ground and let the ——— of a publican's daughter get the Norberry property, which, in my opinion, amounts to upwards of sixty thousand pounds, exclusive of the trifle which fell into my hands, and

which will barely pay me the expenses of the lunacy proceedings and the funeral. Let the matter drop, and I shall be well satisfied; I am part paid as far as matters have gone, and so, if you please, Mr. Swingsnap, let us cry quits."

He saw the net that was cast around him, and that if he attempted to break through it he would only multiply the difficulties of his case, and with that quick return from rage to self-possession for which he was so remarkable, he said in a subdued tone, "I promised to obey all your commands, and submit my judgment to your's, and I don't know why it is that I have not proper command over myself: proceed in your defence in the suit, and any assistance I can give shall be freely granted."

"Ah! my dear young friend," said Gripe, shaking him warmly by the hand, "my expectations of your high promise as a lawyer shall not be disappointed: I withdraw any thing harsh that I said of you a moment ago, and I now undertake not to ask money from you but as you can conveniently give it, and if you do not succeed in the end, I shall make a present of the amount of my costs, except the money out of pocket."

Swingsnap thanked him, and they were apparently friends again, although a deep rooted enmity to each other existed in the breasts of both. Gripe took the most active measures for the defence, and after nearly three years litigation the suit was terminated in the manner already described, and during its progress Swingsnap advanced various sums of money to defray the expenses out of pocket.

Within a few months after the death of the heir and the complete triumph over Wormwood, Swingsnap thought it time to have a settlement with his solicitor, and all particulars ascertained with regard to the amount of his uncle's property, for he was till then in perfect ignorance upon the subject, except as far as rumour went. In the mean time the best possible understanding existed between himself and Gripe. Entertainments to celebrate their good fortune were respectively given by them, at which large numbers of the leading men of Dublin were present. However, the day of reckoning should come at last, and as long accounts about money matters are always difficult to settle, and very often lead to ill feelings and animosities between old friends, it was easy to foresee that transactions such as occurred between Gripe and his client would be rather difficult to arrange, and the more delay of course the more difficulty. He repeatedly called for the bill of costs which he knew he would have to pay, and which he suspected would be growing plethoric in proportion to the time it might remain unfurnished; but Gripe always postponed the matter under one pretence or another, until his client completely lost his usual patience. Whilst in this state of mind he called one day at his office, and in presence of two or three of

his clerks he said, "Mr. Gripe, I cannot brook this delay any longer; I must have the costs furnished, credit given for the sums paid by me whilst the suit was going on, and an accurate account returned of the money and securities which you got into your possession the day my unfortunate uncle was sent to the asylum."

"What money are you talking of?" said Gripe. "I have no recollection of what you allude to, and now, in the absence of documents and vouchers I cannot at this moment tax my memory with having received any money for any particular purpose."

He felt almost electrified; but with that habitual command which he had over himself, he affected a smile, and said, "I see, Mr. Gripe, you are in a joking humour to-day, and I must only call on you when you are more serious and inclined to speak about business."

"Oh, my dear friend," said Gripe, "you dine with me to-day, and perhaps we may talk of business afterwards; but you know it has been a good business for you, and you ought to be well satisfied to let matters rest as they are for some time."

"Let it be so," said Swingsnap, "but most undoubtedly the bill of costs must be furnished without any further delay, and perhaps you might as well just now direct one of your clerks to run his eye over the account, and see at a hasty tot, without taking in the shillings or pence, how much money I gave you whilst the suit was going on—that is, what credits I am entitled to on foot of your entire claim against me."

"Well, bless my soul," said Gripe, "I thought we were to say nothing about accounts at present; but you have such a *penchant* for making inquiries about money that I foresee you will die rich. But, before you go further, sign this declaration, and put this yellow boy in your pocket." Here he handed him a guinea.

He viewed the coin, turned it two or three times in his hand, and after striking it on the desk beside him, in order to judge of its genuineness by its sound, he relaxed the stern countenance he had assumed, and put it in his pocket.

The clerks who had been in the office when the conversation about credits and bills of costs commenced, were called away about business, and the attorney and client were alone together. "My young friend," said Gripe, "let me now take this opportunity to give you a short lesson that may be useful as well to a barrister as to an attorney. It is this: if ever you are questioned before witness with regard to sums of money received by you, never admit any thing. The memory of man is very frail with regard to matters of detail or minute facts; but there can be no mistake where nothing is admitted, in fact where every thing is denied. If I happened to say before a man of a weak memory or

muddy intellect, that I got a hundred pounds, he might multiply it by five, and still think he was telling the truth ; but where there is a general and uniform denial at all times, there can be no mistake about it, and no man can ever pick an *assumpsit* out of you." Here the worthy attorney looked round the room, and having closed the door, continued : " To be sure, I have got several large sums of money from you, all of which you shall get credit for ; the money too which I received on the day that your uncle was sent to the asylum shall be fairly accounted for to the last shilling. You will not then, my dear friend, find fault with me for not deviating from one of the most useful rules ever observed by any member of the legal profession, and indeed I might add by all men in their transactions with one another."

Gripe, as he finished the sentence, rubbed his hands briskly together, and, affecting a smile, advanced towards Swingsnap, who turned about and flew out of the room, uttering a most terrific oath, as he banged the door after him, that he would be no longer the victim of such villainy and deceit. Gripe, who was astounded at the sudden, although not altogether unexpected change which affairs were likely to take, ran to the street after his client, but he had disappeared. A messenger was then despatched to his house, with a request that he should return until he might hear one word by way of explanation, but he had not gone home.

The attorney had some friends to dine with him that day, and amongst the rest a Connaught gentleman named Kirwin, who was then one of the most celebrated fire-eaters amongst the pugnacious sons of the West. The occurrence that took place between himself and Swingsnap put him in a fit of abstraction that made him almost forget the names of the visitors ; and when Kirwin, who was one of the first who had arrived, entered the reception room, he mistook him for another gentleman who was to form one of the company, and who was as remarkable for his quiet and peaceable conduct as the other was for his fighting propensities.

" Why," said Kirwin, " what is the matter with you ? You look as lachrymose as if you were to be shivering on a daisy to-morrow. I did not look half so minister-like the evening before I fought my ninth duel, although that is an unlucky number, and many friends whom I knew went on gloriously till they came to it, and then they were sure to be hit. However, I passed the rubicon, and I can never be vanquished."

" What," said Gripe, in a hurried and excited voice, " put the thought of duelling and shooting into your head at this moment ? Did you hear anything that would lead you to think that I by any possibility could be engaged in such an affair ?"

" No, by my honour I did not," replied Kirwin ; " but I see

that there is 'an affair' either in hands or in *petto* ;" and then dashing over towards his host and tapping him playfully on the shoulder : " We will have fine fun I promise you, by G—— we will ; I'll be your man, and it appears to me most fortunate that I came here to-day."

The remainder of the guests arrived immediately afterwards, dinner passed over, and the gentlemen having sent the decanters through four or five circulating courses, were mellow and merry when a thundering knock came to the door.

" I smell fire in that knock, by G——," said Kirwin ; " the applicant for admission is on fighting business, I'd bet a rump and dozen ; hurrah for fun !"

Gripe looked pale, and observed to Kirwin that his merriment was of a very heartless character.

" What is it all about ?" said one and the other of the guests. " Who is to breakfast on bullets ?" said an old attorney named Irwin, as he placed a glass of " bee's wing" between him and the light ; " it is not my friend Gripe, I am sure, for although he is considered one of the best sharpshooters in his profession, I know he prefers parchment to powder ; and as to you, Kirwin, no man would have anything to do with you except he wished to commit suicide in a respectable way. With regard to the rest of the company, I can answer for them that they are not fighting men, and no one would send any of them a message, so that you must be mistaken."

" Many a message sent on such a speculation," said Kirwin.

" Then you are not the man for whom such an invitation could be intended," replied Irwin.

Here the servant came into the room almost breathless.

" What is the matter, Robert ?" said Gripe.

" Oh ! sir, there is a gentleman in the small back-parlour, who told me he would not leave the house until he saw you. I said first you were not at home, and he told me you were. I then said that you never saw any one after dinner, and he replied that he would not go without seeing you. I am sure, sir, he means nothing good ; he has the very d—— in his countenance, and I'd advise you, sir, not to see him. I'll call the groom to help me to put him out."

" Who is right ?" said Kirwin, exultingly. " Did not I tell you there was fire in the knock ? But take care, let no insult be offered to the gentleman. I would feel myself disgraced for ever if any man coming about 'an affair of honour' to the house of a friend where I happened to be, should be treated improperly. We must see what he is about ; and I promise you he will have to pull down his colours, or fighting Jack Kirwin is not a living man."

Gripe, who was at first inclined to act upon the suggestion of the servant, felt that if he did so he would only raise up another opponent, perhaps still more dangerous, so he thought it better to secure the friendship and assistance of Kirwin in the matter, in the hope that he would become the principal himself. "Kirwin," said he, "I must leave this matter in your hands. I am certain that the gentleman who now wishes to see me is the bearer of a hostile message from a client of mine, who wishes to shoot me to get rid of a bill of costs."

"Who is he?" said Kirwin.

"That graceless villain, young Swingsnap the lawyer," replied Gripe.

"A good shot, by Jupiter," replied Kirwin, "and a fellow who has been often heard to declare that he would fight his way to promotion; but he has not experience, so we need not be afraid."

"Oh! I won't fight him," said Gripe, "for the reasons I tell you; he owes me a large bill of costs, and if he took me down by a chance shot he fancies the debt would be paid, and if I should shoot him I will lose my money."

"That apology won't avail you," said Kirwin, "unless the dispute out of which the message arose was concerning the debt due by your challenger."

"That is exactly what occurred. He called on me relative to those costs, and thought to get admissions from me before my clerks that he paid me large sums of money in liquidation of them, whereas I never got a shilling from him; it was a perpetual outlay on my part, and when I insisted upon getting money even on account, it appears that the reply is an invitation to fight him."

"You are safe then," replied Kirwin, "if that be the exact state of the case. You need not fight him till your demand is satisfied."

"I know that such is the etiquette," said Gripe, "and I would thank you if you would see this fire-eating gentleman on my part, and give him his answer."

"You must see him yourself first, and then refer him to me as your friend."

"Very well," replied Gripe, "but this I am determined on—there shall be no duel."

"Well, then," rejoined Kirwin, "don't refer him to me, for I am determined that there shall, if there ought; but as the matter stands at present, it is not likely that there will."

Gripe retired from the company, and repaired to meet his new visitor, but he was almost electrified with surprise when he opened the door of the apartment, and beheld his old antagonist and relentless enemy, Wormwood. He supposed at first that

he had come upon some matter connected with the former litigation, but his mistake was soon corrected by the following salutation:

"You did not expect to meet me in your own house, Mr. Gripe, and above all you did not expect to have met me upon business unconnected with our profession."

"What, then, may your business be?" said Gripe, interrupting him; "but let me tell you that, whatever it is, you had great effrontery to come into my house. Come, sir, take yourself away in an instant."

"No, sir, I shall not take myself away until I discharge the duty I owe to my friend who sent me here. I have come, sir, on the part of Mr. Swingsnap, whom you first defrauded, and then insulted—at least he states so to me, and you know it does not require much proof to convince me of the fact; but these are all collateral matters. My friend has been insulted, and I am come to arrange a meeting. Put me at once in communication with your friend; my instructions are peremptory—no apology will be taken."

"There is none going to be offered," said Gripe; "but no message shall be received at your hands. Let any gentleman come here, and I shall refer him to a friend in an instant; he is here in the house; but I may as well tell you that Swingsnap shall have no shot at me until he discharges the heavy debt that he owes me. Ruffians are not to get rid of their liabilities by shooting their creditors. Come, sir, leave my house instantly."

"Do you refuse to receive a message at my hands?" said Wormwood. "Mark me, if you do, I shall make it personal with myself, and you must fight me."

"I would as soon meet a felon from Newgate," replied Gripe, "but let your new friend send any man of character here, and the matter will be speedily arranged. Come, leave my house, sir, instantly."

Wormwood was maddened almost to desperation: words ran high; abusive epithets were applied by one, and paid back with interest by the other, until the attention of Kirwin and the party in the dining-room was attracted, and they all ran out to the hall, where the belligerent parties had by this time arrived, to see what was the matter.

When Wormwood saw this reinforcement, inflated as they were with wine, he began to think it would have been much better for him to have taken the advice even of an enemy, and to have left the house when directed to do so; but Kirwin quieted his fears by proposing at once to become an arbitrator of the preliminary matter in dispute, namely, whether his friend Gripe could refuse receiving a message through Wormwood any more than any other person; and, lawyer-like, he insisted that a deed

of submission should be executed, by both parties promising, unconditionally, to abide by his decision.

Gripe believed that the fame of Kirwin as a fire-eater would overawe Wormwood, and not wishing to raise up a new enemy where he might have a friend who, for the splitting of a hair, would stand a shot in his place, pledged his honour to be guided entirely by his advice.

"Let me hear," said Kirwin, "why you refuse to receive a message by this gentleman, or rather to put him in communication with your friend, who is to judge whether you ought to fight or not."

"I have had," replied Gripe, "to do with this person professionally, and his conduct was so ungentlemanly, and, I will add, fraudulent, that I could not think of admitting him to the position of a gentleman; and besides that, he was kicked out of a public court in Wexford, and he did not resent it."

"If the latter fact be true," said Kirwin, "he is totally disqualified from acting either as principal or second, as no gentleman could hold intercourse with him, but as to frauds committed by one attorney upon another in their professional career, they cannot be recognised, unless the offending party be disgraced by a trial and conviction, or degraded by the judges of the courts where he practises. Has either of these things been done?"

"Neither, I admit," said Gripe; "but that he deserved to be degraded, is capable of proof."

"Have the acts you complain of been confined to his practice as an attorney?"

"They have."

"The judges of the courts where he practises did not take cognizance of them?"

"No."

"Nor can I; so that point is disposed of; but now as to having been kicked, and not resenting it, he has earned another kicking by coming here, and I am the very man to pay what is due in that respect."

"That is more than can be said of you in other respects," said old Irwin, who had, with the rest of the company, come to witness what was going on. "It would be a rare thing to see you pay your bill when due."

"Never mind that, my old cock," said Kirwin. "You are a Connaughtman yourself, and those who live in glass houses ought not be the first to throw stones."

"True for you," said Irwin, "but if we don't pay in money we pay in malt. I recollect that a pedlar to whom my father once owed half-a-crown came looking for it, and he kept him six months at his house living in prime style, sooner than pay him in money. The fellow went dealing through the country by day and

came every night to Castle Irwin to eat and drink and sleep, all upon the strength of the half-crown. At length my poor father died, the rascally pedlar actually sued me, as heir, for the debt which was a thousand times discharged, and I had to pay it with costs, amounting to ten times more than the original demand."

"Come, come," said Kirwin, "none of your old stories: just now I will listen to them with great pleasure over a glass of claret, as soon as this little affair is settled, which I trust will be speedily, as obstacle number one is already got over." Then turning to Wormwood, "Have you, sir, been kicked out of a public court in Wexford by a gentleman without calling him out? Be explicit, sir, tell the truth; if you admit you were, I shall merely apply my boot in a gentle way to the ignoble portion of your person, and never think of you again, but if you falsely deny it, I shall not only horse-whip you like a dog in the first public place I meet you, but you shall be posted as a liar and a coward throughout England, Ireland, Scotland, and France."

"I will suffer all that ignominy without a complaint," replied Wormwood, "if there be any truth in the assertion."

"Upon what authority," said Kirwin to Gripe, "have you made this statement?"

"I have it from the coroner of Wexford, who told me that Wormwood was so grossly offensive and ruffianly in his court that he had to order him to be kicked out, or did it himself, I am not positive which."

"A dignified judge that," replied Kirwin; "but you ought to know, Mr. Gripe, that even if he did so, the party whom he treated with such indignity could no more call him out for it than he could call out one of the judges off the bench—many of whom are so testy and unmannerly that were it not for the legal shield which shelters them I would myself have called out every man-jack of them long since. The coroner, whilst discharging the duties of his office, no matter how he performs them, is *de jure* a judge, and cannot be called out, no matter what fantastic tricks he plays before high heaven whilst so employed—that is a settled point in the code of honour, and sending a message to a man whom that code does not recognise as amenable to its laws would be considered as an act of cowardice; so there is obstacle the second got rid of."

"Well, then," said Gripe, "you know the third and insuperable one; a heavy debt is not to be got rid of by shooting the creditor. My demand against Swingsnap must be satisfied before you receive any hostile message from him on my account."

"Is the exact amount of your demand ascertained?" inquired Kirwin.

"I know something of the transactions between the parties," said Wormwood, "and I will forfeit all I am possessed of on

earth, if, on a settlement of accounts, there would not be found a heavy balance on the other side."

"Mere assertions of either party cannot decide that point," observed Kirwin; "but that a demand was made by my friend is beyond all doubt, and that a dispute arose in consequence, which led to this message; and until the matter is settled in some way, he need not fight. At the same time, I wish to heaven I was in his position. When any one owes me money I generally get it by a proposal to fight or pay. I believe you all recollect the affair of Captain Brummage and myself."

"I have heard something of it," said Irwin; "but mention the facts to us now, for I dare say they are applicable to this case, and if they could serve as a precedent for putting yourself in the position of our friend Gripe, I venture to say he will have no objection to hear them."

"Well, then," continued Kirwin, "I won two hundred guineas from the captain one night at Daly's club-house, and he refused to pay it the next day when I sent for the amount, on the ground that he was drunk when he lost it. I got out of bed when this message was brought me, and having dressed and put my pistols in order, I waited till I knew the officers would be at mess. I then went to the barrack, and proceeded directly to the mess-room. There was a sentinel on the door who refused to let me in; so I quietly knocked him down, and passed on. I went up to the mess table with a pistol in each hand, and demanded my money or an instant meeting from Brummage. The colonel asked what was the matter, and I told him that one of his officers refused to pay a debt under the disgraceful apology that he was drunk when it was contracted. It is unnecessary to give a detail of all that was said; but the sequel of the story was, that I left the room with my money in my pocket."

"I believe," said Gripe, "that Swingsnap would suffer to be shot, and go to a hot place after, sooner than pay a just debt."

"Then," replied Kirwin, "what may be the amount of your demand against him?"

"There is a long unsettled account between us, and I could not tell at this moment."

"Well, then, after all due credits given, how much, at a rough guess, would you be entitled to?"

"I really think, that two thousand pounds would hardly pay me, after giving credit for any trifle that may have come into my hands."

"The matter can be easily arranged," said Kirwin. "You admit that there is an unsettled account, and that there may be about two thousand pounds due to you on foot of it. I propose then, that that sum be lodged by your challenger in the hands of a mutual friend, to abide the settlement: that, if it be found

due to you, it shall be handed over to you or your heirs; if not, that it be returned to the party depositing it. This arrangement will place you on an equal footing; and if it be agreed to by the gentleman who has brought me the message, I at once arrange a meeting for five to-morrow morning."

Gripe stared about him with a kind of half frantic amazement, and was unable to utter a sentence in reply; but Wormwood, who knew very well how the facts of the case were, agreed at once to the proposal. He said, "he happened to have so much money in his house, and he would, within an hour, deposit it in the hands of any solvent and respectable gentleman who might be agreed upon."

"You have acted like a man of honour," said Kirwin. "There is a satisfaction in doing business with you. Go lodge the money and make your arrangements. I shall make mine, and be punctual to the moment at five in the morning. Hurrah! we will have some fun. Come, Gripe, my boy, cheer up; if you only follow my advice you will pink your man. Come, for another bottle of claret, and then I'll preach a sermon—hush, hurrah!"

Gripe perceiving there was no retreating from the position he was placed in, was obliged to make up his mind to fight, and when Wormwood withdrew, he retired with his friends to the dining-room, and sat down to another bottle of claret.

"Well," said Kirwin to Gripe, "I believe I have managed that matter to your satisfaction. Your bill of costs will be secured before we go to the ground. I'm the boy for bringing forgetful gentlemen to their recollection. Come, push round the claret before we proceed to make arrangements for the morning."

"You totally mistake the character of my opponent," said Gripe. "He will never pay a shilling. He has inherited some of the qualities of his old uncle along with his wealth. Money is his god, and he would willingly go to a hot place that shall be nameless, sooner than pay anything he could by possibility avoid."

"Then," replied Kirwin, "if you be in doubt of getting the amount of your demand in any case, you should feel the less regret at shooting him."

"I think you were too hasty in your arrangements," rejoined Gripe; "but I know the money won't be lodged this evening or at any other time, and that there will be, therefore, no duel."

"Don't, my dear friend, anticipate such a disappointment," said Kirwin. "But this I tell you, that there must be a duel in any case. That snub-nosed attorney—who, I must say, has, up to our parting, acted in the most gentlemanly way—told me that he had the money in his own house ready to deposit, that he would do so this evening, and if he does not bring me the re-



hit him about the groin. There are other instructions for hitting higher, but those I have given are the safest for a new beginner. I once met a fellow whom I did not like to hit, and I put a ball through his hat about half an inch above his head. I was originally in the wrong, and, after the first shot, offered to make an apology, but the fellow would not take it, and I had then no resource left but to hit him; he died on the spot, and I had to fly to France for a year till the thing was forgotten."

Gripe summoned all the fortitude he could command to his aid, and, having followed the directions given by his friend, he let fly at the candle, and struck the candlestick.

A shout of triumph from Kirwin made the house ring, and supper having been soon after served up, the party began to spend the evening.

Kirwin, who felt quite comfortable, said he would not return home until after the affair came off, and two others of the company, one an heir just come of age, for whom Gripe had been solicitor during his minority, came to a similar resolution. The other gentlemen said they had no curiosity to see any man shot, and they took their leave when supper was over, wishing their host a safe deliverance.

The four gentlemen who remained kept the glass slowly circulating till the clock struck four. "Those sounds won't be heard again," said Kirwin, "till this affair shall be ended. I am always a few seconds before the appointed hour. Five by my watch is the time appointed, and I have it some minutes in advance. That clock won't strike again till all is over."

Gripe made no reply, and a coach, which had been ordered immediately after Wormwood's visit the previous evening, drove to the door, and the four gentlemen entered it.

It was a delightful summer's morning, and as they passed through College Green by the Post-office, they saw it was but four o'clock by the town.

"We are too soon on the road," said Gripe; "my clock is a great deal too fast."

"I put it forward last night," replied Kirwin, "that I might have you out in good time. It is one of my rules to be first on the field, that I may have an opportunity of examining the ground, and see what its advantages are."

The post-office clock chimed the hour, and all the clocks of the city were heard in quick succession; the atmosphere was clear, the morning calm, and there being no noise in the streets, the sounds were heard with perfect distinctness, and broke upon the ear of Gripe as if his funeral knell had been ringing. There is something peculiarly awful in the tolling of a bell or the striking of a clock just before a man places himself at a gentlemanly distance to be fired at, merely to uphold some imaginary point of

honour ; the one is generally a summons to prayer, and the other tells us that we are hastening to the boundary between time and eternity, thus reminding a man of the summons before the judgment seat, and of the speedy termination which he is likely to put to his earthly career.

The party proceeded by the old toll-house, and through Donnybrook, to a field a little beyond it on the Stillorgan road. The sun had risen in the golden splendour of a July morning ; the birds were singing the praises of their Creator in varied notes ; the Wicklow men were coming into market with their butter and provisions of all kinds, whistling merrily, whilst seated behind their panniers, or driving their low-wheeled cars. Every thing bore the aspect of happiness and rejoicing ; it was the *formosissimus annus* of the poet, when every field and tree was in bloom, and every object proclaimed the benevolence, as well as the omnipotence of the Deity. Yet man will impiously dare to defile the earth with the blood of his fellow-man, and destroy, as far as his limited powers enable him, that harmony and peace which should exist in unison with the glories of creation. This is called honour, and those who thus wilfully transgress the ordinances of God and the laws of their country, have hitherto been looked upon as the *elite* of society ; but the spirit of religion and the love of morality are, thank Heaven, now too prevalent in almost every country, to permit such a feeling to continue, and the duellist is now looked upon almost with universal accord as the most degraded, immoral, and contemptible of the human race.

Kirwin had his man first on the ground, and, with the eye of an old practitioner, viewed the field where the parties were so soon to meet in deadly combat. He was but a few moments making his observations, when a carriage drove up, containing Swingsnap, Wormwood, and a surgeon.

"I always like," said Kirwin, "to see fellows bring their bone-setters with them ; it is a proof that they don't expect to go home in a whole skin, and it proves also that they are determined to die game." Then stepping up to Wormwood he shook him warmly by the hand, observing at the same time that he felt much indebted to him for the business-like manner in which he had conducted the whole case.

"You see we are in earnest," said Wormwood ; "my friend is determined not to leave the field till one or other falls. He says he wishes to rid the world of a villain like Gripe."

"What do you mean ?" said Kirwin. "That is an insult intended for me. Do you think, sir, that I, who was the second of three lords, one marquis, and a captain, and who fought and shot so many men of rank myself, would come out as the friend of a villain ? Take your position, sir, at once, till you and I settle our affair before the other goes on."

The countenance of poor Gripe, who stood at a distance with his mouth closely shut to keep his teeth from chattering, brightened up, and he kindly proposed to act as the second of Kirwin, for he believed that, if Wormwood were shot, there would be an end of his own danger.

"Oh, my dear sir," said the terrified attorney, "I meant no disrespect to you; I solemnly protest I did not, and I tender you the most ample apology that it is in my power to give."

"It must be in writing," replied Kirwin; "I must have the *litera scripta*; I will frame it, and hang it up over my chimney piece, where I have many others."

Here some difficulty occurred with regard to procuring writing materials; but no entreaty could prevail upon Kirwin to leave the ground until an apology according to his own dictation was written and given to him by Wormwood.

The distance was then measured, and the original belligerents placed in their respective positions. There was a bold determination and apparent recklessness of consequences about Swingsnap, that formed a strong contrast to the downcast appearance and ashy paleness of Gripe, whose legs tottered under him as he was led to his place by his second.

"Remember," said Kirwin, "the instructions I gave you last night, and the candlestick." But his words fell listlessly upon the ear of Gripe, who was in such terror and bewilderment that he was almost unconscious of every thing that passed. Swingsnap, with his usual coolness and determination, saw the condition of his adversary, and gained confidence in proportion to the terror which he manifested.

The fatal signal was given: Swingsnap fired first: his adversary raised his pistol, and, at the moment he discharged it, his hand quivered, he reeled backwards and fell; he was hit in the hip. Wormwood saw that his work was accomplished to his satisfaction, and lest he might get involved in any further dispute with Kirwin, which would end in placing him in a similar position to his old enemy, he ran with his principal to the carriage that was waiting, and drove off, leaving Kirwin, the surgeon, and the other two gentlemen who had come out to witness the proceedings, to attend unfortunate Gripe.

"Bad business," said Kirwin; "I was never more deceived in my life; but there are some men who will not profit by instructions, and if they do not, the fault is theirs and not their instructors; had he followed my advice, he would beyond all doubt have winged his man. To be sure, his opponent might be equally well instructed, and when that is the case both fall, and then there is a glorious termination of the duel; but is he badly wounded?"

"I fear so," replied the surgeon; "I find that the ball has

entered under the hip, and is lodged in the lower region of the abdomen. There is little hope of his recovery."

"Is that villain Kirwin there?" said Gripe faintly; "I will leave my death on him, and in my dying moments declare that he brought me out here to be shot."

Kirwin uttered an exclamation of surprise at what he called the ingratitude of his friend, accompanied with a litany of the most terrific oaths, and feeling that the consequences might be very serious, as the authorities of the day were most anxious for an opportunity to rid society of him, he gained the carriage in which he and his friends came out, and having gone home and hastily packed up his clothes, he drove to Ringsend, and got on board the Holyhead packet, on his way to France, where he was mortally wounded in a gambling-house the following year by a Frenchman, whom he refused to fight except with his favourite weapons, pistols. The Frenchman declined the pistol combat, and, in his fury, drove his sword through him.

Gripe was conveyed home in a state that gave little hope of his recovery. The duel made a great noise through Dublin; report had it that the notorious fire-eater, Kirwin, brought him out to be shot; the circumstances of the case were told in a thousand different ways, and no event of the kind ever caused more gossip among the *quid nuncs* of Dublin. The authorities, however, took no steps towards the prosecution of Swingsnap or his second, and the recollection of the matter soon died away.

It was feared that the wound of Gripe was mortal: he daily became worse; and an ineffectual attempt to extract the ball left not a glimpse of hope of his recovery. On the ninth day mortification set in, and in one of those intervals of repose which immediately precede death, he called his apprentice into the room and desired him to write down as he would dictate. He wished that society might profit by his history, but, above all, that he might leave some evidence after him that would aid in exposing the infamy of Swingsnap and bringing him to justice.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONFESSION AND END OF GRIPE—DEATH OF BLIND TIM.

"I was," said Gripe, "the son of a village apothecary, was originally intended for that profession, and was accordingly sent to the school of one of those fugitive priests who then lurked in the country, endeavouring to support themselves by clandestinely instructing those who wished to acquire classical learning at a nominal expense, or in many cases for nothing, as those who were fraudulent enough to take advantage of the circumstances in which those persecuted men were placed, need not pay them any thing; for if it were known to the public authorities that they dared to keep a school or instruct youth, they would be transported; and I am sorry to say that my father was one of those who availed themselves of this advantage; for although I was about three years off and on at school with this priest, he was never paid a penny. The poor man lived at the house of a Protestant in humble circumstances, who interested himself in getting pupils for him, and under his protection he was enabled to escape the fangs of the 'priest hunters.' I remember him well: he was a venerable looking old man, with long white hair, and in the mud-wall hut where he had his school, he appeared as happy with a few ragged urchins about him, as if he were in the enjoyment of wealth and every earthly comfort. Notwithstanding his truly benevolent character, I took a dislike to him because he frequently expressed his fears that some evil end would come of me, I was so mischievous and incorrigible. The poor man was unwilling to correct any of his pupils, lest their parents should be offended, or attention drawn in any way to his little school; in a word, he felt that he was living on sufferance, and indebted to his neighbours, many of them Protestants, for his existence, and this, added to his kindness of disposition, prevented him from exercising the authority or enforcing the obedience necessary for conducting a school with profit to the pupils. I was one of those who took advantage of the unfortunate man's circumstances, and was always doing something to torment him. One day I mounted the hut in which the school was kept, and, through a hole in the roof that answered the double purpose of chimney and window, I let fall a stone on his bare head that stunned him so much that he fell bleeding on the floor. He was carried to the house of his benefactor, and there confined to his bed till he died of a fracture in his skull caused by that infamous act. The poor man was privately buried near

the ruins of an old abbey a short distance from where he kept his school. It may be worthy of remark, that Edgeworth, which was the name of his Protestant benefactor, had in a short time after been informed against for harbouring a Popish priest, and had to fly the country to escape a government prosecution. With regard to myself, it is right to say that I was, after the commission of the diabolical deed just stated, held in utter execration by every one. My old school-fellows, Protestant and Catholic, shunned me as they would a plague; yet no one would speak of the matter publicly, lest attention might be directed towards Edgeworth, who, notwithstanding, was unable to escape the informers of the day. I felt that I was an outcast to society, that every man was my enemy; and I in return was determined that, whilst I kept a fair face to all, I should never miss an opportunity of doing all the injury in my power to my fellow-man: in a word, I was at war with the world, and the world was at war with me. My father, who, in common with all country apothecaries, was dignified with the title of doctor, took me as an apprentice, to instruct me in making boluses and compounding his own prescriptions. He was a tolerable chemist, and having a small laboratory on his premises, I took great delight in making those common experiments which are so amusing and mysterious to the uninitiated, and in attempting new ones that I fancied might lead to some discovery that would make my fortune. My father had Latin translations of the writings of some of the German magi and philosophers who spent so much of their time in seeking for the philosophers' stone, or *vitaelixir*, which, thanks to the poor priest whose death I caused, I was able to read with tolerable facility. Some two or three years thus passed away at my favourite pursuit. I was seldom seen in the shop, and when my father's absence made it indispensable that I should be there, I saw that the people regarded me with aversion, which I paid back with compound interest whenever an opportunity suited; but a circumstance occurred which broke up our establishment, and sent me to act my part in scenes of a different character. My father was absent one day when the servant of a neighbouring farmer came for him in great haste to attend his son, a young lad of fifteen or sixteen, who had a violent bleeding from the nose. Not finding him at home, the messenger insisted that I should go and administer to him all the relief in my power. I at first refused peremptorily, for this boy, who was one of my former school-fellows, had, from the time of the priest affair, treated me with the greatest contempt and scorn. On one occasion when there were some strolling showmen in the village I went to the exhibition, and this lad, with the boys of a school at which he then was, came in, but when he saw me on a seat near them, he induced them all to leave the place and re-

main outside as long as I remained inside. I vowed vengeance in my own mind, although I never seemed to notice the circumstance. My mother—who I may here say was a religious but weak woman, to whom I was the cause of perpetual grief—induced me to go with the messenger, if I did no more than bring back word to my father, who was expected home in a few hours, what the condition of the boy was. I mounted the horse that the messenger brought, and when I arrived at my destination, I met the father of the boy at the door, who seemed utterly surprised at seeing me. ‘What brought you here?’ said he, ‘you graceless ruffian. I thought you had quit the country long ago. Begone! I would as soon let Beelzebub near my child.’ I did not make a reply; and when I returned home I said nothing of the reception I had got, but merely observed to my mother that I was deemed too young and inexperienced to prescribe on such an occasion. My father arrived in a few minutes after me, and without waiting for any refreshment he hurried off to see the patient. He returned quickly, and wrote a prescription for the lad which I was to compound. I set about the task assigned to me, and contrived to mix with the materials a deadly poison, then but recently discovered, the effects of which it would be very difficult to detect upon an analysis of the stomach. I need hardly say what the result was; but a proceeding followed which ended in the ruin of my father and my banishment from the country. He was prosecuted for having administered poison to the child, and was acquitted; but his establishment was broken up, and the poor man died in the course of a year afterwards, a victim to my infamy and crime. The infamous notoriety I had acquired did not, however, extend beyond the town where we lived and its immediate vicinity, and I resolved to proceed to Dublin to seek my fortune; and in case I did not succeed there, I determined to cross the Atlantic to America, which had at that time but recently established its independence. My mother was in receipt of the rent of a couple of small houses in the town, which removed her beyond absolute want, and she allowed me to dispose of the shop fixtures and bottles in the best way I could, and take the proceeds with me. The produce of the sale amounted to twenty pounds and some odd shillings, and with this sum in my pocket, and a small valisse under my arm, I left home before daylight on an autumn morning and walked out of the town before the fly-van, as it was called, although it travelled only at the rate of about three miles an hour, and in which I had previously engaged a seat under another name. When I got into the vehicle I found in it two shopkeepers of the town who were proceeding to Dublin to purchase goods, and such was their horror at seeing me, that they insisted upon my being put out of it; the matter was, however, accommodated by

my taking my seat outside with the driver. I said nothing in reply to the aspersions they had then cast upon me, but took out my memorandum book, and coolly wrote down their names, with a *nota bene* at the bottom, 'I will one day or other be revenged.' I arrived in Dublin on the evening of the second day after my departure from home, and put up at a very expensive hotel in James's Street, which was chiefly frequented by country merchants who came to Dublin to purchase goods from the manufacturers of the liberty. I fell in that night with some of those persons, and assumed an air of simplicity and candour which I was always well able to assume, at the same time I took the opportunity of displaying my learning and general knowledge of men and things. Many of the company were astonished at my acquirements, and began to express a desire to know who I was, where I was going, or for what business I was intended. I told them that my father, who was of a high family, and had given me a most expensive education, had recently died in embarrassed circumstances; that I could not bear to be a burthen to my mother, who had a little jointure to support her; and that, trusting to Providence, I had set out to seek my fortune. 'You are deserving of support and encouragement,' said a warm, comfortable-looking old fellow, who had come up from Limerick, and who was finishing a large bowl of whisky punch, which had evidently made him mellow, 'and you must get both. There is Tarrant the cloth manufacturer, whom I leave some thousands of pounds with in the course of the year, and I think it would be a great acquisition to his trade to have such a young lad as you, who would know how to speak to the people and keep accounts properly. He has two stupid fellows, who don't know the rule of three, not to talk of book-keeping, and who cannot write a scroll that a countryman can read. They are always making mistakes in our accounts, but I err much, or you are just the lad that would do every thing right. You have the *larnin'*, what every man ought to have; and, if you have no objection, I will introduce you to Tarrant to-morrow.' To be brief with this part of my recital, it may be sufficient to say, that I got an engagement with this manufacturer as corresponding clerk and overseer of a certain department of his trade. I found that the concern was most prosperous, and the receipts of money were enormous, and I was resolved to conduct myself with the greatest propriety until I could get into the office of cashier of the establishment. I saw that my employer, although immensely rich, was of the most niggardly and parsimonious habits, and I pursued a course which I was certain would at once win his confidence. If I saw a second-hand pen being swept out of the office by the porter, I would take it up, observing, that it would bear another mending, and that there was no use in waste. On

Sundays there was always wine on the table, with which the rest of the clerks generally made very free, but I declined to taste it, on the ground that it was not fit for a young lad who was cast upon the world to seek his fortune to accustom himself to such expensive things. My master was highly delighted at this conduct, and frequently observed to his wife that he always knew his customer old Roach of Limerick, who had recommended me to him, to be a man of discernment. He called me one day into his private office, and submitted to me the cashier's account, in which I detected two errors, and although they were afterwards cleared up, he seemed not to be satisfied, and frequently told me that he only waited for an opportunity to raise me to the office which I secretly coveted. The cashier was a man of discernment, and saw at once into my character, but I was such a favourite with my master he did not venture to state his opinion of me, more particularly as he was aware that it was I who discovered the errors in his accounts, and that if he threw out any insinuations against me they would be attributed to malicious motives. He seemed every day to feel more and more uneasy with his situation, or I might rather say with being in such close proximity to me, and upon his marriage, which took place in about a year after I had entered on the duties of my office, an excuse for quitting the service of our employer being afforded him, he took advantage of it. He was no sooner gone than I was raised to his situation, and for the first three or four months I filled it, nothing could exceed my caution and, I might add, my honesty. I found, however, that a golden prospect was opened to me. The free trade of Ireland, which had been some years established, caused a daily increase of business both for home consumption and export to England and America. Money poured in so abundantly, and orders were so numerous, that our exertions could hardly keep pace with our trade. I began to filch, and took, as occasion might offer, from fifty to two hundred pounds a week out of the receipts of the house. During this period there was an attorney named Rap, who used to do business for us, and frequently dined with my master, took great notice of me. He said to me one day that my time and talents were thrown away pinned to a desk in a counting-house, and that if I wished to raise myself in the world I should become a member of his profession. He added, he thought I was born an attorney, and that if I wished to be authorised to practise a profession for which I was so well suited, he would take me without a fee. He also added, that he had several complicated cases in his office, in the conducting of which my services would be most valuable, and requested that I would consider the offer he had made me. I told him that I was so attached to the interests of my master that I did not wish to leave him, and that consideration alone

could induce me to hesitate in accepting the kind offer he had made me, although at the same I was determined to avail myself of it as soon as I had carried my depredations as far as they could safely go. I went on for upwards of two years thus plundering my master, until at length he began to express surprise that the profits were so small where there was such immense business done, and began, when it was rather too late, to express his doubts of my integrity. I saw that the game was nearly up with me, and one day I made a haul of bills and bank notes amounting to something above two hundred pounds. I had taken them out of a desk where there were upwards of two thousand pounds besides, but when I returned after having lodged them in a place of security where the rest of the plunder was, I found that the desk had been opened and the money counted. I ran back and took them again into my possession, and having returned a second time, I threw them under the desk out of which I had originally taken them. I had scarcely this part of my business done when my master came into my office, with rage depicted in his countenance. 'Gripe,' said he, 'my confidence has been misplaced; to be at once explicit with you, I tell you that you have been robbing me. I got a second key for your desk; I counted the money and bills last night; I counted them to-day after you went out; and there was a deficiency of two hundred and twenty pounds.' I expressed the most indignant surprise at the accusation, asked him how much he found in it, and desired him to count the money over again. He did count it, and found that it was still deficient to the amount he had stated. 'Why,' said I, 'I had that money out to-day myself, and thought the sum you mention was in it, but I recollect that there was a strong breeze of wind up the passage that might have blown some of the notes and bills about the place—did you search? I forgot to search myself at the time, I was so overpowered by the pressure of business of this establishment, but here, alas! is my reward.' A search was made under the desk, and the money of course found. My master seemed astounded and confused, but did not express a continuance of his former confidence, or withdraw the charge he had made against me. I saw that my plundering must cease, and I told him that I should forthwith quit his service, and that he was a specimen of the most base ingratitude. I put on my hat, walked out, and went direct to Rap the attorney, told him the charge that had been made against me, and expressed a wish that he would draw up the form of an affidavit to which I might swear, in order to clear myself. He desired me to take no oath, that no one would believe it, for there was not a thief in existence who would not swear to clear himself; 'but,' added he, 'an indefinite and unproved charge of that kind—in fact the finding of the money

disproved anything that was definite in it—will be no bar to taking you as an apprentice, and the sooner arrangements to that effect are made the better.’ The indentures were prepared the following day, I forthwith set to work in the office of Rap, and in an incredibly short time I became one of the most useful and expert men of business he ever had. It would be perhaps foreign to the purposes for which this confession is intended to enter into a detail of all the knavery, deceit, and villainy that was practised in the office of Rap, or to name the victims who found themselves beggared and ruined at the winding up of the suits, instead of obtaining the rights to which they were entitled. Suffice it to say, that I saw I had entered upon a profession quite congenial to my taste and feelings, and that there was a wide field opened before me for the exercise of that peculiar talent which I was gifted, although it was wholly out of my power to possess myself of my master’s money, as in the case of Old Tarrant. After I had been a little time in the office of Rap, I obtained the fruits of my plunder, whilst with my former master, into funds, and by watching the rise and fall of the public security I nearly doubled, in the course of four or five years, the original sum I thus had. When my apprenticeship was served, I had ample means to take a house in a fashionable street and furnish it sumptuously. I soon acquired a name for being a most successful and expert solicitor, and business poured in upon me, which was greatly increased by the death of Rap, whose clients all came to me, and amongst the rest Mr. Nipper Norberry, or, as he was usually called, ‘Old Hawk,’ and his transactions in the bill and bond way were so extensive that his business was very lucrative although my engagement with him was to charge him nothing but the costs of pocket in any suit in which I was not successful. In cases where I succeeded, of course I made his opponents pay the piper. One of the most pleasing circumstances in my whole life occurred to me shortly after I formed my connection with Old Hawk, and it was this: he showed me one day a great number of over-due bills which lay in his drawers for some five or six years. Some of them were paid, and on others balances were due which he wished to have recovered. Amongst them was one endorsed by one of the two country shopkeepers who insisted that I should leave the public vehicle in which they were seated the morning I bid a last adieu to my native town. My heart leaped with joy when I saw it, and having taken it out of the batch, I asked Old Hawk if any thing were due on it, and so, that I would enable him to get the amount, as I had no account of a long standing to settle with one of the endorsers. He looked at his book, and said he could not tell exactly what was due, but he believed there was but a small balance and so

interest. I told him to charge the amount to me, and give me the bill, which he did of course most willingly. Having got it into my possession, I sent down a writ by a trusty bailiff, to be served on the defendant, but the fellow of course knew his business, and having merely visited the house where the man lived, and seen him there, he returned to town, made the usual affidavit of service, upon which the most expensive proceedings were taken, and an execution obtained against the goods of my old travelling companion. I had it held over until I knew the fellow was in Dublin, and then sent to the sheriff, to whom I was in the habit of giving a good deal of business, with instructions to levy the amount with all possible speed before the man could return home and pay the money to save the exposure of a sale. My orders were strictly complied with, for by this time I had risen into rank and station; those who heard of me or knew me in my earlier days seemed to forget every thing that related to my past ill fame, and were amongst those who most warmly expressed admiration of my talents and great good fortune; but I always treated those fellows with the most superlative contempt; and when some of them would take off their hats to salute me in the streets as I drove by in my chariot, attended by a couple of livery servants, I would scarcely deign to notice them. I became a favourite with the aristocracy, and was one of the most admired at soirees, balls, and musical parties, and finally formed, as you know, a matrimonial connection with the daughter of a rich baronet. I had wealth at command, to which I was daily adding by every means that my profession and the law would allow, and as I became reputed for the possession of money, I was in proportion admired as the possessor of every virtue that could adorn the human character. But I am wandering from the pleasing incident connected with the utter ruin of my old fellow-traveller in the van the morning I set out for Dublin. In a few days after, all his property, amounting to three or four hundred guineas, was sold to pay the bill (originally £38) and costs which I had heaped upon it. I saw him one morning coming to my door, pale, dejected, and jaded-looking; he was admitted into the hall, and in the most humble and supplicating tone asked to see the master; he was sent into my study, and on his appearing before me I viewed him with a malicious satisfaction, the very remembrance of which gives me pleasure this moment, notwithstanding the excruciating pain which I am suffering; he looked abashed, and held down his head, but after recovering a little he began to state the grievances he had suffered at my hands, where he did not owe a shilling of the debt for which he was sold out. He said he had endorsed the bill to help a friend to raise money from old Norberry, which was paid by instalments, although the document still remained in the hands of the old money-lender,

and added, had he been applied to he would have paid it over again, sooner than allow his property to be sacrificed in the way it was, and his ruin so completely effected. I listened with attention till he had concluded his story, for the recital from his own lips of the misery he had endured gave me additional delight. I then asked did he remember the morning I left home, poor and friendless, when he refused to sit in the same public conveyance with me, and concluded my observations by calling in two servants to put him out. They dragged him to the street door, and pushed him down the steps; he fell on his head, and lay for some minutes weltering in the blood which flowed from a wound on his face. When he recovered he went to the police office where my friend Counsellor Ember presided. This gentleman had been recently appointed to the office he held, and I was in the habit of cashing an odd bill for him. I had known him from the time I was serving my apprenticeship, and occasionally gave him half fees on condition of his endorsing the receipt of whole ones on the back of his briefs. When he heard the complaint of the poor countryman, he told him he could not believe his statement, but, to keep up an appearance of impartiality and fair play, he sent me a polite message to attend with my two servants to answer the complaint that had been made against me. I attended of course, and stated that the complainant had come to my office to offer me insolence, and use threats towards me, for having caused him to pay the amount of his bill, which fell into my hands; that I merely called my servants to remove him as quietly as possible, and that in the struggle he made to resist them he fell down the steps of my hall door, and was hurt. The servants corroborated my story of course, and the worthy magistrate ordered a couple of bailiffs to thrust him out of the office, telling him at the same that if he came back again to disturb the court he should be sent to goal for a month. The fellow returned home without any redress, and died in a few months after of the injuries he had received, and, I suppose I might add, a broken heart, at the ruin that came so unexpectedly upon him. I should have stated that his fellow-traveller in the van upon the memorable morning before spoken of, had died some years previously, and was thus out of my reach before I had the power to crush him. I had many other opportunities in my professional career of ruining persons who were obnoxious to me, and thus gratifying that spirit of revenge which was always so dear to my heart; and though I shall not live to glut my vengeance upon that villain Swingsnap, I shall leave after me a memorial which will ultimately lead to his detection, and abstract from him the property he acquired by such infamous means, the heir to which is still living, although I cannot exactly tell where. It is unnecessary to enter into a

detail of the various transactions I have had with Old Hawk. He was a profitable client, yet I always hated him; for I saw that he understood my real character, and had always been most niggardly in his settlement of costs with me. I therefore felt the greatest satisfaction in having had an opportunity of turning round on him and effecting his ruin. But of all the men I ever have had to deal with, Swingsnap is the worst. There is much about his manner calculated to deceive: his wit, apparent candour, and frankness of manner, make at once a favourable impression upon all with whom he comes in contact. But he is, in reality, one of the most cruel and bloody-minded of the human race, and is destined to take some prominent part in the ranks of the oppressors of his country, and those whom corruption has arrayed against her. But why recur to this hated name, when it is impossible that I can live to satiate my vengeance on him? I feel that life is fast ebbing away, and I must hastily conclude this confession. I need hardly say that Old Hawk was as sane as any man in existence, and that the commission of lunacy was a dernier resort to dispose of him and keep his property from falling into the hands of the Fogarty family. But I trust Swingsnap shall be ultimately disappointed; for I will leave materials enough behind, upon which a suit may be hereafter founded, that will not only strip him of the wealth he has thus acquired, but expose his turpitude to the world. It has been owing to the nurse of young Norberry that the murder of the child has not been added to the catalogue of his crimes. He made the woman large offers to administer poison to it, but she always refused either to do so or allow it out of her possession, so that the matter was finally arranged by reporting that another child who died from natural causes was the heir to the house of Norberry. Wherever that woman now is, she has the child with her. He caused, too, the entry of the marriage of Old Hawk to be either erased from the parish book, or the book itself destroyed, so that in case the heir should ever appear, there should be no record to prove his legitimacy. In a word, he left nothing undone to secure the possession of his uncle's wealth; but if this confession be preserved, together with my papers, they will one day lead to his exposure, and the restoration of the property to its lawful heir. I have thus unburdened my mind of matter which has been long hidden there, and I have given at least an outline of my own crimes with a candour that ought to insure a ready belief for what I have said regarding others. As to eternity, I have nothing to hope, and nothing to dread. I believe that there shall be an end of me when I breathe my last, and all that is said about a future existence is only intended to maintain order and make men moral and well conducted in this world, and if a man be able to keep the appearance of that order and morality,

he discharges the duty which society requires, and should be regarded as a good and useful citizen. I have nothing to accuse myself for on that head, for when my mind was intent upon deeds of the blackest character, or had actually accomplished them in secret, I assumed not only the morality of a true philosopher, but, to please the taste of the day, I was in appearance a pious and sincere Christian. I thus acted my part well, and would have run on a glorious career but that it has been cut short by this fatal duel with Swingsnap."

The wretched Gripe here ceased his narrative. His dissolution was evidently at hand ; his face became livid, a yellow froth covered his lips ; he became delirious, attempted to do violence to those about him, and when tied down in the bed he roared and foamed like a person affected with hydrophobia, and at the end of one of those paroxysms, which continued for a day and a night, he breathed his last. It was found that the wounded part had become putrified, and full of large maggots, and such was the horrible effluvia emitted from his dead body, that it was with difficulty the undertakers could place it in a coffin. It was removed a few hours after life became extinct, and interred at night in the church of ———, where a handsome marble monument has been erected to his memory, which gives the lie direct to his own dying confession.

Wormwood now became the confidential solicitor of Swingsnap, and expressed his deep delight at having his revenge against his old professional opponent so soon and so fully gratified.

Gripe was soon forgotten by all, except those who had been made the victims of his depravity and deceit. There were, to be sure, some vague rumours afloat with regard to the confession he had made implicating Swingsnap ; but they, too, were forgotten, in proportion to the rapid advances in the world that were made by the young barrister, whose wealth and audacity soon gave him great influence. He abused all who were opposed to him in unmeasured terms of scurrility, and in a few months after the death of Gripe, he received a hostile message from the leading counsel opposed to him in a cause in the Exchequer, in which he had a brief from his friend Wormwood. He was punctual in attending to the call made upon him to give satisfaction, and at five in the morning he and his old second, and one or two friends, were seen upon the beach at Sandymount waiting for the opposite party, who did not come, and it was only when leaving the ground, after shivering there for an hour on a frosty morning, that an account was brought to him that his opponent had been seized with a fit of gout during the night, and of course was unable to attend. This was a fresh triumph, but a still more profitable one awaited him as regarded his professional career. The cause out of which the dispute arose had been

adjourned to that morning, and he and Wormwood hastened into town, were in the Exchequer when the court sat, ready to proceed with the cause, while there was no appearance on the part of the counsel on the opposite side. The rumour of the duel had spread through town the previous evening, and when Swingsnap was found in court urging on his case, and his opponent absent there was a rush by all the "hall men" to get in to have a peep at him, and there he was impressing on their lordships the necessity of proceeding in the matter, as further delay would be the ruin of his client. The absence of counsel, who did not think proper to ask for a postponement, or send any explanation to the court with regard to his non-attendance, was not deserving of indulgence, and he trusted their lordships would, for the sake even of precedent, allow him to proceed.

"He shot his man," whispered some of the gentlemen in the bar seats, "and after doing his work he is here as unconcerned as if nothing happened."

Some conjectured, with more truth, that perhaps he frightened the life out of him, whilst the curiosity of all was stretched to the utmost to know what was really the fate of the poor counsellor.

The cause went on, and was decided in favour of the client of Swingsnap, although in stating it he manifested great ignorance of the principles of law, but his assurance and perseverance carried him through every difficulty.

Duels at that time between members of the bar and of the Irish house were looked upon as ordinary occurrences of the day, and the man who had the real courage to not accept an invitation to be shot at could not hold up his head in society, but he who actually sent a hostile message, and then, as the report ran, was seized with cramps, from terror of the prospect before him, dare hardly show his face, and was shunned like a plague; so that Swingsnap's challenger, although a man then of considerable business, was, poor fellow, completely snuffed out, and the government of the day, with whom he had some interest, were obliged to provide for him by giving him an appointment in the colonies.

Wormwood and Swingsnap had now to turn their attention to the best means of recovering the bags of gold that had been taken possession of by Gripe on the day that unfortunate Old Hawk was dragged off to the mad-house, but in this, as might be anticipated, they had some obstacles to contend with.

Wormwood, however, took the necessary proceedings, and, after considerable delays and difficulties, he, through the integrity of Gripe's apprentice, who counted over the money before his master's death, recovered it back for his client, minus the costs and funeral expenses, which should fairly be deducted from it.

Swingsnap had now a clear road opened before him and nothing

to obstruct him: and whilst himself and his new solicitor are congratulating themselves upon their success, the reader must return to the cell of poor blind Tim in the lunatic side of Newgate, to which he had been considerably consigned by the care of the Mountstath Street magistrates and the agency of Gripe and his client.

From the moment of his committal he appeared to exhibit the most pious resignation to his fate, and if any thing at times disturbed his repose it was his anxious solicitude to know what had become of his old master. When the intelligence of his death reached him, he seemed to think that there was no hope for him on this side of the grave, and, in a few months afterwards, he died, attended by a minister of his religion, and with the most perfect assurance of a happy eternity. His friends had his remains interred in the little church-yard on the right hand side of the road between Rockbrook and the mountain of Killikee, some three or four miles beyond Rathfarnham, and it may be truly said that the grave never closed over the remains of a more virtuous, simple-hearted, faithful, and affectionate servant. In several years after his death, the extraordinary incidents connected with himself and his master reached the ears of the late Mrs. Oakley, of Oakley House, near whose demesne the little church-yard is situated, and she caused a handsome stone to be cut and placed over his grave, on which is the following inscription: "This monument was erected by Mrs. Oakley, to mark the spot which contains the ashes of Timothy M'Dermott, whose fidelity and affection to his master, the late —, deserve to be commemorated."

Many who have heard the incidents connected with the fate of poor Tim and his master, have often paid a visit to his grave, sighed for the sorrows he had suffered, and prayed that his merits and his virtues might meet their reward in another world.

CHAPTER IX.

A LONG HIATUS IN THE FAMILY MEMOIRS—DISCOVERY OF THE SON OF KATE—HIS EVENTFUL STORY.

YEARS rolled on after the death of Old Hawk and the other principal actors in the tragic scenes which the first part of these memoirs present to the reader. Nothing was heard of the heir, whom the confession of Gripe represented as being still in existence; and those who remembered any thing of the disasters of the Fogarty family and the miserable end of old Norberry, believed that the story of Gripe, which at the time of his death had been generally circulated, was not founded on fact, and that Swingsnap, or Swing, as he was commonly called, was in the enjoyment of wealth legitimately his own; that his old uncle had in point of fact died mad; and this supposition was strengthened by some traditionary tales of a madman of that name who figured in the time of Cromwell, and who was the ancestor of the Norberry family. The fate of the Fogartys was forgotten by all but the amiable Mrs. Cavanagh and her family, who for many years were in the habit of going on Sundays to their grave in the Hospital Fields, there to breathe a sigh and shed a tear at the remembrance of their unmerited sorrows, and offer up a prayer that they might enjoy felicity in a happy and eternal home far beyond the reach of tyranny, oppression, and deceit.

In the mean time Swingsnap was most successful in his practice at the bar, not by talents and application to his profession, but by ready wit, bullying, and downright assurance. He was married to the daughter of Wormwood, with whom he got a large fortune, which, added to the property acquired by the death of his uncle, made him one of the most wealthy men at the Irish bar. He was a reputed "fire eater," and got a great deal of business from clients, under the impression that the counsel opposed to him were afraid that when foiled in law or argument, he would offer them some insult that would make it imperative on them to meet him in deadly combat. He was, besides, taken great notice of by the government, who were in want of daring and audacious men to assist them in carrying their measures through parliament, in which he obtained a seat, having been first made attorney-general. All who knew him wondered at his good fortune, and those who envied and hated him were afraid to give utterance to their opinions.

It is always a most promising incident in the beginning of the career of an aspiring public man to kill his antagonist in a duel.

Gripe, though a coward, was accounted one of the best pistol shots then in Dublin; and the man who not only had the courage to meet him, but the unerring aim to shoot him, was looked up to as a perfect Achilles. Besides, he had always expressed the utmost disregard for life, and on one occasion accepted the challenge of a master tailor with whom he had a dispute about a suit of clothes, but when poor Snip went to the ground, he became sick, and was unable to fight.

Swingsnap was therefore dreaded by many of the bar, and was often allowed to bully and abuse his antagonists with impunity. The Irish people, who always admire a man of prowess and courage, brought him their business until he got beyond their reach by having been made attorney-general. Whilst he held that office, he added much to his already great wealth, for he directed and conducted more prosecutions at the suit of the crown within three or four years than any of his predecessors had done in treble the time. We shall leave him thus pursuing a prosperous career, whilst we turn to another part of the globe, where the reader will meet with an old acquaintance.

Amongst a batch of recruits sent out from England to the East Indies in the year 18—, was a lad named Robert Norberry, of delicate and very prepossessing appearance, who, during the voyage, won the esteem and excited the curiosity of the officer who had charge of the party. They landed safe at Bombay, and proceeded up the country to Bangalore, where the ——— regiment was stationed, of which the reader's old friend O'Kelly, by that time a veteran in the service, was major. The morning after their arrival, and when upon drill, the gallant officer walked up the ranks to inspect the European recruits that had been sent out to him, and when he came to Robert, he stopped and exclaimed, "This young man's face has a strong resemblance to one deeply fixed in my memory: his appearance has in an instant called up within my mind the recollection of events which now seem to me like a troubled dream long past. My lad, what is your name? from whence do you come?"

"My name is Robert," said the young recruit; "I believe Robert Norberry, but of that I am not sure: I had friends of the name of Walpole in the county Wicklow in Ireland, who are dead: I had been called after them for some time, but I have reason to believe that they were not related to me in the most remote degree, and that my name is Norberry."

"This is mysterious," said O'Kelly; "your history must be minutely inquired into;" and as he spoke, he gazed with earnestness on the outlines of as handsome a face as could belong to a youth of twenty-one. "Norberry! Norberry! you are the son of my first love—of Kate Fogarty."

The officer who accompanied the recruits from Europe was

present, and observed that young Norberry had so deeply interested him since he joined the depôt at Dublin, and in the course of the voyage, that he had intended to recommend him to the special attention of the senior captain of the regiment, but he saw, from what had passed within the last few moments, that he was in all probability connected with his major by some mysterious link, still stronger than that sudden and often unaccountable sympathy which springs up between strangers upon first coming in contact with each other, and that any solicitation of kindness towards the young soldier was wholly unnecessary, as far as regarded one of his officers at least.

"You are quite right," said O'Kelly; "if I am right in my conjecture, there is more than chance in our meeting under such peculiar circumstances in this remote quarter of the globe. The finger of Providence is manifest in this extraordinary event. My heart swells with indescribable emotions as it whispers to me that this is the son of her whom I once loved to distraction, who was sacrificed by her parents in the hope of obtaining wealth, and whose melancholy fate ought to be a warning to all who would rend asunder the tenderest of all human ties, and violate feelings consecrated by Heaven, in the hopes of earthly gain. The sad story of Kate Fogarty contains a moral by which all should profit who hear it, and I trust that some faithful chronicler shall yet give it to the world."

All present were astonished at the emotion exhibited by the major, and a rumour immediately ran through the regiment that he had discovered in the young recruit the heir to an immense fortune.

During the interval that elapsed from O'Kelly's arrival in India up to the time of this incident, he had, besides having risen to the rank of major, acquired a considerable sum of money. He had but one daughter, who, as already stated, was born on the voyage from South America to Bombay. She was a creature of great beauty, and her disposition and actions were characteristic of the Moorish blood that flowed in her veins, and the sunny lands of her maternal ancestors. Her mind was highly cultivated, and wherever she went she diffused life and gaiety around her; but she at times displayed that impetuosity of feeling which belonged to her race; and the shining lustre of her large black eye, whilst it struck the beholder with admiration and awe, told too well the force of those deep passions which were seated in her heart. She lost her mother soon after their arrival in India, and upon her were all the hopes and affections of the brave O'Kelly centred. The moment he fancied to himself that the young recruit was the son of his long lost Kate, he formed in his mind the project of a union between him and his daughter as soon as the fact should be fully established.

Young Norberry was no less astonished at what had occurred than his newly discovered benefactor, to whose residence he was brought on the following day, to give such a history of himself as he best could. The following is the account which he gave to his veteran and kind-hearted officer :

STORY OF THE SON OF KATE.

"I have," said he, "always had an impression on my mind that some mystery hung over my birth and origin, which still remains to be cleared up. The incidents which occurred within the last two or three days have given almost perfect certainty to that belief ; and I am now firmly convinced that a kind Providence has directed me to the only person on earth who will be instrumental in unravelling the mystery. I was brought up in the family of an honest country farmer named Walpole, who had a son and daughter, both some years senior to me. I believed then I was their brother ; and I must say that I was treated with kindness and consideration by their parents and every other member of the family. A woman used frequently call to see me, who called herself my nurse, and I remember well to have frequently seen her give my supposed father and mother considerable quantities of money, always in gold. She evinced the greatest affection for me, and my young heart used to throb with the most joyful emotions whenever I saw her approach our house by a long narrow lane that led through a mountain pass from the main road between Dublin and Gorey. A master was brought to instruct me ; the greatest care was taken of me in every respect ; and whilst my brother and sister, as I fancied them to be, were kept out working in the fields, and looking after every thing about the farm, I had my master attending me, and every possible care taken of me, all evidently through the instrumentality of my nurse. I loved the young Walpoles, and although I began to suspect that there was something mysterious connected with my condition, I was grieved to think that I should be treated with so much more indulgence than my brother and sister, and whilst I used to cry at the thought of it, I often rushed out to the fields to assist them in their labour. They took this very kindly of me, and used to caress me with the greatest affection ; but as years increased, and my reasoning faculties began to strengthen, I perceived that they were in possession of some secret with regard to me which they did not wish to disclose. Still they loved me with the tenderest affection, and the feeling was reciprocal. Thus matters went on till I was thirteen or fourteen years of age, my nurse being still punctual in her visits, and furnishing supplies of money to my supposed parents. In the mean time, I had progressed rapidly in every branch of knowledge in which I had been instructed, and was beginning to read Horace. I was, however, becoming

every day more and more dissatisfied and restless in my mind. I knew that some secret existed with regard to me, and I was every day more anxious to have it disclosed. I could not sleep at night, and was impatient and irritable during the day, so that from being a robust and healthy boy, I became delicate and weak in my constitution. My kind and tender-hearted nurse noticed the change, and asked me what was the cause. I told her candidly what my feelings and opinions were, and the unhappy state of mind in which I had been from the moment I had become capable of reasoning upon the facts with regard to myself which were daily passing before my eyes, and implored of her, for the love she bore to 'her own dear Robert,' to tell me candidly who I was, or what was my name; and then, falling on my knees, vowed before Heaven that I would never, during her life-time, or without her consent, reveal any secret she might impart to me, and that I would for ever after be reconciled to my fate; that I would become strong and healthy again, and be a good boy all my life. The affectionate creature embraced me tenderly, and, with tears in her eyes, said I demanded too much from her for the present; that it was her intention, as soon as I arrived at more mature years, to put me in possession of all she knew with regard to me, and to render me all the assistance in her power to establish my right to a large property to which I was entitled, although her pursuing a different course would make a considerable fortune for herself.

" 'I have,' said she, 'already saved your life when in infancy, for I loved you dearly from the moment you were put into my care; and I will, please God, never die till I put you in the way of defeating your powerful enemies, who are your own blood relations. When you were only a babe, I resisted the temptation of large rewards to cause your death, or take you to some distant part of the world, where you would never have been heard of. I would not consent to that, but I have however transgressed so far as to give out that you were dead, and a coroner's inquest has many years ago given a verdict to that effect. Those who are in possession of your property know you are not dead, but if they knew where you are, my opinion is that you would not be long in existence, or at least that you would be quickly removed from this country. The only stipulation I made with the party was, that as I loved you with such affection, I should, as long as I lived, be supplied with sufficient means for your maintenance and education, and that you should be provided for at least as well as the children of the honest farmer at whose house you are. Ask me no more at the present, and when the proper time comes I will give you every assistance to regain all that was wrested from you by fraud and perjury. In this I will be greatly assisted by the death-bed disclosures of one of the parties who thought to bribe me to cause

your destruction. From this day forward strictly rely on my fidelity, which has thus brought you so far safe from the dangers which surrounded you from your very birth.'

" 'Good heaven !' said I, ' what does all this mean ? Who am I ? what am I ? what is my name ? Tell me that, and I promise to leave the revelation of the rest to your discretion. You are my mother I am sure ; for it is impossible that I could love any other human being so much. My mother ! my dearest mother ! tell me, I beseech you, what is my name.'

" The poor woman burst into tears, and, again embracing me with the affection of the tenderest parent, said, ' I will gratify you so far, on condition that you never mention it without my consent, and until the proper time shall have arrived to prove to the world your identity. If you were unguarded enough to let the word escape your lips, your destruction would be almost certain, or at least all hopes of obtaining your long lost rights would vanish. You will have rich and powerful enemies to contend with hereafter, and only they think that I am sincerely enlisted in their interests, and have no wish that you should obtain your rights, I would not be safe a moment. As it is, I am by no means free from apprehensions, and probably I could not have served you even so far, but that those with whom I have to deal think they could set me at defiance if I were to bring you forward as the rightful heir of the property which was wrested from your unfortunate father by the most iniquitous means. Promise, then, that your name shall never *cross your lips* till the proper time comes, and I shall entrust you with the secret.'

" I fell on my knees, and, clasping my hands together, raised my eyes to Heaven, and made the promise.

" ' Your name, then,' said she, ' is Norberry, and you are not the son of the Walpoles.'

" ' Norberry !' said I, ' Robert Norberry !'

" ' Yes,' said she, ' Robert Norberry is your name, and let it never cross your lips again till the time comes for bringing you forward as the claimant of your property.'

" I then replied, ' One question more, and I shall remain for ever silent till you wish to break the seal : are you my mother ?'

" ' No,' said she, ' I am not, although I have always loved you with the affection of a parent. Your mother survived your birth but a few days ; she was forced by her parents to marry your father against her will, because he was rich, although at the same time she loved to distraction a gallant soldier, with whom, as it turned out, she soon might have shared fortune and honour. I believe he loved her in return, and the sorrow which he felt at her fate made him volunteer into the foreign service. I suppose he has long since fallen in the wars abroad ; he was a gallant, noble-hearted, generous man, and was worthy of the hand of your mother.' "

Here the emotions which filled the heart of O'Kelly overpowered him, and a crowd of associations connected with his romantic meeting with the beautiful and long lost Kate Fogarty rushed upon his mind, and the conflict within him found vent in tears, which rolled down the cheeks of the bronzed and gallant veteran. He pressed the young recruit to his bosom, and begged that he would continue his narrative.

"My nurse parted with me on that day for the last time I ever saw her, and in taking some money from her pocket to give me, she dropped a letter, which I picked up. I felt my mind for the moment considerably relieved, and I returned home determined to preserve inviolate the secrets which she disclosed to me, until she thought it proper that I should reveal them. I applied myself to my studies with much more than usual diligence, until three or four months passed away, at the end of which her accustomed visit was expected, but she did not come, and I have never seen her since."

At this part of his recital the young recruit burst into tears, and was unable to proceed. O'Kelly again embraced him, and when he recovered a little he continued:

"The pain and anxiety that preyed upon my youthful heart—aye, that rent its very strings asunder—defy all power of description, as months and years rolled by, without any tidings from my faithful and affectionate nurse. I often cursed what I believed to be the fatal curiosity which prompted me to gain possession of a secret which increased, ten thousand fold, the sorrow and anguish that made life insupportable, at a period when it is usually free from all the cares inseparable from maturer years. Had I remained under the belief that I was the child of the Walpoles, I would have shared in peace the humble lot to which I was destined; but the secret with which I was entrusted made my 'spring of life' insupportable, and I often prayed when going to bed at night that I might awake in another world, where I would meet my mother and my nurse. The Walpoles became pained at my condition, the supplies of money were cut off, and I was, as a matter of course, deprived of the course of education intended for me; and, to add to my misfortune, I was unable to render any effective assistance about the farm, so that I became a burden to those honest people. Something more than three years passed over in this way, when old Walpole fell ill and died. When on his death-bed he called all his family about him; he told his wife and son, who was then upwards of one and twenty years of age, that he was totally ignorant of who or what I was; that the woman who brought me there never told my name, or where she resided, and that when leaving me at the age of two or three years, she requested that he would pass me for a child of his of a similar age

who had died a few days previously. He had an entry of the date of my admission, and of the several payments made on my account, which were regularly kept till the time I have stated. He said that the gentleness of my disposition caused him to love me, and with his last breath requested his wife and son to treat me as his child, and never suffer me to depart from their house as long as I felt inclined to remain with them. He also suggested, that as I had got a good education, it would be well if I were to open a little school in their barn, where all the children of the neighbourhood would come to me, because they were so fond of me. Something of the sort should be done, for as to hard labour, he said that I would never be equal to it. His wife and children promised that as I was delicate, and unequal to hardship, I should be taken care of, and that as long as they had a roof to shelter them, I should be a sharer of it. I saw the generous hearted man breathe his last, and I thought that all my earthly hope had died along with him. He was waked in the usual way of a peasant, or small farmer, and the boisterous mirth and frolic that took place on the occasion were ill suited to the sorrow of his family and my drooping and wounded heart. He died in what might be called comfortable circumstances for a man holding about thirty acres of mountain land; he had a good dwelling-house and offices built of stone, and handsome gates upon the farm. The land, which was barren and unproductive when he got possession of it, in his youthful days, was, by his industry and skill, rendered fertile and profitable, but the lease of it expired with his life. About two years before he died, he alluded to that fact, but expressed a firm hope that his landlord would give his children the benefit of his labour, and that a new lease would be granted to them. A couple of weeks passed over after his death before any of the family thought of applying themselves to their accustomed industry; and in the mean time, a young man, named Byrne, who was at the old man's funeral, and saw his daughter Catherine, requested her in marriage as soon as the days of mourning should have been passed over. She was not averse to his addresses, and it was agreed that when a year elapsed they should be married. He was an excellent young man, had a good house and farm, besides a small shop in the neighbouring village; and having 'a good connection,' the match was looked upon as a most propitious one. He seemed to take a great interest in my behalf, and promised whenever I should set up school that he would get the children of all his 'kith, kin, and relations' in the whole district to come to me. I saw that the prospects before me were much brighter than I had anticipated: the school was opened in Walpole's barn, and, notwithstanding my want of years and experience, I had more pupils than any teacher that ever opened an academy in the neighbour-

hood before. I was beginning to be happy, and to forget my sorrows, and the mystery that hung over my birth; but, alas! I was doomed for afflictions such as have seldom befallen any one of my years. It fortunately happened that in the parish where I resided, the best understanding existed between the parish priest and the Protestant curate; both were equally anxious to have the children of their respective flocks educated, and I believe I had about an equal number of Protestants and Catholics under my tuition. Both these worthy clergymen called together one day to visit my school, and both equally expressed their sympathy and kindness towards me. The parish at the time formed a contrast to other parts of Ireland, where the most disastrous religious divisions existed; and it is a fact, that from the day Father Charles B—— and Parson C—— came into it, the greatest harmony and good will prevailed amongst the people, and the parish then formed a perfect oasis in the Irish desert. I enjoyed the friendship of those two estimable men, and the parson engaged me to go every second evening to his house, to instruct his children in English and Latin grammar; but I believe his real motive was to give me an opportunity of improving myself, for he took as much care of my education as I did of that of his children. Thus matters went on for upwards of a year: in the mean time Catherine Walpole was married to Byrne, who was a thriving and prosperous man. Young Walpole married the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and every thing connected with the family wore the prospect of happiness; but, alas! it was of short duration. There was nothing thought about the renewal of a lease until the landlord died, and in a few weeks after his agent came to look at Walpole's farm and premises; he was astonished at the appearance of improvement and comfort that met him on every side. 'Why, this place,' said he, 'is worth treble the rent that is paid for it, and there must be a proportionate increase.' Poor Walpole was struck with terror at the announcement, and submitted to this inexorable man a book kept by his father, where there was a most accurate account of all he expended in the way of substantial improvement, from the time he had entered into the farm about five-and-twenty years previously, and which amounted to upwards of three hundred guineas. All his representations were in vain, and sooner than be driven out from the place of his birth and the contemplation of objects dear to his heart and connected with the days of his boyhood, he agreed to pay any increased rent that might be put on it. But that would not suit the agent; he wanted the land for another purpose; it was his duty as manager for the minor, the son of the deceased landlord, to turn it to the best advantage, and it was enough to say that it did not suit his purpose that Walpole should remain any longer on it. This was a sad reverse

at a moment when we considered happiness beginning to dawn upon us, and we were unable to decide what course ought to be pursued. A lawyer was consulted, but he said there was hardly any defence, and that an ejectment would turn us out. The ejectment was brought; Walpole took defence, and brought in the book kept by his father, where an account of the improvements made was recorded; he also brought several respectable farmers to prove that the money had been laid out as stated in the account, but the judge would not listen to him. He said that the 'law' was completely against him, and that he set a very bad example in the neighbourhood by disputing the rights of his landlord. He was accordingly evicted, and a party of bailiffs, guarded by military, were sent to pull down his house, lest he might return to it again. I was present on that melancholy occasion, and all the sorrows I ever felt on my own account were nothing in comparison to the anguish that rent my heart when I saw our once happy dwelling levelled, our homestead desolated, and the wife of Walpole, a fine young woman, seized with premature labour, of which she died on the following day, in a shed that was thrown up at the back of the ditch by some of the neighbours, who had assembled to witness the melancholy catastrophe that had befallen this virtuous family. My school, as a matter of course, was broken up, but I was still afforded an asylum in the house of the worthy clergyman. Walpole, from being a peaceable and virtuous man, turned a desperate and dangerous character, and the parish, which had been for so many years tranquil, became the scene of numerous nightly outrages. The agent who committed this act of cruelty and injustice went on a visit to a neighbouring county, and the Byrnes, who were a powerful and daring clan, set off in the beginning of a winter's evening, travelled over mountains a distance of nearly twenty miles, broke into the house where he was, and, after shooting at him, and leaving him, as they thought, dead, they returned, and were, at an early hour the next morning, pursuing their general avocations. Suspicion, as a matter of course, fell on Walpole; he was taken up, and, in consequence of a large reward that was offered for the conviction of those connected with the outrage, several persons came forward to swear against him. In some time after I was also arrested, informations were sworn against me, and I was sent to Naas gaol, it being in the county Kildare the outrage was committed. I had known from Walpole himself, from his sister Mrs. Byrne, and other circumstances, which left no doubt of the fact on my mind, that, although he knew the Byrnes went on that fatal night to execute vengeance on the agent, he was not within twenty miles of the place when the deed was done; his defence was an *alibi*, and he calculated upon an acquittal. The day of trial came; he and I were both

arraigned together, and being asked if we would join in our challenges our attorney answered in the negative. I was then put back, and his trial proceeded with, it being the custom of the crown to try their strongest case first, and obtain a conviction before discredit could be thrown on the character of the witnesses. A host of perjured villains came up and swore positively that they saw him at the house where the agent was on the night in question, in company with other men; and the constables who arrested him swore to having found blood on his coat, and powder in his waistcoat pocket. His witnesses were called to prove an *alibi*, but there was no attention paid to them, except as far as related to taking down their evidence, and then sending up bills of indictment against them for perjury. The jury, without leaving the box, found the poor fellow guilty, and he was sentenced to be hanged within forty-eight hours. I was then arraigned, but fortunately for me the witnesses to prove an *alibi* on my part were of a class much superior to those who appeared for poor Walpole. I happened to be at the house of my friend the clergyman on the night in question, and he and several members of his family came forward to prove that fact, and I was acquitted. But a fresh accusation was made against me, on the ground of having written some threatening notices, which were posted up in the neighbourhood, and that I was a dangerous character in the country. However, through the influence of my kind friend, as well as a want of proof on the part of my accusers, I was let out of prison, on giving my own security that I would appear when called upon; but I regretted that I was not found guilty along with my faithful friend Walpole. He was a fine young man, beloved by all who knew him, and the cruel treatment he had received, and the ignominious death which he suffered, filled the minds of the people with a spirit of deep revenge and hatred of the laws, as well as of those who, possessed of property, were ignorant of its duties. The neighbourhood, from being the most peaceable in Ireland, became the scene of frequent nightly outrages, which spread into the adjoining counties; ruin, desolation, and anarchy prevailed, where peace and order had so lately reigned. I felt that I was not safe, and it was only my residence at the house of my friend the clergyman that prevented my immediate incarceration on some pretext or another; but, as if my youthful days were destined to be one series of sorrows and trials, this benevolent man died in a few months after the execution of Walpole. I should have stated that, like all curates, his stipend was small, and having a large family, he died poor, leaving no provision for them but an insurance on his life for a few hundred pounds, the premium on which he had great difficulty in paying out of his scanty income. I had now no friend left under Heaven. I could

not remain in the country with safety, or attempt to open a school, for whatever agrarian outrages existed the schoolmaster of the locality, particularly if he have the reputation, as I had, of being well educated, and fond of reading books and newspapers, is always looked upon as a suspicious character, and is consequently closely watched by the authorities. Within a few months after the death of unfortunate Walpole, a general confederation and conspiracy spread through Kildare and the Queen's county, and four or five schoolmasters were taken up and imprisoned on the charge of writing Whiteboy notices. So I resolved at once to enlist, and quit for ever a country where, within so brief a period, I encountered sorrows and trials, which, I believe, seldom fall to the lot of any man, through the most prolonged duration of human life. I joined the depôt of your regiment in Dublin, and I have nothing to notice since beyond the kindness shown to me during the voyage by Lieutenant Wallace, the officer who had charge of the recruits."

O'Kelly listened with breathless attention to this extraordinary narrative. "You mentioned," said he, "something about a letter that was dropped by the nurse the last time you saw her; where is it? It may be of the greatest importance in this case."

"I have preserved it with care," said Norberry; "but I apprehend it can be of little value, as there is no name signed to it." He then took the document from his pocket; it bore the Dublin and Wexford post-mark, and its contents were as follows:

"You are wrong in the obstinate view you take in this case. What you propose to do may, however, suit our purpose. Of all things, take care that two most respectable men be called in to attend the child, although its recovery is now quite hopeless. Immediately after its interment, take yourself and the ——— where no one shall hear of you for some weeks at least. I write to request that you will not omit to call in the best medical aid that can be procured in the country."

"That paper may turn out of the highest importance," said O'Kelly; "and although no name be signed to it, the time since it was written is not so long gone by but that many may yet be found in Ireland to prove the hand-writing. A suit must be forthwith instituted to establish your rights, and I shall send instructions to Ireland by the next India mail to that effect."

CHAPTER X.

MARRIAGE OF THE YOUNG RECRUIT WITH THE DAUGHTER OF O'KELLY—APPEARANCE OF BOB UPON THE STAGE—HIS CLAIM TO THE NORBERRY PROPERTY—AN IRISH NOBLEMAN AND LANDLORD.

IMMEDIATELY after young Norberry concluded his narrative, O'Kelly led him to an apartment furnished in a style of oriental grandeur, where his daughter Isabella was seated with her female attendants. "Here," said he to her, "is the son of a well beloved, but long lost friend, whom I have discovered, I may say, almost miraculously, amongst the last recruits that have come from Europe. You are to look upon him at present as your brother. He shall be released from the duties of a soldier, till a commission is obtained for him from England; and in the mean time he shall become one of our family." Then, turning to Norberry, he said, "Behold my daughter, in whom all my earthly hopes are centred."

The young man was overwhelmed with confusion, and lost in admiration of Miss O'Kelly, whose beauty was of such a character as to make beholders feel that it would not be idolatry to worship it. She cast a quick glance from her lustrous eye upon the tall, graceful, and delicate youth who stood before her, and her heart felt that it had at length discovered another object which it could love besides her father. She advanced with a majestic air, and taking her parent by the hand, exclaimed, "I have long felt the loss of a brother to attend me in my walks, and be my protector in your absence upon military duty; and, my dear father, you have made me happy by having brought me one. I know," continued the artless and noble-minded creature, "that he must be my brother indeed, for already I love him as such. You never told me about him before, but you wished, I suppose, to overpower me with joy. My dear father, you have been always so kind to me that I love you more than my own life, and don't think, father, that I shall love you the less because I have got a brother to share it with."

The astonished Norberry stood motionless, whilst he beheld this, to him, strange scene, and heard poured out the innocent but impassioned effusions of the enthusiastic young girl. He never saw such a being before, bred as he had been, amongst the rustic population of a mountain district in Ireland. Indeed, such women are not to be found in the variable climate of the north and west; they partake too much of the atmosphere which they breathe, they are moulded in somewhat colder clay,

held at Wexford, and several respectable witnesses were able to prove that it was the hand-writing of Gripe. They had also obtained a copy of the confession of that gentleman, and the depositions of two clerks who had been in his office at the time the commission of lunacy was sued out against Old Hawk, and after comparing all the facts, and perusing the whole details of the case, no doubt remained that the young recruit was the heir of Old Hawk. There was, however, one important witness whom they could not discover, and that was the nurse. No account could be had whether she was living or dead, but even without her there was proof enough to convince a court of justice that the present claimant was the lawful heir. They added, that it was necessary he should make a lengthened deposition, containing all the facts of which he was cognizant, and that in their opinion it would be ultimately necessary that he should come to Ireland. Those tidings spread universal joy amongst the family of the gallant major. The heart of his daughter was filled with an ecstasy of delight. A day was fixed for the wedding, and in the mean time fresh instructions, including the depositions of young Norberry, and a draft upon a banker in London to supply the necessary funds for the suit, were transmitted to the solicitors.

The marriage at length was celebrated with oriental splendor. There were fireworks, music, dancing, illuminations, singing-men, and improvisatories, to describe the beauty and the splendor of the bride, and the great fortune and bravery of the bridegroom, so that to this day the people of Bangalore delight to talk of the marriage of the beautiful daughter of the major with the young recruit, who became heir to a large fortune.

The arrival of further news from Ireland was hardly thought of for many months, amidst the joyous scenes that followed the marriage of the youthful lovers. The summer was the warmest and most oppressive that had been known in India for many years, and young Norberry, who, as already stated, was of a delicate constitution, began to sink under the effects of it. O'Kelly perceived it much sooner than his daughter, and became greatly alarmed; a removal to some portion of the presidency adjoining the sea was recommended, and before any further news arrived from Ireland, he and his wife went several hundred miles down the country to a villa on the sea shore, where, after a few months' residence, he became much improved; he was, however, far from being able to bear the fatigues of a soldier, and O'Kelly saw that it would be necessary for him to sell out, and return to Europe. Fortunately the regiment, which had been upwards of twenty years in India, was ordered home, and in three or four years after the marriage all the parties landed safely at Southampton, and soon afterwards proceeded to Dublin, as the head quarters of the

regiment, so that after an absence of upwards of five-and-twenty years O'Kelly found himself in his native land, with his daughter married to the son of the beautiful Kate Fogarty, whom he had rescued from her abductors amidst the wilds of Tipperary. He visited the spot where the prosperous "Ram" tavern once stood, and found the place of "fun and frolic" converted to the warehouse of a sober citizen. He next went, in company with his son-in-law, to the grave of Kate, and instead of the humble stone marked with her name and age, the latter caused a handsome tomb to be placed over her; and the curious may yet see such a monument in the Hospital Fields: it states that it was erected by Lieutenant ———, to honour the ashes of his mother, who had died whilst he was in infancy.

In the mean time, the law-suit progressed with various chances of success, and with so many legal obstacles, that those skilled in "equity," and accustomed to chancery proceedings, predicted that it could not possibly come to a close for upwards of twenty years.

Shortly after his arrival in Ireland, O'Kelly retired from the army upon full pay, as the reward of his long services in India; and with a portion of the money which he saved when there, he purchased an annuity for his daughter, to secure her from want, if her husband, whose constitution was bad, should die before the termination of the suit. This turned out to be a wise and salutary precaution, for in the course of four or five years after their arrival in Ireland, not only was all the money brought from India, with the exception of that laid out in the purchase of the annuity, swallowed up in law, but the gallant veteran's pay was always drawn in advance for the same purpose.

About this period Mrs. Norberry gave birth to a son; and here the reader has at length introduced to him the hero whom the fates and strange vicissitudes transformed into a reporter, and whose adventures, family affairs, faults, follies, and eccentricities, with a glance at the various public characters with which his "profession" made him acquainted, shall form the remainder of this volume, which is likely to run to a considerable size, unless the editor shall be able to condense the matter before him, without detracting from the interest of the story.

The solicitors engaged for the Norberry family instituted inquiries in all parts of the kingdom with regard to the nurse, whose mysterious disappearance had caused such acute pain to the mind of Norberry in his childhood, and left the case without one of the most important witnesses to sustain it. Advertisements were put in all the papers without effect; and probably it is one of the most singular incidents in this narrative, that her fate to this day remains a perfect mystery.

There was, however, sufficient *prima facie* evidence in the

case, united with the letter in Gripe's handwriting, his confession, the deposition of Walpole's sister, and others who knew young Norberry whilst at the farmer's house in the county Wicklow, to establish beyond dispute, in the minds of all, except a court of "equity," his perfect identity and right to the property which he claimed. But, alas! of what avail are well-founded rights, truth, justice, and rectitude of principle, when they are opposed to the giant powers which courts of law and wealthy opponents present?

The fulfilment of the anxious hopes of Mrs. Norberry and her husband made them forget, for a season, all the sorrows and anxieties attendant upon their protracted suit. The boy was called after his father, and his birth brought joy and gladness to the veteran O'Kelly, who plainly saw that his son-in-law could not long survive the inroads that his short residence in a hot climate had made upon a constitution naturally weak. The fatal event arrived even sooner than was expected, for in a year after the birth of his son, Lieutenant Norberry, of the ——— regiment, was gathered to his fathers, leaving his widow in a state of distraction bordering on delirium, and carrying with him to the grave the affections of all with whom he came in contact during his brief but eventful career. O'Kelly and his widowed daughter, and little Bob, as he was called, in whom the affections of both were centred, inhabited a handsome cottage a little off the road near the village of ———, in the northern suburbs of Dublin, and were daily watching the progress of their suit, which has not yet been finally terminated.

Swingsnap had, in the mean time, been elevated to the bench, and long previous to the commencement of the proceedings on the part of Lieutenant Norberry to recover the property of his father, he (Swingsnap), as heir and administrator of the estate that came into his hands, sold a portion of it, and made the remainder the subject of the marriage settlement of his daughter and her children. Thus the whole of the property of Old Hawk, as far at least as his executor accounted for it, had passed out of his hands, and become vested in parties who were innocent of any malpractice in the acquirement of it. It is not, therefore, extraordinary that the suit, with its collateral branches and complicated difficulties, should be of such protracted duration. The purchaser of the portion of the estate sold by Swingsnap, raised money upon it, and made family settlements, with which it was charged. So that when the original bill was filed, there were ninety-nine defendants in the cause, which, for brevity sake, was set down as *Norberry v. Swingsnap and others*; and who is it that has been in the habit of attending the court of chancery for the last five-and-twenty years, and has not heard, from term to term, and sometimes from day to day, the old crier from his

pulpit above the bar-seats call out those names ? and the chancellor then inquire if the parties were ready to proceed ? a question which, by the way, has been generally answered in the negative.

At the time that the father of Bob died, his lawyers stated that he was on the point of obtaining a decree in his favour, but that event, as a matter of course, abated the original cause, and it became necessary to take fresh proceedings in the name of the infant minor and his mother. This caused a further delay for a considerable period, inasmuch as the first proof necessary was that of her marriage, which took place in India. Whilst matters were thus in abeyance, O'Kelly and his daughter seemed to forget all their sorrows, vicissitudes, and troubles, merely because they had one object in which to centre their affections.

When the hour of tribulation arrives, and that the path of life becomes for a season strewn with thorns, our afflictions are increased ten-fold, if we be without those ties which endear existence, and those objects which claim not only our love, but our fortitude, and continued exertions for their sake. It is a miserable thing to be alone in the world, and although some will say when reverses fall in the way of the unmarried and the childless, it is well for them they have no partners in their affliction, and that they have brought none into trouble but themselves ; but those who reason thus know nothing of the deep anguish and consuming sorrow that prey upon the heart of the friendless, isolated being, who, while he strives to shun the contumely and contempt of a heartless world, which smiles only in sunshine, finds himself alone without those incentives which give buoyancy to life, and those pledges of affection round which the tendrils of the heart must cling, and which ever create a hope within us that lights us on the dreary way like a ray from Heaven, and makes us feel that in the end we shall triumph over all the trials this world can give. On the other hand, of what avail are all the pleasures that wealth can bestow, if we are merely to pass through the corrupt wilderness of human society, without some loved object to throw a halo over our way, and participate in our enjoyments ? But why thus moralize, when all that can be said on the subject may be summed up into one short sentence, namely, that "in prosperity or adversity it is bad to be alone."

It was fortunate for O'Kelly and the widowed mother of Bob, that in the hour of their tribulations they had a common tie which reconciled them to their fate, and created that hope within them which could never exist without it.

If there be in this world an object of deep interest, calculated to enlist the sympathies of men, and deserving of the protection of Heaven, it is the pious, virtuous, young and handsome widow, early bereft of the partner of her joys, and left in possession of

that pledge of love, in whose cherub countenance she can trace the bolder lineaments of him who was the idol of her heart's affections. Such was Mrs. Norberry, the daughter of the Spanish maiden of Moorish descent. She was a noble, commanding, majestic looking woman, whose every movement made the bosom of the beholder swell with pride in gazing upon such a perfect specimen of our species. And whilst dressed in her widow's weeds, and leading her infant child by the hand into the court of chancery to watch the progress of the suit, she excited sentiments of chastened admiration and sympathy from all the spectators. But, alas ! our laws are regardless of youth, innocence, widowhood, virtue, and rightsanctioned by Heaven, when opposed by wealth, power, corruption, and all the undefined intricacies that block up the entrance to the temple of justice. All around is barrenness and sterility, and they who sow their seed in such a soil can hope to reap nothing but thorns. In a word, they who go to law, whether triumphant or defeated, reap nearly alike the same sorrows, inquietude, suffering, and loss.

Had the father of Mrs. Norberry preserved the wealth he brought home from India, and invested it in public securities for his daughter, or made a judicious purchase of lands, herself and her infant son could have lived not only in a state of respectability, but of affluence and splendor, and O'Kelly would have gone to his grave without experiencing sorrow, anxiety, and disappointments, which, to use his own words, were "a thousand times more harassing and unendurable than all the fatigues and dangers of the camp and battle-field." But having gone to law, there was no receding ; they should proceed, not upon their own account, but on that of the young heir, whose future prospects and happiness were much dearer to them than their own existence. All their resources were exhausted but the annuity purchased so opportunely for Mrs. Norberry, and of the pay of her father they were obliged to spare a considerable portion, for the purpose of *feeding* the suit as it went on. It is, however, only justice to the highly respectable solicitors, Messrs. Fisher and Hope, to state, that they had advanced large sums from time to time, and had conducted the case with zeal and honesty of purpose ; but they were met at every turn by the secret influence of Chief Justice Swingsnap, whose interest with the English government, as well as the Irish executive, was all-powerful, both on account of the services he had rendered in carrying the union, and his willingness, when on the bench, to act the part of a Jeffries or a Scroggs at the various special commissions sent down to Munster and other places, for the trial of Whiteboy and agrarian offences. Then the host of other defendants, who had rights which they honestly believed to be well founded

in law, fought the battle with all the tenacity and determination of men confident of success. Several times a decree partially favourable to the widow and the minor, but still protecting the rights of those who came under the operation of the marriage settlement made by Swingsnap, as well as the purchaser of the portion of the property sold, and those who derived under them, was about being made, but some casualty was sure to occur, that threw the case back into the position in which it stood a year or two previous. Often it happened that a change of ministry and the appointment of a new chancellor, caused a fresh delay. At other times, when the cause came to be heard, the leading counsel for the plaintiffs were engaged in other courts, and could not be brought into "chancery," more particularly when, upon a hasty glance into their bags, they saw that no refreshers came with the briefs; forgetting, at the same time, that, during the many years which the cause was pending, they had pocketed thousands of pounds belonging to the widow and her infant child. At other times, mistakes would appear as having been committed in the offices, or by some of the commissioners appointed for taking depositions in the various parts of the world to which they were obliged to have recourse for evidence. For instance, the depositions of Mrs. Byrne, and some other connections of the Walpole family had to be taken in America, and the proofs of the marriage of Mrs. Norberry were entrusted to commissioners sent out to India for that purpose. And here it may be remarked, that a most perplexing delay arose from one of the said commissioners having signed his name at the wrong side of the jurat of the deposition of the principal witness, and that the name of the witness was spelled differently in two places in the body of the document. This almost fatal error was discovered by Swivel, one of the leading counsel for the defendants, and submitted to the court with an air of triumph. After this discovery it was sagely directed by the court that the papers should be sent back to the original source from whence they came, in order to undergo the necessary correction.

Time rolled on; little Bob thrived apace, and, as may be fairly presumed, was a spoiled child. He gambolled about in the little shrubbery in front of their cottage, catching butterflies, or fondling with a large Newfoundland dog, which was a great favourite with his veteran grandfather, and might be said to constitute one of the family. Poor little fellow, he was then unconscious of all the sorrows and disappointments that those who loved him so dearly were suffering for his sake. How delightful is the retrospect of the days of youth and innocence, although but faintly seen through the glimmering light which memory leaves of the past! How sweet, how delicious, how Heavenly is that brief period of our existence, ere conflicting

passions take possession of our hearts, and create dark clouds between us and Heaven! But, alas! we were then unconscious of the happiness we enjoyed, and it is only in riper years that we call up, as we look back, some faint remembrance of the joys of our youth.

It has been already stated that Mrs. Norberry was highly accomplished. She spoke Spanish, French, and some of the oriental languages, and she was determined that in addition to the fund of knowledge she possessed herself, her son should have the benefit of the best masters that Dublin could afford, no matter what might be the result of the law-suit. In point of fact, she determined that he should be a walking Polyglot, the wonder of the age. But Bob himself had no intention of the kind; and it need hardly be stated that in such a case a reciprocity of opinion was necessary to the attainment of the object in view. Every thing seemed to please this spoiled child but the sight of a book, and notwithstanding all his mother's anticipations about the fund of knowledge he was to imbibe, even in infancy, he was upwards of seven years old before he mastered the alphabet; not that he wanted quick perceptions and an aptitude for learning, but he saw his mother's misplaced indulgence, and he took advantage of it. After several unsuccessful efforts to give him a taste for his primer, she gave up the task with the view of waiting till her boy became strong and able to form some opinion with regard to the importance of learning. But although he could not be brought to relish his book, he evinced an aptitude for acquiring languages orally that was truly amazing. He learned from his mother to speak French and Spanish, and he picked up Irish from Molly Burke, an old Connaught woman, who was their only servant; so that before he could read any one language well, he could speak three or four with tolerable fluency.

There was a nobleman named Strangeway, who occasionally occupied a splendid mansion on the other side of the road, nearly opposite the cottage of Mrs. Norberry. Lord Strangeway was a widower, rather advanced in life, and had one son a year or two older than young Norberry, and a daughter some two or three years younger. He was a native of the county ———, repeatedly took part in contested elections there, had great parliamentary influence, and for some service which was never known to the public, his name appeared on the civil list as the recipient of some two thousand a year. He looked with contempt and suspicion upon the humbler classes of society, and detested even those of the middle classes, wherever, to use his own language, he found them attempting to copy after the nobility and aristocracy in their manner of living. His fortune was ample, and although by no means extravagant in his house-

hold affairs, he was at times profusely generous to those about him, or whom he thought needed his aid. He was always actuated by an unaccountable spirit of curiosity to learn the history of all the persons residing in his neighbourhood, no matter how lowly their condition, as well as those whom he deigned to honour with his acquaintance. His servants, who knew his weakness in this respect, were always able to get into his good graces by being the bearers of local news with regard to the disturbed state of some districts at a distance, or the character of the country people. But his confidant and purveyor-general of news was his trusty servant, old Tom Purcell, a native of the county Kerry, who, besides the intelligence and shrewdness peculiar to the people of that part of the country, possessed considerable fertility of imagination, by which he was always able to supply harmless fictions for facts, according to the state of his master's appetite for such food.

Through the medium then of this chronologist, his lordship acquired ample information touching the Norberrys, partly true, and partly founded upon the vague generalities in which Tom dealt when supplied with nothing more definite. His lordship's elevation to the title had been very recent, and he prided himself more, as he said, upon being connected with many high aristocratic families, than upon the adventitious honour of being raised to the peerage. He was an orthodox high-churchman, but on account of some difference he had with the parish minister, he was for several years without having attended his public place of worship. The dispute arose in this way: a country gentleman wrote a letter which appeared in one of the newspapers, wherein strictures were made with regard to his lordship's interference at a contested election; and amongst other things the writer said it was fortunate for the church, for which his lordship was intended, that he had lost his vocation, for that nature intended him for nothing but an intriguing electioneering agent. His lordship published a reply, and in the first place denied that he was intended for the church, inasmuch as it was not customary for the elder sons of high aristocratic families to be brought up to that profession. A well written rejoinder to this epistle appeared in the same paper under a fictitious signature, which stated that, although this newly created lord, who was the eldest son of a family that had a bend sinister on their escutcheon, eschewed the idea of being a clergyman, he felt no scruple in being on the civil list, without ever performing any service, and thus living upon the public money without giving any thing in return. He had good reason to believe that this letter was written by the clergyman of the parish where he then lived, and, notwithstanding his love of religion, he vowed that he would never enter a church door again.

"Tom," said he one day to his trusty servant, as he was settling the books on the shelves of the library, "did you hear any thing fresh about that old half-pay officer and his daughter who live beyond in the cottage? I see they have a fine little boy; he was at the gate the other morning striving to get in; the tutor must take care and not let my boy keep company with him till we know more about him."

"Oh, surely, your lordship," replied Tom, "I know well enough that if the children came together it would bring on an acquaintance with that ould soldier, and the next thing would be an attempt on his part to borrow money from your lordship, for every one who knows you takes advantage of your kindness. They are poor, very poor, and proud to boot, and that's what I hate."

"Well done, Tom," said the master; "you know the world as well as myself. You hate pride and poverty where they are allied. To be sure, it is no disgrace to be poor, but it is a great one to be apeing after what people cannot afford, and to be endeavouring to cope up with their betters. There is nothing so hateful as low plebeian families attempting to force their acquaintance upon the aristocracy. I hate it, I detest it; there really ought to be a law to punish people for such insolence. If people be poor, or want relief, let them be humble, and apply for it in a proper way, and no nobleman or man of wealth would refuse; but I cannot bear pride in poor people."

"Ah, but does your lordship remember that I told you what the ould soldier's name is who calls himself a major?"

"No, I don't remember," said his lordship; "but this I know, that it was not worth remembering, for as I pass him on the road every day as I go to town he assumes as much importance as if he were a nobleman. He seems to pay no respect to rank, although he is evidently very poor. Now, there is nothing on earth I admire so much as humility; every man ought to deport himself according to his station, and people of low origin, without money or means, ought not to presume to put themselves on a level with the aristocracy. I love humility; it is the greatest of all virtues." And then turning to his son, who was in the room: "Do you hear me, my good boy? listen to what your father is saying; remember that humility is the first and last of all virtues, and never, through life, countenance low people who attempt to put themselves upon a level with the aristocracy; every man to the station for which a wise Providence intended him; but, above all things, humility—humility: you will find in the Bible that it is paramount to all the virtues united. Remember, my child, that it is a double curse to be poor and proud."

"Well, papa, if I was poor, could I be proud no longer?" inquired the boy.

"There is no fear," replied the father, "that that shall happen. You can never be poor. I have a title, estates, and money in the funds for you; and, even if I had not, it is the duty of every good government to take care and provide all the branches of the aristocracy and nobility with places and appointments. The aristocracy never can be allowed to go down in a country regulated by laws such as ours, except indeed that those laws shall be abolished by the people getting the upper hand, and that of itself is one reason why they should be kept down and at a proper distance by the upper classes."

"Yes, papa, I'll remember all this."

"That's right, my boy, that's right," said the father with an approving smile, and added, "You were going, Tom, to tell me something about that old soldier and his daughter the widow. It is said she is a very handsome woman; but although I have often met her on the road, she is always so veiled and muffled up that I never could get a sight of her face."

"It is very well for your lordship," replied Tom, "that you could not."

"Why?" inquired his master eagerly. "Why, Tom? why?"

"Oh! your lordship, she's so out and out beautiful, and your lordship is such an admirer of beauty, that you might be induced to make an acquaintance with them, poor as they are, and if they got the way of coming to the castle, we could never get rid of them; the likes of them never knows how to keep their distance from their betters wanst they get any encouragement at all. I hear, your lordship, that she's a furiner, and that since her husband died, two or three gentlemen was goin' to dbrown themselves on her account; but her ould father is a very wicked man—a reg'lar ould fire-eater, that shot several Turks when he was abroad."

"But you were going to tell me his name," interrupted his lordship.

"His name, your lordship, is Kelly or O'Kelly; and shure that's enough to prove he's no gentleman: who ever heard of a great nobleman or lord of the name of Kelly? I never did at least. He reports every where that he is a major; but, whatever he is now, and I am shure he's no great things to look at, he was nothing but a common sergeant in the army, and he's no more a major now than I am a bishop. I hard all about him and his the other day in the registry office for sarvants, when I went to look for a groom for your lordship. An ould fellow who was there looking for a place as an ostler, remembered all about his wanting to get married to the daughter of an inn-

keeper who was transported or tried, or something of that kind; he was living with the inn-keeper at that time, and it was he that could tell Kelly's or O'Kelly's pedigree well. A major indeed! He was a common sergeant as sure as I am laying this book on the shelf. I make it a point, even when I have no other business, to go into the registry offices amongst the servants out of place, where I hear every thing. I am sorry I did not hire the ould fellow, if it was only to tell your lordship all about him. I hear, too, that he has a great law-suit in hands, and that if it goes in his favour, his daughter and her son will be the richest widow and orphan in all Dublin or about it; but by all accounts that can never happen, as they are totally shuck for money, and they have great people against them."

Lord Strangeway was a man whose character presented a singular anomaly to all who were acquainted with it. He prided himself as already remarked upon being of patrician blood, and connected with high aristocratic families. He fancied that the upper classes, of which he deemed himself a prominent member, had a patent or prescriptive right to treat the people as mere instruments, brought into the world to minister to their wants, and vassals, not only always ready to execute their commands, but who ought to feel honour in receiving them. Almost all his kith and kin had, through parliamentary and family influence, got into high places under the government, both in England and Ireland, and his admiration for the laws and constitution of the country arose from their being so well calculated to provide for all law makers, as well as their friends, to the seventh degree of kindred. He dreaded nothing more than the bare idea of the people getting power into their hands, believing, very truly, that if they did, aristocrats, sinecurists, and placemen would be reduced to the common level, and that their days of ease and splendour would pass by like a dream. He did not dislike the people merely on account of being poor, for he really wished to keep them so, or at least in that salutary medium from which the pressure of the taxing screw could extract sufficient to pay the salaries of all placemen, a good standing army, and a loyal yeomanry corps, to keep the rest of his majesty's subjects in awe. But, above all, he hated, as he said himself, those poor and in humble station, who would ape after grandeur, or attempt to put themselves on a level with any scion of the aristocracy, whom he believed to be the Corinthian pillars upon which the whole fabric of the constitution was built. Yet he possessed some benevolent traits of character, and at the very moment that he ordered his gates to be shut against beggars, lest he should come in contact with such refuse of society, his heart smote him, and he sent privately to relieve their wants; he was hospitable to those whom he deemed worthy of his society, and

was indulgent to his tenants as long as they followed his advice. He had purchased an estate in one of the midland counties, and his tenants there generally came twice a year to Dublin to pay him his rents. In the office where he received them was an elevated platform, guarded by a mahogany paling, on which was placed a chair covered with rich crimson velvet. On the rent day he took his seat there like an Eastern monarch on his throne, and when seated the tenants were ushered in, and the agent having put their money through a certain process of fumigation, it was placed on the table before him. Any tenant who had a complaint to make, or a grievance to redress, should have his case committed to writing, and their petitions were always sure to receive a favourable answer, probably as much with a view to show that he had the power to redress grievances, as from feelings of genuine kindness, or commiseration for their condition. No rent day passed without several of these documents being presented to him, full of the most fulsome adulation and praise of his generosity, as well as allusions to his noble ancestry. The tenants, like his trusty servant Tom, having become thoroughly acquainted with the vulnerable points of his character through which they could successfully assail his pocket, always went away congratulating themselves upon having "done" their proud landlord. When he purchased the estate in question, he went down to the country to meet the tenantry, and make a personal inspection of the property. He despatched Tom a day or two before him, to order post-horses on the road, have apartments prepared at the inn of a neighbouring town, and give notice to the tenants to meet him and accompany him in procession into it. Tom, who knew his master's weak points better than any other man in existence, went amongst the people who were to meet their landlord, and gave them instructions how they should play their part. He told those who were really wealthy to make no show beyond a certain point; his master wished that every tenant under him should have a horse to ride, wear a good frieze coat, and just be able to pay the rent, without having a penny left beyond what would barely support his family; but that if he once imagined any of them began to amass money, or live in a style of affluence, he would not be easy in his mind until they were cleared off his estate. With regard to education, he wished that all could merely read their prayer books, without knowing how to write, and that whenever a contested election arose, they should, to a man, be ready to vote whatever way their landlord wished, without asking a question. This he believed to be the highest state of perfection at which society could arrive, and he looked upon any innovation little short of a revolution.

Tom having given the cue to the country fellows, they were

prepared to meet their landlord in the way most pleasing to his wishes. Those who had broad-cloth coats, Caroline hats, top-boots, and silver-mounted whips, laid them all aside, and appeared clad in good frieze, mounted upon tolerable working hacks (for sleek-coated, high-spirited horses in the possession of a poor farmer were abominations in the eyes of his lordship). The eventful day arrived that he was to make his entry into the town of ———, the tenants met him before he came within four or five miles of it, and rode in procession before his carriage, until it arrived at the inn, and as he descended from it he was greeted with loud and hearty cheers. Nothing could exceed the pleasure and satisfaction he felt at seeing his new tenants in that happy medium between poverty and independence, which he heartily wished to exist all over the world ; and he said to a friend who accompanied him from Dublin, "The former owner of this estate must have been a most exemplary man to have such a tenantry as I now see before me."

A dinner was ordered for the evening, to which every man who joined the procession that day, as well as any friends whom he chose to bring with him, were invited ; for his lordship, who was an orator, and famous for his speeches at contested elections before the title was conferred on him, wished to impress upon the minds of his tenantry a high opinion of his powers in that way. The banquet took place in a pavillion erected for the purpose at the rear of the hotel ; there was abundance of good and substantial viands, with plenty of strong beer to wash them down ; the entertainer and his friend who accompanied him from Dublin, with a baronet, and two or three of the resident gentry, who came to welcome him to the country, occupied a table elevated several feet above the floor of the apartment, where the other tables were laid out, and were supplied with all the delicacies the season or the place could afford, and attended by several servants in crimson livery, with shoulder-knots and rich gold lace, which formed the chief object of attraction in the eyes of the wondering rustics during the evening. The worthy landlord of course presided, and prefaced the various toasts in very appropriate language.

At length Sir Noodle Mummery rose to propose the toast of the evening, which was the health of Lord Strangeway, as an Irish landlord and nobleman of the highest honour and benevolence, allied by blood to some of the first families in Ireland. He (Sir Noodle), as a resident Irish landlord, felt a glow of delightful enthusiasm in the cause of the people spring up within his heart, when he witnessed the reception given that day to a brother landlord, by the honest and independent men on the Carthnacullion estate. It was an example worthy of imitation by all the tenantry of the kingdom, and being all assembled

thus auspiciously together, his noble friend would explain to them their duties as tenants, and his own rights and powers as a landlord and one of the aristocracy.

The toast was drunk with rapturous applause, as a matter of course, and when his lordship rose to reply to it, the most profound attention was given by his auditory to the address with which he favoured them. He said, "Permit me, Sir Noodle, in the first place, to express the deep obligation I feel to you personally, for the manner in which you have proposed my health; to the other gentlemen around me at the head table, who came here to-day to welcome me to the country; and next to my tenantry, who will, I trust, always show that affection, submission, and respect that is due to a landlord, and who have so far set a good example by their conduct this day." (Here a country fellow, with considerable stage effect, drew back a part of the covering of the pavillion, and revealed to the eyes of the delighted landlord, the distant hills in a blaze, in honour of the event which had brought them together.) "This sight completely overpowers me," continued his lordship; "it is a tribute paid not so much to the man who now addresses you, as to the order of society to which he belongs; it is a tribute paid by the people to the aristocracy; to the landlord class, who are their natural protectors. Those lights that burn on the distant hills are as beacons to guide us on the true road to liberty, prosperity, and repose. Let me tell you, my friends, that our country wants only repose to give her a place amongst the first nations of the world. If I were asked what is the first thing necessary for our country's prosperity, I would say repose and a confidence on the part of the people in their landlords. What is the second? Repose and confidence on the part of the people in their natural protectors. What is the third? Repose and a firm reliance upon, and perfect submission on the part of the people to, those who alone are able to effectually serve or effectually injure them. If I were asked what is the one thing necessary for the salvation of the country, I would say repose." (Loud cries of "Hear, hear," and cheers from Sir Noodle Mummery and the other aristocrats at the head table.) "Yes, my friends, the word can never be too often repeated; repose is all you want."

"What does he mean?" said a shrewd-looking fellow, in a whisper to his neighbour; "is it that we are to go to bed and sleep?"

"Not a word with you," said the other; "cheer as he goes on."

"Attend to your industrious pursuits, plough your lands well; and here I may parenthetically recommend sub-soiling, draining, burning of lime, and collecting of manure in pits made outside of your cow-houses. It has been truly said that the

man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is a benefactor to his country ; but by those means you will make plenty of grass grow where a blade never grew before, and you will be able with more ease to yourselves to pay two pounds an acre for mountain land than you can pay one pound at present. It is due to your landlord that you should make improvements on his account as well as your own. Yes, I say it emphatically, that you are bound by every moral obligation that can bind man to his duty to do every thing in your power to advance the interest of your natural protectors, to whom you are to look both for advice and aid in the hour of need. Do this ; be peaceable and well-disposed towards each other ; attend to your respective places of worship on Sundays ; but shun the public-house and night-wakes, for all the outrages of the country are concocted in such places. Avoid, as you would a house infected by the plague, all public meetings where beggarly orators make speeches for some evil purpose, or to put money in their own pockets ; those things only disturb the minds of honest people, and break upon that repose which alone is wanted to render the country prosperous. Upon pain of my most severe displeasure, never attend political assemblies of any kind, except when you come at your landlord's request to vote at a contested election ; and even then, it is not necessary to go into the court-house to hear the speeches—that is the business of the candidates and their friends. Your duty on such occasions is merely to go to the open houses, where the best of every thing will be provided for you, and there remain under the protection of the agents appointed to keep interlopers from interfering with you until you are brought up to record your honest, independent votes on the same side with your landlord." (Loud cries of "Hear, hear," and vociferous cheering from the gentlemen at the head table ; winking and signs from one to another amongst the company in the lower part of the building.) "There is another point to which I would particularly direct your attention, and that is, the necessity of spending your Sunday evenings well ; recollect, my friends, that I make no distinction between men on account of their religion. I believe nearly the whole of my tenants here to-night differ from me in that respect, and I do not like them the worse for that. I am not, therefore, going to dictate to you in religious matters, or prescribe a form of prayer to be said in each house on my estate on Sunday evenings ; but I have been informed by my valued friends round me here that a practice prevails in this part of the country with regard to the Sabbath evenings which is highly reprehensible, and which on your own account, I beg to caution you against. It is that of clubbing your pence together, and purchasing weekly publications, to which I need not more particularly

allude, and then assembling in the houses of certain village politicians to hear them read." (Loud cries of "Hear, hear," from the gentlemen at the head table, and a whisper amongst the company below, "He's givin' it to Larry Nolan of Rufflins, and Jem Clancy of the Craggs, who get down the —— every Sunday.") "I tell you, my friends, that politics don't answer a poor man, and if you look about amongst your own neighbours, you will find that poverty and country politics go hand in hand; in other words, that no country farmer ever became a politician who was not beggared. Mark that, my friends, and take the advice of your landlords, your natural protectors. I told you that I make no distinction between men on account of their religion; far from it; for I can add, that I had a relation of my own as tenant upon a small property I have down in Kerry, who voted against my wishes at a contested election there, and I put him off the estate, and put another in his place who votes with me. Know, then, that I make no distinction whatever in that respect, and I mention this fact to show what any man who would vote against me may expect." ("Hear, hear," from the gentlemen at the head table.) "It is said that a landlord ought to expect nothing from the tenant but his rent. Well, my answer to that is, that a landlord ought to be allowed the privilege of having personal friends about him, in whom he can trust when the day of election comes, and that to cement a reciprocity of kindly feelings between landlord and tenant, both should vote the one way. I care not what any man's political opinions may be, but, as I said before, a poor man has no right to deal in politics; they don't belong to him; he has no more to do with what is going on in parliament, than a dead body has with an inquest held over it." ("Hear, hear," from a gentleman at the head table, and significant nods and winks amongst the company below.) "Now, my dear friends, let me again impress upon your minds to avoid, above all things, itinerant spouters and speech-makers, and instead of reading seditious publications on a Sunday evening, read your Bibles and your prayer-books, which will be given gratis to all the tenants on the estate, and instead of clubbing your pence to purchase such thrash, lay by your money, so that you may have the rent for your landlord any time he may happen to call for it." ("Hear, hear," from the gentlemen at the head table, and the usual signs amongst the boys below.) "Having now said so much with regard to your duties, with which your own happiness and prosperity are so intimately bound up, permit me to say one word about my rights and powers as a landlord. New leases shall be given to you all at moderate reserved rents, but containing clauses for penalties to be enforced only on condition of your going contrary to my wishes and advice. All of you are more or less in arrear, which,

according to the conditions of my purchase, I am entitled to recover the payment of, but that payment shall never be enforced as long as you act up to the paternal, kind-hearted, and truly Christian advice which I have given you here to-night in the presence of these country gentlemen, to whom you are all so well-known; but when you seek other advice, and desert your natural protector, you cannot blame me to desert you. You can have no cause to complain if I first enforce the payment of what is legally due to me, and then send you to your political advisers to get land from them. We live in a country where, thanks to our admirable laws, every man has a right to do what he pleases with his own. On the other hand, if you follow my advice, you will have happy homes, and have the money for your landlord when he calls; for remember that it is only in case of your rising in opposition to me that you will be ever called upon to pay the penal rent and old arrears. Let me now wish you all happiness and prosperity, and that you may enjoy the repose so necessary for the good of all classes of society. I shall, in conclusion, give the health of my valued friend Sir Noodle Mummery, and the gentlemen who have honoured me with their presence here this night; and I will add, may demagogues and traitors never be able to disturb the harmony and good feeling that should exist between landlord and tenant."

Loud and vociferous cheering from the gentlemen at the upper table, and the usual signs and winks from the boys below.

Sir Noodle returned thanks; but having made too free with the Champaigne, what he said was perfectly unintelligible to the gentleman who reported the proceedings for the local newspaper, so that his valuable speech has been lost to posterity.

The company then broke up, after the only good dinner that most of them had partaken of since the last contested election.

The reader has, in the foregoing oration of Lord Strangeway, a fair epitome not only of his feelings and opinions as a landlord, but an insight to his character generally: and as he shall have a good deal to do in some of the transactions connected with the fortunes of Bob Norberry, this short sketch of him may not be deemed inapplicable in the present place.

CHAPTER XI.

LORD STRANGEWAY ASTONISHES THE NORBERRY FAMILY—
TIMELY AID—INTERVIEW OF MRS. NORBERRY WITH HER
SOLICITORS AND LAWYERS.

"WELL, Tom," said Lord Strangeway to his trusty servant, "I should like to know beyond doubt if Kelly or O'Kelly was a major, or even a commissioned officer of any kind. If a man rise in the army by fighting his way to promotion, he has a right to associate with the aristocracy. Give me down that war-office directory and army list, till I see is there any thing about our neighbour in it." Having run his eye over the book, he read aloud, "Major O'Kelly, — regiment, full pay unattached," and then reiterated the sentence several times. "Why, Tom, I find that he is a major on full pay. How stupid I have been not to satisfy myself of this fact before. A major on full pay! how is it then that he is so poor?"

"Ah, your lordship," replied Tom, "I told you of the heavy lawshuit in which he's engaged, and shure that's enough to make any one poor."

"It is a great pity of those poor people," observed his lordship; "and if they had laid aside their pride and high bearing, and applied to me for assistance, they should have had it long since. I must devise some plan by which a little money may be sent to them: when you go into town to-day tell Mr. Clements to call here to-morrow."

On the following day Mr. Clements waited upon his lordship, and having been directed to make inquiries with regard to the prospects of the suit in which the Norberrys were engaged, he was, before the termination of the week, the bearer to them of a bank draft for fifty pounds.

The little family were at tea on the evening that Mr. Clements drove up in a handsome cabriolet before their cottage door.

"What can this mean? who can this be?" said Mrs. Norberry, as the servant of Clements gave one of those burglarious battering knocks that servants fancy themselves entitled to give for their masters or mistresses.

"It must be some one come about the lawsuit," replied her father.

"Whoever he may be," said the daughter, "he is the bearer of good news. I saw this boy's father (laying her hand on the head of Bob, who was seated beside her) in a dream last night.

I thought he looked as beautiful as when I first saw him dressed in regimentals in India ; joy was beaming on his countenance as on that happy day, and whenever I thus see him I am certain of hearing good news."

"A gentleman wants to see Major O'Kelly," said the old servant woman entering.

"Show him into the small sitting-room on the other side of the hall," said the major, "and tell him I shall be with him in a few moments."

Bob ran to the door to gaze upon the glittering trappings of the spirited horse that was yoked to the vehicle of their new visitor, and his grandfather entered the little parlour where he was.

"You are Major O'Kelly, late of the —— regiment, I presume?" said Clements, and he announced his name.

"Yes," said O'Kelly, "I am."

"I am come to you on business of a delicate nature—I am really come to ask a favour at your hands," added Clements.

"Alas!" said O'Kelly, "the time has long gone by since I have had it in my power to grant favours, but there is no man, no matter what his condition may be, but may be serviceable in some way to his fellow man. I like your frankness of manner, and I am perfectly at your command if I can render you any service. Old soldiers never stand on ceremony."

"Do you know your neighbour Lord Strangeway, who sometimes resides in the large mansion at the other side of the road? I am come from him," said Clements.

"Lord Strangeway!" said O'Kelly, with apparent surprise; "I have heard the name, and know that he resides there."

"He has heard something of you," said Clements, "which has interested him very much in your favour, and ——"

"I am sorry," interrupted O'Kelly, who could not forget the marked disdain and neglect with which he had been treated by his lordship from the time he came to reside in the neighbourhood, "that I have not heard anything of your noble friend that could interest me about him, or make me covet to know much of him."

"You speak with the frankness peculiar to your profession, without stopping to weigh minutely the character of men whose actions and instincts are totally foreign to your own," observed Clements; "but I venture to say you will soon think better of him; he has a generous heart and a naturally kind disposition, but all that is noble and ingenuous in his nature he would pervert to uphold the order to which he belongs. I know him well, and I have had through life some trouble in endeavouring to correct the errors of his mind, but I have long since given the task up as hopeless."

"Perhaps I should have spoken with more caution," said O'Kelly; "but what favour can he want at my hands?"

"He has heard," replied Clements, "that you are deeply involved in a lawsuit, which has absorbed all your means and even mortgaged your pay; he believes that you may want pecuniary assistance in the prosecution of your claim. Your high bearing and proud deportment in temporary adversity has not passed him unnoticed, and he has sent me to request as a favour that you would accept this cheque for fifty pounds."

Thus did Mr. Clements, through the kindness of his own disposition and delicacy of feeling, execute the mission upon which his haughty employer had sent him."

"Good Heavens!" said O'Kelly, as he gazed with surprise upon his visitor, "what an enigma is the human character in all its variety of phases! If we were to live to the age of Nestor, and do nothing but study it, we would be still ignorant. Such timely aid to come from such a quarter! I can hardly believe that this is reality. Oh, my dear daughter, come here till I introduce you to a friend whom Providence has raised up for us in the hour of need. A little before you knocked at the door we were just talking over the prospect of giving up the lawsuit for want of means to proceed with it; my pay was drawn in advance, my daughter's annuity won't be due for six months, our solicitors' means, as well as our own, were exhausted, and we were without fees for counsel, although our cause is set down for another hearing within the ensuing week."

"I am sorry but I knew you sooner," said Clements; "I would have interested myself on your behalf."

At this moment Mrs. Norberry came into the room at the call of her father: the surprise of Clements was beyond bounds on beholding her. When she heard the nature of the business upon which the unexpected visitor had come, a tear of joy stood in her bright black eye, and she was unable to give expression to her feelings. After a silence which each of the three seemed for some time unwilling to break, she said:

"My dear father, I told you just before our friend arrived, that we would soon hear good news: my dear husband came to see me last night with the same youthful and smiling countenance he had when I first met him in India; we will yet be successful; yes, father, I know we will."

Little Bob here ran in to express his admiration of the beautiful horse at the door, and hoped that his mamma would soon give him one like it to ride. The fond mother kissed her child, and dropped upon his cheek the big tear that had been standing in her eye from the moment she had been informed of their unexpected good fortune.

The deepest sympathy was excited in the bosom of the excellent

Mr. Clements, as he gazed alternately upon each member of this interesting family, and after repeated assurances of his future friendship, he took his leave. He was a man more advanced in life than Lord Strangeway, and was of a very benevolent and considerate disposition. He was originally the trustee of the marriage settlement of his lordship, and had for many years the management of a large fortune brought him by his wife, to whom he was nearly related. She died when her two children were in their infancy, and requested that he would continue to manage with the same prudence the fortune that descended to them in virtue of the settlement to which he was in the first instance originally a party. Those circumstances brought him in close connection with Lord Strangeway, who generally appointed him to execute such missions as that which brought him to visit the Norberrys. He had long regarded with pain the failings and eccentricities of his lordship, and after many ineffectual attempts to correct the gross errors and mischievous delusions which he laboured under with regard to his aristocratic pride and the wide chasm that, in his opinion, should exist between the upper and lower orders of society, he gave up the task as hopeless; and, perhaps, it was not worth while to seek a conquest in a solitary instance which only fairly represented a whole class.

He returned to his lordship, who received him with that haughtiness of manner to which he had been so long accustomed, and inquired how was such an act of munificence on his part received by the major and his daughter.

"You have done that which ought to gain for you the esteem of all that is good and virtuous amongst men," replied Clements.

"But how was it received? what passed on the occasion?" again demanded his lordship.

"I told the major that I came to ask a favour at his hands, and——"

"I hope," interrupted his lordship, "that you did not say I sent you to demand a favour when I was bestowing a gift of some value. You have a way of doing things that is enough to drive a man mad; but I am so long accustomed to you that I ought not to complain now. I send to demand a favour! What favour? not the favour of his company till I think further of the matter. How could you, consistent with truth, say that you went to demand a favour, when your business was to bestow one? On the contrary, you should have said that a sense of duty, and what is due to my station as a nobleman of wealth, prompted me to give assistance on the occasion without expecting any favour in return."

"Ah!" said Mr. Clements, "believe that a fiction told with a view to cheer the drooping and sensitive heart, or heal its

wounded feelings, shall never be recorded in Heaven against us, and will find more favour in the eyes of all that is noble and generous among men, than those harsh, unpleasing truths which remind us of all our faults or misfortunes, and evince a want of sympathy for our sorrows."

"You will always have things your own way," said his lordship; "but will the money be serviceable to them?"

"It will," replied Clements, "be the means most probably of securing to that noble woman, Mrs. Norberry, and her lovely boy, the fortune to which I believe they are entitled; they have now money to fee lawyers, and I hope the suit will be speedily decided in their favour. The tear of joy stood in her eye when such timely relief arrived. She is a majestic woman. You have done an act that Heaven will approve of; you have brought joy and consolation to the widow and orphan."

"I am satisfied," said his lordship; "your reasoning always gets the better of me. I am sorry now I did not send them more, it would have been only due to my rank and station to have done so."

"They have enough for the present," said Clements; "and you will have a rich reward."

"Ay," replied his lordship, "but a hundred would have been a more princely sum to have given; and since I entrusted you as the bearer of what they have got, I see by the newspapers that Lord Bellchase has given a hundred pounds towards the relief of a family in distress. It would, I repeat it, have been due to my rank and wealth to have given that sum."

"The balance may yet be wanted," rejoined Clements; "and when it is, your lordship cannot possibly find any better means of disposing of such a sum."

"Well," added his lordship, "I charge you that nothing be said publicly of what I have given until that period arrives, and in the mean time I will have the consolation to reflect that I have made the widow and the orphan happy. Make inquiries with regard to their affairs from time to time, and let me know when further aid may be required."

Clements willingly promised that he would, and bade his lordship farewell.

It is said that adversity is useful—that it is the mirror which reflects truly the human character; it exasperates fools, dejects cowards, and leaves them always endeavouring to flee from the danger they have not the courage to meet; it stimulates the faculties and energies of the skillful and the brave, awes the opulent, and induces the virtuous man to rely upon Heaven, whilst he redoubles his exertions to recover his lost position. But there is one result that follows from adversity that makes it dreaded almost alike by all: it has no friends, or if it have, they

are seen as rarely as the blossom on the aloe tree, and are beheld with the same astonishment and admiration by those who make the inanimate works of creation as well as mankind their study. It would be worth while to make a pilgrimage to some distant clime, to visit the tomb of the man of whom it might be truly said—"He was the friend of those whom adversity had overtaken; he never turned away from worth, though clothed in mean apparel, and his purse and tear were ever at the command of the unfortunate, regardless of the praises of men."

But why should moralists or cynics analyze the motives which induce men to appear as the founders of charity, and do acts of benevolence? Suppose they are actuated by a love of ambition, or the applause of the world, the effect nevertheless will be to raise up imitators equally ambitious, and thus promote the object which ostensibly called their benevolence into action. But even this love of fame or popularity has very rarely raised up a friend for those whom adversity has overtaken, and whose fortunes and prospects seem wholly blighted. A friend in adversity, at the crisis when aid prevents utter ruin, is rare in this world, and must be precious in the sight of Heaven. But, alas! the source from which aid to the Norberry family came was darkened by the world's ways; yet whether the recording angel, when about to write down the deed of Lord Strangeway, placed it to the account of his virtues or his frailties, the practical utility of the gift was the same.

How often do we experience, almost at the same moment, the two opposing sensations of pleasure and of pain so strongly, that one neutralises the other, and we are rendered alike incapable of action and enjoyment. This observation, however, applies only to our riper years; for if pleasurable sensations and enjoyments were not always predominant in youthful hearts and minds, we would never have aged ones to guide the weak and erring by their experience, or make mankind the better by their wisdom. How bootless is it, too, to repine at misfortune, or be constantly finding fault with others? There is great philosophy in bearing up with a light heart against "the pressure from without," which adverse circumstances and disappointments bring with them, and still greater philosophy in looking on with equanimity at all that appear to be the faults, the follies, the deceit, ingratitude, and tyranny of our fellow men. We should always ask those questions when disposed to condemn others, or when smarting under the infliction of some injury, real or supposed, received at their hands: if our circumstances were reversed would the result be the same? If we who suffer from unjust and oppressive laws, which always throw their shield over the powerful and the wealthy, and crush the poor and feeble, were ourselves legislators, would those laws be better?

We cannot say whether O'Kelly and his daughter reasoned thus, but certain it is that they bore their misfortunes and disappointments with great resignation, and a few minutes before Mr. Clements arrived at the cottage on the evening in question, their conversation ran thus :

"My dear daughter, make your mind up for the worst. I have used my exertions to raise a further sum upon the next half year's pay ; but, without an additional insurance upon my life, which, from my advanced years and long residence in a hot climate, would be enormously high, I could not procure it ; besides I should advance the premium on the policy, which you know we could not do ; so that we are without money to fee lawyers, and judgment will be had against us as we cannot appear in court. My dear daughter, I shall soon go to my last account, and I shall have nothing to leave you and this boy but my blessing. But our prospects are not so bad ; you are still young, and your annuity will enable you to give him at least a good education, and put him to some business or profession."

"My dear father," said Mrs. Norberry, "if I should die whilst he is still a boy."

"Don't anticipate such an evil," interrupted the major ; "God will not call us both away until he is provided for."

"I endeavour to hope," said the fond mother, "that I shall never be separated from my child in this world until he is provided for ; we fought the battle with courage and perseverance for many years, and we will not relinquish it now. I know we shall ultimately succeed. I will go myself to Counsellor Trumbo to-morrow, and take the boy with me, and when he hears how we are circumstanced, I am sure he will attend without a fee. But, my dear father, an object has long occupied my mind, that I have not yet mentioned to you, and whether our suit be successful or not, I mean to do all in my power to bring about its accomplishment."

"Why should you for a moment conceal a single thought of your mind from me ? What is it, my dear daughter ? what is it ?"

"I intend Bob for the church," replied Mrs. Norberry ; "he shall be a priest. If all fails, I have friends in Spain who will be happy to carry out my wishes in that respect. Should the suit go in our favour, my bringing him up to the sacred profession, will, I trust, be an offering on my part acceptable to God for his goodness to us. I have made a promise to that effect, and I know my dear father will offer no opposition to the fulfilment of it."

The major was a good deal surprised at the resolve his daughter had come to, and somewhat disappointed besides, for he had long secretly entertained the hope that God would spare him life to

see the suit terminated in his grandson's favour, and a commission purchased for him in the army, but he knew his daughter's disposition too well to oppose her wishes, and he did not even remark that it was rash to make such a promise until the time would come for consulting the boy's own inclinations on that subject, but merely prayed that God might direct them in what was best to be done.

Such was the state of affairs, and the discussion going on at the cottage, when Mr. Clements arrived with the cheque for fifty pounds. It is no wonder then that such an event, under the circumstances, should cause the opposing sensations of pleasure and pain to struggle for mastery in the minds of Mrs. Norberry and her father, and banish for a moment all other feelings and considerations: they were both silent for some time after the departure of their visitor, when at length Mrs. Norberry said:

"You must go visit Lord Strangeway. You have often accused his lordship of haughty imperiousness from his manner when passing us on the road, and neglect in having never taken the slightest notice of you during his residence in the neighbourhood; but how often do we receive kindness at the hands of those whom we believe incapable of bestowing it? This act of timely benevolence is little in accordance with all we have heard of his lordship's haughty and oppressive character. Is he the same nobleman of whom we have read so much from time to time in the newspapers?"

"The same," replied her father; "but fame, whether good or evil, seldom speaks truth; and I have already observed, that the human character is an enigma, and it is unjust to bestow censure till we understand the springs of action or conventional laws that direct or trammel men's conduct. We have, however, reason to be grateful to his lordship, and I shall call and leave my card perhaps to-morrow, although I shall have much business on hands."

"I shall have a great deal to do to-morrow, too," said Mrs. Norberry. "I think I may venture to buy a decent suit of black," (the good lady, although her husband had been many years dead, still continued to dress in mourning as deep as that which she first put on,) "that I may be able to go to court next week to the further hearing of the cause; and, indeed, I think I'll buy something new for poor Bob, too; but will we explain to our attorneys how we got the money? I'm sure they will be no little surpris'd."

"I am always for telling the truth," said O'Kelly; "and besides it would be unjust to hide so generous an act on the part of Lord Strangeway. So let them know frankly the source whence we obtained this timely relief."

"Then if I name the source I must name the sum," said Mrs.

Norberry, "and I will be left nothing to purchase dress for myself or this boy."

"I think that Messrs. Fisher and Hope will not act so unkindly now, although I know they have exhausted all their own resources to maintain the suit: we will trust to them and tell them candidly from whence we have received the money, and its amount."

"Oh! indeed, father," said Mrs. Norberry, "I will buy the suit of black first, and then give them fairly what we shall have left."

"Very well, my dear daughter, very well; I hope I shall not die till I see you in possession of your long withheld rights."

The next morning saw Mrs. Norberry busily employed in making the necessary arrangements for going into town. She had business of great importance to transact that day; the cheque was to be changed at the bank, the dress was to be bought, and having the dress, it could not be worn without a new bonnet to suit. So that visits were to be paid to the milliner and dress-maker, and sundry directions given; something, too, was to be bought for Bob, whilst the money was in hand, so that these matters were quite sufficient to occupy one day without going to the solicitors; to be sure she would go there first, but she required to make that preparation which would enable her to tell without any deviation from the truth, that she gave them every shilling she could command on earth. Thus reasoned Mrs. Norberry. The breakfast was hastily eaten, there being little conversation to interrupt its progress beyond an odd ejaculation of surprise at the event of the preceding evening, and the inexplicable conduct of Lord Straugeway.

Mrs. Norberry went to town, accompanied by her son, and having changed the cheque at the Bank of Ireland, she stood on the steps at the entrance next the college, and looked up towards Grafton Street.

"I think," said she, "I'll venture to buy the dress; it is an expenditure that may be necessary for the successful termination of the suit; the solicitors won't be satisfied if I am not in the gallery with this boy whilst the hearing is going on, and I will buy it; yes, I will buy something."

"And, mamma, you will buy something for me, too," said Bob, interrupting his mother's soliloquy; "you must buy me a horse and a sword." The mother, looking at him, thought of his father, and wept.

"Yes, my child, I'll buy something for us both, but it is not horses or swords you are to think of, you are to be a —; but it is time enough, my child, to tell you what you are to be." So taking him by the hand she made a rush towards the other side of College Green, but before she was half way over the

crossing she came to a full stop, and after a moment's pause returned to the spot where she had been previously standing, and there again soliloquised—"It is unworthy of the high resolves that should guide the descendant of such ancestors to hesitate for a moment as to the course which a strict sense of duty tells me to pursue; if there be a few guineas deficient, counsel may not come. We got the money for that purpose, and it shall be laid out for no other." So turning her face in an opposite direction towards — Place, she proceeded to the office of her attorneys resolving within her mind, as she went along, not to tell them in a moment the good news of which she was the bearer until she heard what they had to say.

She pulled a brass knob, snugly fitted into a concavity in the jamb, over which was written "office bell," and the door flew open like that of one of the enchanted castles of which we read in the Arabian Nights; inside on the wall was a hand pointing towards a narrow staircase just opposite, under which was written "to the private office," but the poor woman wanted no such guide, as probably she had been there five hundred times before. A servant stood on the lobby for the purpose of ascertaining the names and business of clients and applicants of all sorts, and then carrying the information to the "sanctum" of his master, before he could say one word regarding his absence or presence. Indeed that was a point upon which he was always in a state of the most profound ignorance, until he ascertained the name, calling, condition, place of residence, and immediate wants of each candidate for admission to the "private office." Whether his master had any other way of exit besides that by which his friend entered, and that he could slip out between the arrival of the various despatches brought him by his servant, does not clearly appear, but the following may be taken as a fair specimen of the dialogue between this trusty Cerberus and each successive visitor, with the exception that few of them brought the pleasing intelligence of coming to pay a bill of costs.

"Master at home to-day?"

"Don't know, sir; who shall I say wants him, sir, if he is at home?"

"Mr. Peters."

"Mr. Peters, sir—not Mr. Peters of Merrion Square; master has a client of that name, but you are not the gentleman, sir, are you?"

"No, I don't reside there."

"Well, sir, Mr. Peters of where shall I say, sir?"

"Here is my card, that will save further trouble."

"Your card, sir; thank you, sir, very good; but what shall I say is your business if master be at home?"

"Tell him I want to pay him a small bill of costs."

"Oh, I remember now very well that master has not gone out; walk in, sir; walk in, sir; walk in, if you please."

The dialogue with such old comers as Mrs. Norberry was much more laconic.

"If master be at home, what shall I say is your particular business to-day, ma'am?" inquired this watchful sentinel, as Mrs. Norberry ascended the staircase.

"It is enough to say that I am here and have particular business with him."

"Very well, I shall try, ma'am, but I fear he is not at home."

This fear was founded upon the supposition that she was not the bearer of any news that his master would wish to hear.

The fellow returned in a few moments with the desired permission to enter, and Mrs. Norberry and her son presented themselves before Mr. Fisher, the head of the firm.

"Well, Mrs. Norberry, how do you do to-day? and how is your son? he is a fine boy; I have great compassion for him, but I have still more for my own family; we are ruined men, Mrs. Norberry, by your suit; we are not only without means to fee counsel at the forthcoming hearing, but we have incurred debts and liabilities that have left several executions hanging over us. I know there was foul play in the matter, and your case will be brought before parliament by your leading counsel, Mr. Trumbo, who is to take his seat for the borough of — in the ensuing session: we will have the satisfaction of exposing some men high in power at all events; but that won't atone for the ruin that has come upon us. Bad business, Mrs. Norberry, bad business. I pity yourself and your child very much; but my own wife and seven children are more to be pitied. Your father was here yesterday, and told me that all his efforts had been ineffectual to raise an additional shilling on his pay, so we must make our minds up for the worst."

Mrs. Norberry thought how fortunate it was that she did not lay out any of the money upon dress; her condition was not as bad as that of Mr. Fisher's family. She had still her annuity, although it was mortgaged for a year to come; her father had his pay, and even if the suit was totally abandoned, there was no danger of immediate want. She knew that her solicitors had been reduced to a state of great embarrassment, and she produced before the astonished attorney fifty pounds in Bank of Ireland notes.

"There," said she, "I have got that to fee counsel; we will yet be successful; I have the same confidence in Heaven that I had at the commencement; in truth it is increased when I hear that the welfare of your children—of so many innocent persons—is dependent on it; there now is money for counsel, increase your exertions and your energies, and success will still be ours."

The attorney looked at his client with astonishment almost equal to the satisfaction he felt in touching the money; he was half choked with joy and surprise at the unexpected event, for he had in reality been reduced by the Norberry suit from affluence to the condition which he had just described, and it was only a day or two previously that his opponents were heard boasting "in the hall of the Courts" that Fisher and Hope were reduced to a hopeless condition by the great suit that they expected to have made a fortune of.

"You are one of the bravest women the world ever produced," said Fisher as he put the money in his pocket; "but where, in the name of Heaven, did this come from, or where did you get it?"

"From Lord Strangeway," replied Mrs. Norberry; "he sent it to us by a gentleman named Clements, who enhanced the gift by the manner in which he presented it: it was wholly unexpected, and his motive in sending it has been to us most inexplicable; we have always regarded him as a haughty and tyrannical man."

"Lord Strangeway!" said the attorney with increased surprise; "I have heard the most extraordinary accounts of that man. Lord Strangeway! what a strange coincidence! It was just before you came into the office that a widow and her son from the country had been here making an application to me to bring an action against his lordship for a most gross violation of law, attended by a total disregard to the dictates of humanity, which was perpetrated by his agent at his command; her case is not singular; there are several other poor people in the same part of the country who have been similarly treated, and who talk of bringing actions against his lordship; but I had no means to proceed with her case, and even if I had, I would not take it up. I have got enough of contending with great people, although I am not done with some of them yet. Lord Strangeway to be the donor of this gift is to me almost incredible. But how much did he in reality give you? was it the fifty pounds exactly?"

"That was the sum precisely," replied Mrs. Norberry.

"I wonder it was not a hundred," added Fisher, "when he went about doing such a thing at all — he is enormously wealthy."

"Are you not satisfied with fifty where you expected nothing?" said Mrs. Norberry rather indignantly; "I have given you all I——"

"Don't for a moment imagine," said Fisher, interrupting her, "that I should insinuate you received more than what you have given me; I know your probity and integrity too well to doubt for a moment any thing you state. I have seen you pass through the most painful and trying ordeals, and found every fresh trial

develop some admirable quality in you ; but I was just thinking if his lordship had made it a hundred instead of fifty, how fortunate it would have been, and I wonder he did not do so ; however, it is well to get it, and we shall have another fight with it."

"You have now almost as deep an interest in the success of the suit as we have," said Mrs. Norberry, "and it is unnecessary to stimulate you to renewed exertions. You have, I suppose, sufficient in the fifty pounds to fee counsel and pay any expenses incidental to the next hearing of the cause."

"Stop a moment," said Fisher, "I'll manage with regard to the fees in a way that will stretch the money, and leave some of it for other purposes ; if I were to send them direct from myself, they should be what counsel of high standing are entitled to in a heavy case ; but if you, madam, be kind enough to go yourself with the money to them, they will take far less from you than I could venture to send them ; take that boy with you, and tell them truly the condition that you are reduced to, and the probability is, that they will not take the fee from you at all. But why should I calculate on that ? Trumbo will take it at all events, but he will take less from you than the regular fee. Come here to-morrow ; I shall have the briefs ready for counsel, with a note—'fee to be sent by Mrs. Norberry.'"

"I must be guided by your instructions," said Mrs. Norberry, "although I would sooner you should give the full amount in fees, than be obliged to ask a favour at their hands."

"But, madam, I would sooner keep a little of the money for incidental expenses that must be paid, and, at all events, your personal application to counsel at this important crisis may be of the utmost value. Come here to-morrow, and I shall give you the fees."

Mrs. Norberry had had ample experience of the character of Mr. Fisher, which, on the whole, was far from being bad. He conducted the case with zeal, and expended his own money as well as that of his client, until all his resources were exhausted, believing it to be impossible that he could ultimately be defeated ; and being thus reduced to very embarrassed circumstances, he was scarcely to be blamed for wishing to stop, *in transitu*, a portion of the usual fees from men who had pocketed thousands by the suit ; she therefore acquiesced in the proposed arrangement, and promised to be with him on the following day.

"Mr. Justice Swingsnap will be sadly disappointed," said Mr. Fisher, as Mrs. Norberry was about to leave the office, "when he finds that we shall be fully prepared on the next day of hearing, and that we are not yet vanquished."

"Don't mention his name," said Mrs. Norberry, "I can't bear to hear it."

"Oh, I must tell you," added Fisher, "the pun he perpe-

trated the other day at my expense, and which clearly had reference to this case. I went into his court on professional business, when the following dialogue took place between us.

“ ‘Your case has been disposed of, Mr. Fisher.’

“ ‘Not in the absence of counsel, my lord?’

“ ‘Yes, Mr. Fisher, in the absence of counsel; I thought you had paramount and pressing duties to perform in another court, and it would have been a great inconvenience to have brought yourself and your counsel out of it. The case is disposed of; and tell me, Mr. Fisher, is the Chancellor up yet?’

“ ‘He has not been sitting for the last week, my lord, but he is to sit next week.’

“ ‘Yes, and I have heard, Mr. Fisher, that you have lately been as idle there as a fisher in frost. Your case in this court has been disposed of since the beginning of term; but had I known the leisure you have lately had, I would have apprised you of the circumstance when about to give judgment. Yes, Mr. Fisher, as idle as a fisher in frost.’

“ ‘Oh, my lord, it won’t be always freezing; the thaw will come again, I hope,’ said I, knowing well what he alluded to.

“ ‘When it does,’ said the worthy judge, ‘you may be swept away in the flood.’”

“ ‘What malignant buffoonery for a judge to be guilty of,’ said Mrs. Norberry; “never mention his name to me again, unless there be some urgent necessity for it.”

“ ‘Very well,’ rejoined Mr. Fisher, “I shall not do so; but what a comfort it is that his lordship will hear of the thaw much sooner than he expected. Be with me early to-morrow, Mrs. Norberry—good-bye to you—God bless you.”

“ ‘Good-bye, sir,” said Mrs. Norberry, as she was conducted to the lobby, near the office door, by the worthy attorney.

Mr. Fisher set two or three clerks to work to finish the briefs that had been some weeks laid aside, and Mrs. Norberry returned home to communicate to her father the result of the day’s proceedings. He was well satisfied with all that had been done, and all that was intended to be done for the future.

The next morning saw Mrs. Norberry again in the office of the attorney, who handed her half the fees to which counsel were entitled in a cause of such magnitude, and gave her instructions how she should manage the affair with these gentlemen of the law.

“ ‘There are,” said he, “so many defendants in the cause, and so many counsel engaged against us, that we must have four on our side, although two of them will be almost useless. I gave one of them (Mr. Trifle) the other day a brief in a *nisi prius* case, on the condition that as soon as he opened the pleadings he should leave the court, lest the examination of an

important witness should fall to him ; but he is highly connected—he is son of the Chancellor's nephew, and we must have him. Well, then, there is Mr. Thrust, a complete fire-eater, who will keep down the bullying and Billingsgate of Slapperwhang on the other side ; then our leaders, who understand the case, and are good lawyers, must be both engaged, so that there are four of them to fee."

"There are Trumbo, Trifle, and Thrust," said Mrs. Norberry ; "who the fourth is I really forget just now."

"I am sure you do not forget our sleek and oily-tongued little friend, Counsellor Glendelough."

"You are right," said Mrs. Norberry, "and if I mistake not he is the best hearted of the whole party."

"And not the worst lawyer," added Fisher.

Mrs. Norberry proceeded first to the house of Mr. Trifle, who heard her story with apparent indifference, and counting over the fee, attempted to perpetrate a pun, by observing that she brought him a 'sum to correspond with his name.

Mrs. Norberry was going to add, "and with his ability," but prudence restrained her.

She next went to the house of Thrust, who heard her story with somewhat more attention, took the fee and put it in his pocket, observing, in answer to her excuse for the smallness of the amount, that he never counted money when receiving it. He promised to be at his post, and to keep some of the ill-tongued rascals on the other side in order.

Her next visit was to Counsellor Glendelough, and her interview with him was of the most satisfactory character. He refused positively to take any fee, but on the contrary, insisted that the boy, little Bob, who accompanied his mother, and whose dress was not of the best description, should take a present of two pounds from him, not to be repaid till he came of age and was in full possession of his property.

"This kindness overpowers me," said Mrs. Norberry ; "I am unable to express the feelings of my heart—you will have your reward."

"I feel the deepest sympathy for you," said the worthy counsellor, "and for your charming boy ; I hope I may yet see him a member of my own profession."

"No," said Mrs. Norberry, in a low tone of voice, pointing to a jet cross that was suspended from her neck, "he is intended for a more sacred profession. I have long since promised that he shall be a ——." She looked at the boy and left the sentence unfinished.

"I understand you," said Mr. Glendelough ; "I hope he shall be worthy of the high calling for which he is intended."

Mrs. Norberry turned up her eyes to Heaven and was silent.

"Touching this protracted suit," continued the worthy counsellor, "I have to observe that since courts of law and equity were first instituted, a more flagrant instance of oppression and violation of every principle of justice was never heard of than your case presents, and it would be well if some means were taken to bring at least a portion of it before the public. I will write to my friend Mr. Decimus, who is editor and proprietor of the —, requesting that he may send a reporter to take a note of the proceedings, and publish them; the fear of exposure often does more to correct abuses and restrain judicial delinquency than acts of parliament. I regret now that this course was not adopted sooner; we shall at least have the satisfaction of putting the leading facts before the public, and public opinion is a tribunal which even the high court of Chancery dare not disregard. I will be at my post, and we will have a field day of it, at this, I hope, final hearing. I hope, too," said he, "that all the facts of your case shall be brought before parliament. I have requested of Mr. Trumbo to do so, and as he is a man who speaks well, and delights in having a good cause of complaint against persons in high judicial stations, I have no doubt that he shall take up the matter with right good will, and make St. Stephen's ring with his eloquence on the occasion; perhaps when you call on him to-day it would be well to remind him of his promise, and tell him that I shall take the trouble to make out a summary of the facts and direct his attention to such documents as will prove them. Delinquency, even in high quarters, cannot always escape unpunished, and nothing can be greater punishment than exposure, the first step to which will be the publication of the proceedings in the Court of Chancery. I will take care of that, too, and shall write this moment to my friend to have a reporter in court, who can give a good graphic account of the whole proceedings."

Mrs. Norberry bade her kind-hearted advocate a good-bye, with many prayers for his happiness, and proceeded to the house of Trumbo, who, upon hearing that Mrs. Norberry wished to see him, desired that she should be sent into his study. It was the first time that the worthy counsellor had seen his client, and he started in amazement at her beauty and majestic deportment. She led her son by the hand, and whilst she stated her case with an earnest simplicity far surpassing the most impassioned eloquence, he continued to view her with increased admiration. She laid the fee on his desk, promising at the same time that should the suit be terminated in her favour she would take care that he should be amply recompensed; he took the money up and put it in his pocket, observing that no matter how small the sum was coming from such hands he was contented with it; he promised, too, that he would bring her case before parliament.

CHAPTER XII.

ABSENCE OF LEADING COUNSEL AT THE HEARING—STRANGE SCENES IN THE COURTS—A PARTIAL DECREE MADE IN FAVOUR OF THE NORBERRYS—SOME REFLECTIONS ON A GENERAL SYSTEM OF EDUCATION FOR THE HUMBLE CLASSES—O'KELLY VISITS LORD STRANGEWAY.

ARRANGEMENTS having been so far satisfactorily made for the further prosecution of the suit, Mrs. Norberry returned home with a light heart, and told her father the generous conduct of Mr. Glendelough, and added that she felt a presentiment of a happy result from the approaching hearing. She also said that the returned fee and the present made to Bob were sufficient to purchase dress for herself and him, and that they would appear in the gallery of the court on the day of hearing, pursuant to the directions of her solicitors.

"The day of trial," as Mrs. Norberry called it, arrived; the defendants were wholly unprepared for any further appearance on the part of the plaintiffs, and they came into court in the full expectation of hearing judgment pronounced in their favour; but they were all put upon the *qui vive* upon seeing Mrs. Norberry and her son seated on the gallery.

"They are not vanquished yet," said Counsellor Swivel to one of the defendants who sat beside him.

"They must be supplied with money by some invisible agency," said the client; "it is not more than a week ago since I had it from good authority that both themselves and their attorneys were completely ruined."

At this moment Counsellor Thrust walked into court, and addressing Swivel, said, "Another fight for it yet, Mr. Swivel; my clients, you see, are still in the field, and this I promise you will be no ordinary encounter."

"Run for Slapperwhang," said Swivel to his client, "and bring him in at once."

"Yes," said Thrust, "you will want him I promise you, and it may be useful to state that I am here on the other side: he will know what you mean."

"Slapperwhang told me he could not come here to-day," rejoined Swivel's client; "he is leading counsel in an issue now going on in the King's Bench: he said he would not be wanted here to-day, as the plaintiff would not appear."

In a few moments after Mr. Glendelough entered, and unfolded a huge brief endorsed Norberry a minor v. Swingsnap and others. After this no doubt existed that the plaintiff was determined to fight the battle, and messengers were despatched in all directions to collect the defendants' counsel; in a word, terror and consternation were spread in the enemy's camp. The chancellor soon after entered and said:

"There is that very heavy case of Norberry and others that stands over for a final hearing. I need not ask are the parties ready, for I am determined that it shall be disposed of in some way this day."

"Thank you, my lord," said Mr. Glendelough, who had previously observed how the land lay on the other side.

"I thought you were for the plaintiff," said his lordship; "at least you were when the case was on last."

"And am at present, my lord," replied Glendelough.

"And do you wish that the case should be finally disposed of to-day? are you ready to proceed on the part of your clients?" inquired his lordship.

"Perfectly," replied Glendelough.

"I fear we are not ready on the part of the defendants," said Swivel.

"You must make yourselves ready," said Glendelough, "for his lordship has expressed his determination to dispose of the case to-day: his lordship's word is pledged to that effect."

"I did not know," said his lordship, "that the parties were not prepared."

"My lord, you did not inquire when you said you would decide it to-day: on the contrary, your lordship said, that you would not make any inquiry on the subject, as you were determined that judgment in the matter should be no longer deferred."

"I have no recollection," said his lordship, "of having made such a declaration; I believe I said that it was not necessary to inquire if the parties were ready, taking it for granted that they were."

Here there was some noise caused in the court by an attempt made to disturb a gentleman from his place at the table under the bench, who had been industriously engaged in writing down something in a most unintelligible kind of hieroglyphics: his hand was going as if propelled by a high-pressure engine, and yet he seemed as much at ease as if he was but a mere spectator of what was passing in court.

"Tipstaff," said the chancellor's secretary, who was at the desk under the bench, "what noise is that? remove any one who attempts to disturb the court."

"I can answer," said Glendelough, "why this unseemly interruption has taken place. I see at the table a gentleman

connected with the press, who has come here for the purpose of reporting the case which your lordship is about to decide, and a most improper attempt has been made to remove him from his place, and prevent him taking notes."

"A gentleman of the press!" said his lordship, "a gentleman of the press going to publish the proceedings in this cause—to publish the judgment; it is not customary to publish the proceedings in courts of equity—eh, is it so? A gentleman of the press, from a newspaper I suppose, going to publish the proceedings!"

"Yes, my lord, from a newspaper," said Glendelough.

"What paper, may I ask?" said his lordship.

"The —," replied Glendelough, "of which my friend Mr. Decimus is editor; and the case will be copied from that into all the other papers of the three kingdoms, for it is particularly noted for the excellence of its law reports."

"I wish it would confine itself to law reporting," said his lordship, "and not mind equity. I believe equity reports rarely appear in newspapers."

"Very few equity cases of such an extraordinary character as this occur, and when they do, it is due to the public to be made acquainted with them. In London the proceedings in the chancellor's and vice-chancellor's courts are all published, and special accommodation provided for the gentlemen of the press."

"I can have no objection to the publication of proceedings here," said his lordship: "let the reporter not be disturbed from his place. Call on the case."

The old crier, with the same shrill and drawling voice with which he had so often repeated the same words, called out—"Norberry a minor *v.* Swingsnap and others."

"Call Counsellor Trumbo," said Glendelough; "he leads for the plaintiff."

Trumbo was called, but did not appear, and Mrs. Norberry, who was in the gallery anxiously watching all that was passing underneath, took her boy by the hand, and ran into the hall to look for him. She found him engaged in conversation with two or three other barristers, and in the excitement and anxiety of the moment she ran up to him, pulled him by the gown, and exclaimed: "Oh, sir, my name is called, and as you are my leading counsel, if you do not come into court I will be ruined. Come, for Heaven's sake, come; your name has been called several times by the crier."

Trumbo looked round at his client with a scowl as brutal and heartless as his smiles affected to be bland and courteous on the day she called at his office, and said: "Begone, woman: how dare you interrupt me whilst engaged in conversation?"

Mrs. Norberry was not the woman to quail beneath unmerited

reproach, or return merely sighs and tears for insult: no; the spirit of her race was in a moment enkindled in her heart, the blood of her ancestors became fired in her veins; she stood erect, and, with indignation flashing in her dark eye, she said: "Depraved, avaricious, base-minded man, contemptible knave, if my cause were to be lost for ever, and ruin fall upon myself, my child, and my aged and honoured father, it shall never be sustained by advocacy emanating from so contaminated a source. You thus publicly and wantonly insult me because I am but a woman."

Her words were uttered with such haughty fervour that they had a scathing effect upon Trumbo, and attracted the attention of a numerous crowd of barristers and spectators, who thronged the hall. Those who witnessed the rudeness with which he treated the lady, heartily enjoyed the merited castigation he received at her hands, and warmly applauded the spirit that prompted it: he slunk away confused and abashed, and put his back against one of the pillars at the opposite side of the hall, where he was surrounded by a crowd who seemed to enjoy themselves at his expense. The story ran through the courts, and reached the mob outside, by whom he was hissed and hooted when going home in the evening.

In the mean time Mrs. Norberry returned to the gallery, and when it was found that her leading counsel was not to be there, Mr. Glendelough proceeded in his absence, and on that day, did he lay the basis of the high professional reputation, rank, and honour which he afterwards obtained. He opened the Norberry case from the commencement: his statement had a thrilling effect upon a crowded auditory, for a large number of persons whose attention was attracted by the rencounter between Mrs. Norberry and her counsel, followed to hear the result of her cause; others were subsequently attracted by a report in the hall that Mr. Glendelough was stating a most extraordinary case, and so romantic and improbable in its details, that it could not be deemed within the range of possibility, if there were not irrefragable facts to sustain every portion of it.

As a matter of course Mr. Justice Swingsnap was a prominent character in the tale which Mrs. Norberry's counsel was unfolding, and when he mentioned his name he took care to observe that what he was saying would fly through the world on the wings of the press, and that there was a great difference between that time and some thirty or forty years previous, when newspaper reporters were hardly known, and when mock commissions of lunacy could be issued and acted upon, and law made the vehicle of vengeance, oppression, and plunder, without the world being informed of the atrocities that were thus perpetrated in its name.

When the learned counsel delivered strong language of this kind, and manifested vehemence and ardour of delivery, the hand of the reporter at the table seemed to go with increased rapidity, as if there was some sympathy between it and the speaker. As Glendelough was drawing to the conclusion of his speech a great noise and bustle was heard in one of the courts, and a rushing of people to and fro; yet such was the interest excited by his address that not one of his auditors stirred from their places. It was late in the evening when he had concluded, and the following day was appointed for the reply of counsel on the other side.

The interruption and confusion that arose in the adjoining court was caused by Mr. Justice Swingsnap being taken suddenly ill when the purport of Glendelough's speech had been conveyed to him, accompanied by an assurance that there was a short-hand writer noting down all that was said, with the intention of publishing it. The attack was something like epilepsy; the learned judge was carried to his chamber, a doctor sent for, and after the application of proper remedies he was restored to a state of consciousness, although he was for some weeks unable to preside in his court.

When Glendelough concluded his address, he asked Mr. Fisher what was the matter in the adjoining court, and that gentleman remembering what the judge of it had said about "a fisher in frost," and "sweeping away in the flood," replied—"His lordship has been swept away in the flood of your eloquence."

Mrs. Norberry went home with a light heart, offering fervid prayers to Heaven for her faithful and eloquent advocate.

A report of the case appeared in the newspaper the next morning, and hundreds who read it were down at the Court of Chancery at eleven o'clock to hear what answer could be given to the charges that were made the previous day. It may be observed that the same charges were, as a matter of course, made before, but there was no "recording angel" to note them down, and the public never heard them.

A weak, a miserable attempt was made to repudiate the charges, by vague denials and assertions without any proof to sustain them.

The chancellor was constrained to make a decree; it did not give to the minor or his mother the one-fourth of what they were entitled to, but as they were awarded their costs, which were enormous, and as Fisher and Hope were in sad need of the money, and unable to bring the matter to the House of Lords, Mrs. Norberry's counsel advised her to take what she got, and that it would be no bar to her son filing a fresh bill when he would come of age.

The news of Mrs. Norberry's success, which was magnified in the same proportion as her previous distressed circumstances,

spread through the neighbourhood, and those who had hardly ever taken any notice of herself or her father paid them visits of congratulation, which were estimated by O'Kelly at their proper worth.

Amongst those who really felt pleasure at the favourable change that had taken place, was the benevolent Mr. Clements, and a few days after the decision had been made, he paid his second visit to the cottage, and enjoyed the most exquisite sensations of delight at the happy change that had taken place. The dark clouds that hovered over their humble dwellings were dispelled, and there were signs of life and animation apparent, that did not exist when he had been there before. The little flower-beds that skirted the walk from the road to the cottage door were put in order, and the roses that had been only in bud when he was there previously, were in full bloom; the Newfoundland dog frisked and capered, as if to greet a friend, and testify that there was good news for him. Old Molly Burke, the servant-woman, was dressed in a new gown and cap, with a flaming pink ribbon, and was all smiles and good humour as she opened the door for their visitor. In a word, everything in and about the cottage seemed, in the eyes of Clements, to have undergone a complete transformation since the period of his last visit, and he felt himself under the influence of the happy change.

Mrs. Norberry and her father were in the same little parlour in which he had found them discussing the dreary prospects before them when he was the bearer of Lord Strangeway's timely gift, and it is unnecessary to say that they received him with demonstrations of the liveliest gratitude, and hailed him as their deliverer from the gloomy and perilous condition to which they had been reduced by law. The old major embraced him as a brother, and Mrs. Norberry evinced by her tears the grateful emotions of her heart, for she was under an impression that the money so opportunely given them was his own, and that he had only mentioned Lord Strangeway's name as an inducement to them to take a favour from so high and wealthy a donor.

"You find us in circumstances very different from what we were in when you visited us last," said O'Kelly, after Mr. Clements had been seated, "for although we have not got all to which we are entitled, we have got enough to support us in a state of independence until this boy comes of age, and then it will be for him to take measures to establish his own rights. But no, no; if he cannot obtain those rights without going to law, he had better never think of enjoying them; he shall never, with my consent, seek for them by such means; he who can carry a sword and fight for his country should never think of increasing a sufficient competency by legal means."

"Father," said Mrs. Norberry, interrupting him, "don't talk

of swords, or fighting for fortune or honour ; you know I told you what poor Bob is intended for."

"Perhaps it will be well to say nothing of that," observed O'Kelly, "until we have an opportunity of ascertaining in some degree what he intends himself for."

"My dear father, never throw the slightest obstacle in the way of my accomplishing what I have promised — it must be done."

Clements was at a loss to know what was exactly meant by this conversation ; but as Mrs. Norberry looked upon him as a friend in whom all confidence should be placed, and who had a right to know every thing connected with her son, she disclosed to him what her intentions were with regard to his future prospects and profession.

"Perhaps you may have acted wisely in the resolve you have made," said Clements ; "but still it would have been better had you deferred it till you ascertained the predilections of your son."

"They can be formed," said Mrs. Norberry ; "that is my theory ; the youthful mind can be moulded to any thing ; and if I were to wait until he formed his opinions, and acquired habits in consonance with the world, it would then be too late for the fulfilment of my wishes. It is always right to begin in time—to sow the seed in proper season. I feel that I am right in the course I intend to pursue, and I trust that friends whom I love so much will not attempt to divert me from it."

Mr. Clements thought it was not prudent to make any further observations on the subject, and he changed the conversation to the happy turn which their affairs had taken since he last visited them.

"I cannot," said he, "express the delight I feel at your good fortune. I felt the deepest interest in your behalf from the first moment I became acquainted with your story ; and it is to me a most consoling reflection, that I have been in any way accessory to the favourable change that has taken place ; but, after all, I have been no more than the instrument employed upon the occasion—all is due to Lord Strangeway. You are not the first that his lordship's timely aid rescued from imminent peril and distress."

"I thought," said Mrs. Norberry, "that the favour conferred might have proceeded from yourself : we are, however, now in a condition to repay the loan, accompanied with our lasting benediction for your welfare here and hereafter."

"Don't mistake me," said Mr. Clements ; "I am not the giver of the benefits you have received, and there is no merit whatever due to me, although I cannot but congratulate myself that I have been so happy as to be the bearer of a gift that has turned out to be so fortunate ; and let me tell you, that if you

were to propose to pay the money sent to you by his lordship, you would forfeit his friendship for ever; on the contrary, nothing could please him more than to be called on again to give you a similar sum, so that his name might appear in some of the newspapers as having contributed one hundred pounds to relieve a respectable family in distress. I am the medium through which his bounty, as well as that of many others like him, flows, and no matter what he may contribute in that way, he thinks he is more than compensated when he sees in the newspapers, 'Mr. Clements acknowledges to have received from Lord Strangeway the princely donation of one hundred pounds towards the relief of a respectable family in distress.'"

"Is that the motive," said O'Kelly, "which prompts his lordship to do what the world regards as acts of charity and benevolence? If so, I think I would prefer having remained in the painful and distressing position in which I was, sooner than receive aid from such a source."

"You do not reason justly," said Mr. Clements; "we are not bound by any moral obligation to scrutinize the motives which induce others to relieve us in the time of distress. The man who dries up the orphan's and the widow's tear without doing injury to any one; he who causes happiness and contentment to take the place of sorrow and despair, without creating pain in the bosom of another, or depriving any human being of his right, ought in my mind to receive the praise of man, leaving Heaven to judge the motives."

"I yield to your doctrine," said O'Kelly; "your reasoning is conclusive, and I am bound to be grateful to Lord Strangeway, no matter what his motives may have been; I will call upon him."

"You were to have paid that visit many days ago," said Mrs. Norberry, "and indeed I think the sooner you pay it the better."

"I am glad I have postponed it," said O'Kelly, "until I had the benefit of the advice of Mr. Clements, who knows so well the eccentricities of his lordship; perhaps his habits are such that he neither pays or receives visits, and that this is the reason he never called upon me since he came to the neighbourhood."

"No," said Clements, "that in truth was not the reason; I wish I could ascribe his lordship's conduct to such favourable motives. I speak always with sincerity, and I tell you it was because he was very well aware of your distressed circumstances and lowly condition."

O'Kelly's eye brightened up, he looked at the star that hung upon his breast, and then glancing at his daughter, who sat at the other side of the table, he arose as if propelled by some unaccountable impulse, and hastily pacing through the room,

exclaimed—"Good Heavens! what has been my fate, after a long life honourably passed in the service of my country, to be first stripped by an unjust administration of the law of the fruits of my hard toil, and then indebted almost for my existence to such a man as Lord Strangeway. I shall, however, send him back his money the moment the first instalment is received out of the mense rates awarded to us by the decree. I shall not visit him—no, although I have been the recipient of his bounty, I feel that I am his superior."

Mr. Clements was surprised at the haughty and agitated manner of O'Kelly, who felt all the pride of a soldier aroused within him, when he found that a newly created lord had thought him unworthy of notice because he was not in affluent circumstances.

"My dear father," said Mrs. Norberry, "I have seldom seen you manifest such strong feelings of indignation; you know that my pride and impetuosity are some times uncontrollable—I ought to blush to acknowledge it, and yet I do not feel as you do; on the contrary, I am grateful to his lordship; we will pay him his money, and though there is no necessity of seeking his acquaintance further, yet I wish we had the power of performing for him some act, which would evince our gratitude."

"I am grateful to him," said her father; "but my pride was aroused, and my indignation excited, when I heard that one of that order which I have bled to support, had reflected upon me because I was poor; and I am grieved to think that the law which could not exist without military power to sustain it, should be the instrument which produced that poverty. A combination of reflections have tended to agitate my mind, and I feel that I should apologise to our friend for having thus manifested the conflicting feelings, which a hasty reminiscence of my eventful life, and the knowledge of the world which I have lately purchased at so dear a rate, have called up within me."

"I think I can judge of your feelings," said Clements, "with justice, and although I do not condemn them, I must tell you that they are calculated to lead you into error, and to make enemies where you ought to have friends. Away with those notions which would impute faults to others for which they are wholly unaccountable! Man is no more than a complicated piece of machinery set in motion by the strong current of events which flow onward in the course where he is found; whether the current runs to the east or the west, the north or the south, it sets the machinery with which it comes in contact in motion, and the velocity is in proportion to the declivity of the surface over which the current runs. Lord Strangeway is proud and imperious by nature; he has been placed in a position that has increased the natural tendency of his disposition; he is, in a word, the creature

of habit, and the slave of those conventional rules and ideas that regulate the class of which he is a member. He is, besides, immensely rich, and the man who is rich may do anything without decreasing his reputation, whilst the man who is poor may do everything without increasing it. You must not, my dear major, entertain feelings of dislike towards Lord Strangeway. I do not say so because he is your benefactor and has rendered you aid in the hour of need, but because he has the average good qualities of his fellow men who move in the same sphere of life, and because, to use the metaphor again, he is a machine set in motion, not by himself, but by the current that impels him onward in consequence of the position in which he has been placed."

"It might be well," said O'Kelly, assuming a more composed air, "to try and turn the current the other way."

"It is not for you or for me," said Clements, "to hope to accomplish such a Herculean task as to reform a class that has ruled over and legislated for the rest of the community. Such a work may be undertaken by some bold and energetic spirit—by some man of stupendous talents and indomitable energy, but even he could not hope for success unless backed by a united people."

"I believe," said O'Kelly, "that the people have seldom ever been unanimous on any point."

"True," rejoined Clements; "and in that lies the solution of the questions, why national injuries are not more speedily redressed, and why the people are so often and so long the victims of injustice, and their social evils without amelioration. Hence it is that the chasm between the upper and lower classes has been always so wide and deep, and hence follows, as a consequence, the want of that civilization amongst the poor people of this country which the same class who live under despotic governments can boast of. I have always thought that the most salutary change in our social condition would arise from drawing together the wealthy and the humble, the higher and the lower orders of society: poverty should not be punished as if it were a crime; the poor man should be taught to feel that he stood upon a level with the rich, and that virtue and morality are more estimable in the eye of the law than high titles, wealth, and the aristocracy of birth; but the first step to the attainment of an end so desirable is education."

"Would you have one general system?" inquired O'Kelly.

"Certainly," replied Clements, "one general system applicable to all."

"What would then become of the various sects and creeds that exist in this country? Human wisdom could never invent one system applicable to all."

"You mistake," said Clements; "there is a precedent for such

a system in Holland, whose unexampled prosperity and history as a nation, are well worth the consideration of all countries who wish to profit by the example of the Dutch people. From being a miserable Spanish province, half of which was a salt marsh and morass, it has for upwards of two hundred years maintained its rank as a nation and great maritime power, and risen to a state of prosperity unexampled in the world. I have visited that country some years ago, and the wonders I have beheld in it shall be ever fresh on my memory. Cities of palaces have literally been built where some centuries ago it might be fairly predicted the foot of man could never tread. Harbours filled with fleets of trading vessels from all parts of the globe have been constructed; canals for the transport of merchandize have been cut throughout the whole country; an improved system of agriculture has been introduced; the prairie, the polder, and the flower garden wave in verdant luxuriance, and exhale their odoriferous perfumes in places where the stagnant pool and fetid marsh once stood; and this glorious change has been effected by the establishment of national independence in the first place, and a system of education applicable to all in the second. The latter has banished sectarian animosity from amongst the people, and united them in one general purpose for the good of their common country. Such prodigies as I have witnessed in Holland could never have been accomplished by a divided people, when we take into consideration the geographical position and extent of their country; and to their system of education I attribute the union that exists amongst them, and the spirit of nationality that pervades the breast of every Dutchman."

"The consideration of such subjects as those is new to me," said O'Kelly; "but I nevertheless feel deeply interested in them. My habits and profession lead my mind to the contemplation of objects of a different character, and I am wholly unacquainted with the civil policy of states, or those questions in which the happiness of the people are so deeply involved. I am anxious to hear something of the schools in Holland, which have produced so much national advantage, and I would like very much to send my grandson to such a school."

"I will briefly describe to you," said Clements, "one of the armen or public schools which I visited in Rotterdam, and that may suffice as an example for the whole system of popular education which has been established throughout the kingdom. It was held in an edifice of vast dimensions, divided into several apartments situated upon two floors, and then contained about one thousand five hundred children, of whom seven hundred might be Protestants, five hundred Catholics, and the other three composed of Jews, Armenians, Quakers, and I believe one or two other sects. They were all from their appearance the children

of the humbler classes, still they were decently clad and cleanly in their appearance: they were separated into divisions under different masters, and the various classes sat at sloping tables with their faces in one direction and their hands crossed over each other on the bench in front. The teacher stood near black boards hung on the walls, and explained on the them branch of study in which the class was engaged, while the pupils listened in silence and with the most profound attention. On a certain day in the week each pupil is examined separately for the purpose of ascertaining what progress he or she may have made.

"The course of instruction consists in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, mathematics, the history of the Old Testament, and those general principles of morality which are applicable to every class and creed.

"On a certain day in each month there is a lecture given to all the pupils upon national history and the love of fatherland, and having been present at one of them, I saw the eyes of the little fellows glisten with delight when they heard of the noble deeds of their forefathers in banishing the cruel Spaniards from their country, and making Holland a great nation. Then the names of several distinguished persons who rose by industry and integrity from an humble station, were recounted to them, and the address concluded with a solemn adjuration to all to be united as brothers, and to love their country for ever.

"Their catechetical or religious instruction is confided to the ministers of their respective religions, who visit the schools once a week, and examine them in separate apartments appropriated for that purpose."

O'Kelly listened with delight to the observations made by Mr. Clements, whose experience of the world, mildness of manner, and enlightened views made him regard him with deep admiration; he resolved, too, that he should be guided by him as regarded his conduct towards Lord Strangeway.

"How happy we are," said Mrs. Norberry, "to have the advantage of your advice and friendship at such a time; for it is now that it is most needed: they will be of incalculable benefit to my boy until he enters college and is placed under ecclesiastical superintendence."

"Are you then determined," said Clements, "to bring him up to the sacred profession of a minister of your religion?"

"Beyond all doubt I am," replied Mrs. Norberry. "I feel a perfect consciousness of the propriety of the object I have in view, and why should I for a moment relinquish it? at the same time I shall take the liberty of asking your advice in matters connected with the management of him, and trust that in your visits to us you will take the opportunity to implant in his tender mind those maxims of wisdom with which your own is stored,

and which are the result of practical experience as well as study. All my hopes are centred in my dear boy, who will anxiously hear from your lips those admonitions replete with instruction, which you can utter with so much advantage to all who hear you. I have been greatly delighted at your opinions with regard to the powerful effect of a proper system of education as regards the prosperity of a nation; the same principle is, I believe, equally applicable to an individual, and I shall feel under many obligations to you if you be kind enough to point out to me a tutor for Bob until I have him ready to send to college."

"I shall feel great pleasure in doing so," said Mr. Clements. "There is an old and respectable teacher in this neighbourhood, to whom two of my own boys went nearly twenty years ago. I esteem him for his probity and love of independence, and your child will be taken care of by him: when I next see him I shall direct him to wait on you. His seminary is but a short distance from this spot, and you will have the advantage of having your son night and morning under your own eye."

Mrs. Norberry said she would at once avail herself of a circumstance so advantageous, and that Bob should go to school as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made.

"You spoke of visiting Lord Strangeway," said Mr. Clements to O'Kelly, "when I changed the conversation, and entered into a dissertation upon the line of demarcation between the upper and lower classes, and a general system of education applicable to the latter: you must not change your intention."

"The subject was by no means irrelevant," said O'Kelly; "your reasonings have shown me that I was in error in entertaining the notion I did, and that I should be guided by you in the course I ought to take."

"Then you will visit his lordship," said Clements; "but on no account shall you offer to pay back the money given to you by him, until I shall apprise you of the fitting time to do so; and above all, when you come in contact with him, master your feelings, and let not the haughtiness and eccentricity of his conduct offend you."

"We have not the means of paying it back this moment," said O'Kelly, "as we have not received any money under the decree made in our favour; however, its receipt is no longer a matter of doubt: we will get some in the course of next month, and until then we shall be in rather straitened circumstances. I will, however, remember your admonition when I shall visit his lordship."

"You will want another fifty," said Clements; "and at some future period, as distant as you wish, can pay his lordship back the whole hundred."

"If you think that I ought to take it, I shall do so, but my feelings are opposed to it."

"I think you ought to take it," said Clements; "and I would not hazard such an advice if I did not believe it was for your advantage."

"I promised to be guided by you," added O'Kelly, "and I shall never raise the slightest objection to anything you advise; and as you think I would be right in visiting Lord Strangeway I will do so."

"Not until after you see me again," said Clements, "or at least hear from me."

This excellent man took his leave, and in the course of the next day O'Kelly received a letter from him containing a cheque for fifty pounds, in which he stated that Lord Strangeway had commissioned him to pay that sum over to the Norberry family for their present wants, and that a further sum should be at their command if necessary.

In a day or two after the following paragraph appeared in all the Dublin papers, and was subsequently copied into all the provincial ones: "Mr. Clements begs to acknowledge the receipt of the princely donation of one hundred pounds from Lord Strangeway, which has been contributed by his lordship to the relief of a highly respectable and meritorious family, who are at present in temporary distress."

Mr. Clements called at the cottage the following week, and it was arranged that O'Kelly should, as soon as convenient, pay Lord Strangeway the long promised visit.

In a day or two after O'Kelly took his grandson by the hand, and walked over to Castle Strangeway to see his lordship and make his best acknowledgments for the favour which he had conferred on him. As he was going up the long avenue shaded with lofty elms, that led from the high road to the castle, he was overtaken by Tom Purcell, who was returning from the steward's lodge, where he had been to deliver a message from his lordship.

"I hope your honour is well," said Tom, taking off his hat, and almost bowing to the earth, as soon as he came up to the major; "shure it's myself that is delighted to see your honour come at last to the castle: many and many's the time his lordship said he wondered you were so distant in yourself, and that you never called to see him. And *you*, my beautiful boy, I hope your little honour is well: how his lordship will be delighted to see you! often and often he wished that you were acquainted with the young lord."

The major was considerably surprised at this extraordinary salutation from a menial servant, but having often heard of his lordship's eccentric habits, and the familiarity with which he

treated his confidential servants, and also something of Tom's character, his surprise was checked, and he did not discourage the conversation which his lordship's favourite tale-bearer seemed inclined to enter into.

"Then his lordship you think will be much pleased to see me?" inquired the major.

"Not a doubt of it," said Tom; "and I shall be the servant who will be the bearer of the happy news to him. I suppose I will say that your honour is coming to pay him a visit in friendship, and that you are bringing this beautiful boy to introduce to his lordship."

"Just so, my good man," said O'Kelly.

"I suppose I may tell his lordship that your honour has no other business with him, for there are certain hours in the day set apart for matters of that kind, but this is just the time for a friendly visit and not for business."

"I have no business with his lordship," said O'Kelly, "but to pay him such a visit, and you may tell him so."

Tom bowed profoundly, and hurried up the avenue for the purpose of arriving at the castle before the new visitors, and apprising his lordship that they were coming. A couple of servants in rich liveries opened the massive oaken doors of the castle for O'Kelly and his grandson before they had the trouble to knock, for these trusty sentinels were able to see from the great hall all comers before they arrived at the vestibule that led to the grand entrance; they were ushered into a reception room magnificently furnished, and were nearly half an hour in waiting before Tom Purcell came to announce to them that his lordship would see them in the library, to which he conducted them.

O'Kelly was greatly astonished at the magnificence of this part of the building, the rich furniture, splendid decorations, large assortment of books, and objects of art and vertu which it contained.

Lord Strangeway was seated upon a tripod, covered with crimson morocco leather, and placed on a low platform some inches higher than the floor of the apartment, and had near him a small ottoman, a table and reading desk. As O'Kelly entered, Tom Purcell called out—

"Major O'Kelly, and his grandson, Master Robert Norberry."

His lordship, after a moment's pause, arose from his seat, and bowed gracefully but rather coldly; O'Kelly paid back the salutation with equal grace and coldness, and both stood for some seconds looking at each other without a word having been exchanged between them. At length his lordship said—

"Pray be seated, major," and resumed his own seat at the same moment.

"I have come," said O'Kelly, "to express the obligation that I, my daughter, and this boy, who is my grandson, feel to your lordship for the great services you have rendered to us at a time when our cause was hopeless for want of means to prosecute it. Your generous and unsought-for aid, so opportunely given, has saved us from ruin. I thought I was bound in duty to come and express my feelings of gratitude, and I have taken the liberty of bringing my grandson with me; it is he who will profit most hereafter by your lordship's kindness and generosity."

"Any thing I have done," replied Lord Strangeway, "was no more than what was due to my rank and station; you were much to blame that you did not apply to me for aid; you have been some time living in the neighbourhood, you must have heard of my character, and you had only to 'ask and you would receive.'"

"My lord, it would have been presumption on my part to have asked a favour from a perfect stranger, as your lordship has been."

"Have you not heard of my character since you came to reside near the castle, or read anything of me in the newspapers?" inquired his lordship, rather testily.

"I have," said O'Kelly, "and perhaps I was wrong in not turning that information to account, and seeking your lordship's assistance."

"That is what you should have done," said his lordship, with the same haughty air.

"My habits as an old soldier must be my apology in that respect; your lordship knows the spirit of independence by which we endeavour to regulate all our actions, and the delicacy we feel at being under the necessity of asking a favour."

"You say," observed his lordship, "you have heard of my character since you came to reside near the castle. You have seen by the newspapers that I have been ever ready to aid the necessitous, who came properly within the sphere of my benevolence, which I assure you is not of an itinerant character. I do good to those about me, and if all the nobility and aristocracy of the kingdom followed my example, every man's wants would be relieved. But, perhaps, you did not hear favourable accounts of me, for the most noble and virtuous of the human race are most frequently made the subject of calumny by the great bulk of mankind, who envy but cannot imitate them."

"I have heard much of your lordship's generosity," said O'Kelly; "but I was restrained by the motives I have stated from appealing to it."

His lordship again paid a high eulogy to himself in particular, and the order to which he belonged generally, whilst O'Kelly listened with increased astonishment.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONTINUATION OF O'KELLY'S INTERVIEW WITH LORD STRANGEWAY — BOB IS SENT TO SCHOOL — A MUTUAL DISLIKE EXISTS BETWEEN HIMSELF AND HIS MASTER—HE "CUTS THE CONNECTION" FOR EVER.

HE who listens attentively—interrogates to elicit information—speaks calmly—answers coolly—and seldom talks about himself or trivial matters—is in possession of some of the best requisites for forming a useful and intelligent character.

It has been remarked that these qualifications belong in a more peculiar degree to the soldier than the civilian, which may be attributed to those habits of order and that perfect system of regularity by which all their actions are guided. O'Kelly was one of those who never spoke for the sake of display, nor gave an irrelevant answer: he was therefore what might be called an exemplary listener, and was so far the more pleasing to the egotistical lord, who fancied that all those who heard him were bound by his "dicta."

When O'Kelly made the very just observation stated at the conclusion of the last chapter, his lordship observed that "such notions were not profitable or creditable to those in humble circumstances; but if any such persons could entertain them with propriety, it was the soldier who fought for preserving in their proper places the aristocracy, who were the basis upon which good government was built."

O'Kelly could with difficulty master his feelings at this exhibition of aristocratic insolence, but he remembered the admonition of Mr. Clements, and upon reflection, resolved to part with his lordship on good terms. A pause of some minutes ensued before he uttered a sentence. He at length observed, that having performed his duty in thus coming to express his obligations to his lordship, nothing remained but to bid him farewell.

"You will be kind enough to remain a little longer," said his lordship; "no one enters this mansion without partaking of its hospitality; refreshment will be laid for you in the next room." He then took up a letter, and, whilst he feigned to be perusing it, he cast several furtive glances at his new visitors; for the same spirit of curiosity that prompted his lordship to inquire into the affairs of all his neighbours, made him an accurate surveyor of their persons when an opportunity offered; and there being little doubt that he had information through his man Tom of something

O'Kelly said, and many things he had never said, touching his lordship's character and conduct, he was anxious to make a close personal inspection of him : probably he wished to ascertain if his sagacity could discover in the major any remains of the recruiting sergeant.

O'Kelly caught his eye two or three times, and a scene of mutual embarrassment followed, which was interrupted by a fine boy rushing into the room, running over to his lordship, and exclaiming, "Oh, papa, the horse-breaker has brought home my pony; I will ride out to-morrow." He had hardly uttered the words, when he turned round and saw Bob, whom his lordship had not deigned to notice from the time he had come into his presence. Boys at such an age never require an introduction to each other, and in a moment Lord George Strangeway invited his new acquaintance to the stables to see his pony.

This drew the attention of his lordship to Bob, and he asked O'Kelly what profession he intended his grandson for, adding, before a reply could be given, that he supposed the army would be his choice.

O'Kelly replied that he had no choice in the matter; that it was all left to the boy's mother, with whose wishes he would not interfere.

"He is a fine boy," said his lordship: "is he an only son?"

O'Kelly replied in the affirmative.

"Has the decision of the lawsuit in his favour entitled him to much property?" inquired his lordship.

"I cannot say that the lawsuit has decided that," replied O'Kelly; "the matter has only been disposed of pending his minority, but no doubt whatever exists that the fortune to which he is really entitled is very large—I might add princely."

"Then he is heir to a lawsuit as well as a large fortune," observed his lordship.

"That is really the case," added O'Kelly rather mournfully, "and from the experience I have had of law, I would advise him to be content with a competence, and forego his right to fortune, sooner than seek the attainment of it through the perplexities and disappointments that are to be encountered in our courts of law."

"I am surprised at you, major, to speak disparagingly of our courts of law. They are noble institutions, which protect property, and uphold rank and station: it is only the lower classes who complain of them."

"It is only of their abuses I complain," said O'Kelly, astonished at the rudeness of his lordship; but he again remembered the advice of Clements, and suppressed his feelings.

Whilst this conversation was going on, the two boys had disappeared from the library, and a servant was sent to the stables

to bring them back. The young lord, who was a mischievous urchin, had, after giving a specimen of his own equestrian ability, mounted Bob on the pony, and let him loose in the pleasure-grounds adjoining the garden. The animal got into a full gallop, dashed across flower beds, and upset vases and statues, whilst the screams of the boy, and the barking of two or three terriers that set out in full chase after the pony, drew a crowd of domestics, who, after some difficulty, captured the fugitive, and rescued Bob from his perilous situation, but not before the whole scene was witnessed by his lordship and the major, who were drawn from the house by the report of what had taken place.

This interlude having been got through in a manner more satisfactory than could be expected from the youth of the principal actor, the party, with the exception of the young lord, who fled at his father's approach, returned to the castle, where a sumptuous repast was prepared for the major and his grandson.

Bob having escaped almost miraculously the peril he had been in, seemed to enjoy the thing with peculiar satisfaction, and predicted that he would be one of the best horsemen in Ireland, and said he should have a pony of his own as soon as his mamma got the money out of the courts.

His lordship seemed to admire very much the intrepidity of the boy, and, when leaving the castle, deigned to shake him by the hand, whilst he held out one finger to the major, who was in doubt whether he had least right to be pleased with the meeting or the farewell.

O'Kelly, on his arrival at home, gave his daughter a minute detail of the extraordinary conduct and demeanour of Lord Strangeway, whilst the terrified mother heard from her son a glowing account of the pony adventure, and of his exploits as a horseman, whilst he added a request that he should get "a pony of his own." She promised that he should have one to carry him to school every day, and added, that the teacher whom Mr. Clements had recommended would come on the following week to take him under his tutelage. Bob heard of going to school with considerable pain, and it is probable that he would not have consented to have gone since, except upon the condition of riding backwards and forwards. In the course of the week which elapsed before Bob's Aristarchus came to take him in charge and enrol him as a day pupil at the great seminary of —, Mr. Clements called to pay them a visit, and expressed the gratification he felt at the control that the major had over himself on his meeting with Lord Strangeway.

"I believe," said the latter, "I could not have mastered my feelings when I witnessed his haughty rudeness, but that I came to the conclusion that his lordship is dementate."

"Your conclusion is perfectly just," said Clements; "but his

madness is no more than that which appertains to his order, and may be deemed the forerunner of its ultimate destruction ; but we have had some discussion heretofore with regard to the relative condition of the upper and lower classes, and we need not now enter into a further analysis of the subject."

"Oh ! but the schoolmaster," said Mrs. Norberry ; "when is he to call to take Bob under his care ?"

"Mr. Herbert will be here to-morrow," replied Clements ; "and I may as well say a word about him, so that you may not expect to find in him what never existed in a schoolmaster—perfection. He is the best of the class I have ever known. My two sons were at school with him, and I respect him because he preferred making an honest and honourable livelihood by his literary acquirements, to seeking aid from his relations and connections, who are wealthy ; but he has some of the eccentricities that belong to his class, and a little of the irritability which his avocation is sure to produce in the mind of any man."

"Perhaps a private tutor would be better," said O'Kelly ; "we shall have ample means to pay one."

"I would prefer the public school," said Clements. "Early friendships are formed there which often last till death dissolves them, and the spirit of emulation that is excited will, from what I have heard of your grandson, be requisite to induce him to apply himself with diligence to his studies."

After the lapse of some days Mr. Herbert came to the cottage to make arrangements for taking the new pupil into his seminary. He drove to the door in an old pony phaeton, accompanied by a servant in faded livery, which was once evidently in possession of some more wealthy owner than the schoolmaster ; and as he approached the terminus of his journey, he gave the pony a smart cut of the whip to put life into it, but whether the animal knew that it was unnecessary to increase its speed for so short a distance, or that it was accustomed to resent such treatment, instead of quickening its pace, it came to a full stop, and gave evident symptoms of recalcitrating, but after a few encouraging words from its master, given as if in the way of apology for the blow, it moved slowly and sulkily on until it arrived at the cottage door.

Mr. Herbert, like almost all schoolmasters, was eccentric in his manner ; he was connected with several families of distinction, and was in early life intended for the church. He entered "Trinity College" at a time when even the divinity students took part in assaults upon watchmen, smashing of lamps, wrecking of "certain" houses, and conflicts with the horse police. On a memorable occasion of this kind, an engagement between the Trinity boys and the whole municipal force of the city took place, that spread terror and consternation amongst the citizens.

The principal scene of the *rencontre* was at Stephen's Green, where the belligerent parties arrived after fighting the whole way up Grafton Street. Some of the collegians pretended to retreat towards a large fosse that then surrounded the Green, whilst a large reserve party were stationed in various dark gateways, opposite which piles of stones had been collected. When the horse police, who had severely wounded three or four of the ringleaders, arrived near the deep ditch, volleys of stones were poured upon them like grape shot, several of the men and horses were tumbled in and almost smothered, many were dreadfully injured, and, after a complete victory on the part of the college boys, they paraded the city, setting the authorities at defiance. There were, however, many of them dreadfully injured, and the house of a lady that lived at the Green, and whose son was one of the principal leaders in the battle, was turned into an hospital that night.

Amongst those who were carried to it was poor Herbert, whose leg was broken by having been trampled upon by the horses of the police. It was found that the amputation of the limb was necessary to save his life, and the poor fellow lost it and his vocation at the same time. He was a younger son; his father was a stern, inexorable man, who could not pardon a fault; he left him on his own resources, and, with the exception of the money supplied to him during his illness, and a small sum sent to him when he recovered, he never gave him a shilling while he lived, and left him nothing at his death. A school was his only resource, and he resolved that he would cut off all communication with his friends, who had treated him with too much severity for an indiscretion of his youth, for which he had paid dearly enough. He never married, and was just able to make a tolerably respectable appearance. He had a wooden leg, so that all his journeys both of business and pleasure were performed in his pony phaeton. It was somewhat singular that the greater number of his pupils were Catholics, and that he prepared more candidates for the priesthood of that faith, than any other teacher in the province. He alighted from his phaeton, and knocked at the cottage door, which was opened as usual by Molly Burke, who was never satisfied unless she knew the name, character, and business of those who came to visit the major; and seeing that Herbert had a wooden leg, she imagined that he was an old fellow soldier of his, and with her habitual, though inoffensive bluntness, she inquired to what regiment he belonged. The astonished schoolmaster looked at the woman with surprise, and said he supposed that all her visitors were military men, but that he had not the honour to be one, and desired that she would announce the arrival of Mr. Herbert of — Seminary, who was coming to take charge of young master Norberry. At this

moment Bob came into the hall, and heard the last sentence of his intended tutor. He was previously apprised that the schoolmaster under whose care he was to be placed was expected; he viewed him with that instinctive terror which boys always feel on such occasions, and his alarm was considerably increased upon perceiving that he had a wooden leg and carried a large whip. He retreated into the parlour, and was the first to announce, with evident symptoms of terror, that the schoolmaster had arrived.

The major and Mrs. Norberry received Mr. Herbert most kindly. The conversation after a little time naturally turned upon the business which had brought him there, whilst Bob listened with the greatest attention to all that passed.

"Fine boy this of yours, ma'am," said Herbert, as he looked towards his intended pupil, who remained in an opposite corner of the room, attentively observing as well as listening.

"I hope he will be a good boy," said Mrs. Norberry, "when he is a little time under your care."

"No doubt he will," added Mr. Herbert, "not that I ought to say so myself, but yet the fact is notorious, that I have educated more boys who have risen to distinction than any other man in Ireland. Two of the first pupils I ever had are now bishops, and many others are leading men at the bar."

"Come over, Bob," said Mrs. Norberry, "till I introduce you to your new master." Bob hesitated. "Come, my child, when I bid you; come, you are to be placed under his care; our friend Mr. Clements has recommended him."

"I'm afraid, mamma," said Bob; "see the big whip he has in his hand."

"I beg pardon," said Herbert, "for having carried my whip into your parlour, and I must say that the pupil has given instructions to his master. I was wrong in carrying my whip into your presence, and I have been very properly reminded of the impropriety. This is a bright boy, he will shine, ma'am, he will shine; but boys have always an instinctive horror of the whip, and you see, ma'am, how he observed it."

"I trust the whip will never be necessary for my son," said Mrs. Norberry, with apparent alarm, her attention having been for the first time directed to an object that had previously been unobserved by her.

"Even if it were necessary," added Herbert, "I would not apply it except on very particular occasions."

"Come over, Bob," said Mrs. Norberry again to her son: "come here, and shake hands with your master. Come here, my dear, and be a good boy."

"No, mamma," said Bob, "I won't; if you ask me, I'll run away."

"Run away!" said his mother, with emotion; "where would you run to, my child? why would you say so?"

Bob sat silent, fixed his eyes on the door, at the same time sufficiently expressing by his manner a firm determination to carry his threat into execution. Herbert viewed him with rather an unfavourable eye, and it may fairly be supposed from subsequent events, that a mutual dislike at that instant arose between the master and the pupil, which rather increased than diminished upon a more intimate acquaintance. Bob made a rush towards the door, and was only impeded in his exit by Molly Burke, who was coming in with the boiling tea-kettle, a good part of the contents of which was dashed upon her hands and feet, as well as on himself, and scalded both rather severely. He, of course, ran no farther than where the accident occurred, but this family crash caused considerable uneasiness to all present, and was deemed a bad omen of Bob's future progress at school. Herbert was about predicting some future calamity for his intended pupil from the specimen he had seen of him, but he saw it would not be good policy to do so in presence of his mother, and he contented himself with the reflection that he would soon have him completely within his power, and teach him better manners. Proper remedies were applied to both patients, and the interview with Herbert concluded on the terms that his pupil would be sent to him as soon as the effects of the accident would disappear, and Bob himself was only a party to the contract on condition that he should have a pony like Lord George Strangeway's to ride to and from the school. Mrs. Norberry, who, it must be acknowledged, notwithstanding her high qualities, was somewhat superstitious in remarking circumstances of an insignificant character as omens connected with events of importance, was in considerable trouble at what occurred upon the visit of the schoolmaster to whom she was about to entrust her son, and she said to her father that she foresaw Bob would do no good under the tuition of Mr. Herbert, on the contrary she had a presentiment that the connection between them would not end well.

"Let the result be what it may," said O'Kelly, "a trial must be made; the boy must be educated, and we are already culpable in having him so far behind those of his age."

A few days after O'Kelly's interview with Lord Strangeway, his son, accompanied by two servants, rode over to the cottage to visit Bob, and inquire how he was after the escape he had some days previous. Lord George was a fine manly, open-hearted boy, given to mischief, and spoiled by the notions he was daily imbibing from his father. He reflected that he had nearly caused the death of Bob by a foolish and dangerous joke, and that it was his duty to visit him, and ascertain if he continued to suffer in consequence of his indiscretion. It is unnecessary to

say that the young lord was heartily welcomed at the cottage, notwithstanding the peril in which he had placed the idol of Mrs. Norberry. They were delighted at his frank, familiar manner, although there were occasionally perceptible in his conduct some of the traits of character that had made his father so remarkable. An intimacy from that day sprung up between himself and Bob, which ripened into friendship as they advanced in life, and they were inseparable companions when there was a possibility of their being together, notwithstanding the watchfulness of the elder lord to keep his son from company which he considered beneath him.

The money awarded to Mrs. Norberry under the decree, or a large portion of it, was to be paid over to her on a fixed day, and her solicitors wrote to her to be in attendance at the office of the accountant-general of the Court of Chancery to get an order for receiving it from the bank of Ireland.

Mr. Fisher met her in the office, and as the draft was filled up his eyes glistened at the prospect of soon having in his possession the costs to which he was entitled, not only as between party and party, but between attorney and client; and, by the way, this latter demand, the true limits of which have never been properly ascertained, has generally caused more disputes and ill-will between solicitors and clients, than originally existed between the parties litigant.

"I will take the order, ma'am, and just walk over with you to the bank of Ireland; they know me there, and I will get the money at once," said Mr. Fisher, as he stretched his hand across the brass railing which surrounded the desk where the gentleman was who filled it.

"I cannot give it to you," said he; "I must not only give it into the hands of the lady herself, but it is my duty to go over to the bank to identify her, and see that she be paid her money."

Fisher looked disappointed; for, truth to say, his intention was to receive the money himself, and after keeping the amount of his costs, according to his own calculation, to hand his client over the balance, which it is needless to state would be exceedingly small in amount after such deduction. He, however, thought it prudent to be present at the receipt of the money, and the whole three walked over together to the bank; and as the worthy attorney saw the hundred and five-hundred pound notes told over to his client, he felt that his measure of earthly happiness would have been filled up if they were going into his own hand instead of her's; and believing that the gentleman from the accountant-general's office, who had interfered so *mal apropos*, was the barrier between him and such exquisite enjoyment, he cast at him a look indicative of the fierce contest within him between hatred, hope, and disappointment.

The reader must have already perceived in the foregoing pages that Mr. Fisher was by no means the worst portion of his profession—but he was an attorney ; and an attorney, disappointed of fingerings and managing some thousands, the greater portion of which he believed to be his own, was a sight worthy of the pencil of a Cruikshank, and calculated to gratify any ill-natured spectators who bore no good will towards the profession.

A receipt was given by Mrs. Norberry, to which the gentleman from the accountant-general's office signed his name as a witness, whilst Mr. Fisher still stood looking on in breathless anxiety.

"All right now, madam," said he, "I'll lodge the greater portion of that money in bank for the use of yourself and your child ; I'll take care of your interests for the future as well as the past"—and he stretched his hand over, apparently confident of receiving the large bundle of bank notes which his client was folding up with peculiar care.

"I would advise you, ma'am," said the gentleman who witnessed the transaction, "to send a friend in whom you can implicitly trust to settle with your solicitor, and that you should keep your money in your own possession until then ; it will prevent disputes and litigation hereafter."

"A very proper advice," said Mrs. Norberry, "and one which I shall abide by."

"You then doubt my honour and integrity," said Fisher, incensed with rage. "By——, there is nothing but base ingratitude and deceit in the world ; it is not the first time I have been made the victim of misplaced confidence, of over zeal and generosity, such as no man in the profession but myself would have practised ; but I'll——"

"Stop," said his client, "don't cast imputations on me ; you shall be paid to the last shilling what is due to you, but you ought to allow me the pleasure of doing so ; you know I shall act fairly with you."

"I know no such thing," said Fisher ; "it is not the receipt of the money I care so much about, but the suspicion you have cast on my integrity—you said, in effect, that I would not manage it fairly for you—that is what has hurt my feelings. You were all promises and protestations until you got the means within your power to fulfil them, and then you forget them. Give me the money, ma'am, and thereby wipe away the imputation that you have attempted to cast upon me ; give it to me, if I were to hand it back to you within an hour just as I got it."

"You cannot be serious," said Mrs. Norberry, "such conduct would be childish—foolish."

"You won't trust me with it?" said Fisher, his rage increasing, whilst some of the bank clerks and the gentleman from the

accountant-general's office stood looking on, evidently enjoying themselves at the attorney's expense.

"I have cast no imputation on you," said Mrs. Norberry; "you shall be paid all that is justly due to you, with our best thanks besides."

"Oh! d—— thanks. I ask you again, will you entrust me with the money? If not, I'll take my own course."

"No," said Mrs. Norberry, indignantly, "I shall not; that threat would prevent me, if nothing else did"—and she walked out of the office, followed by the attorney; who seemed ready to pounce upon her and drag the money out of her possession. They separated at the steps outside the bank, he wending his way towards his office, soliloquising upon the sin of ingratitude, while she pursued an opposite direction, and occupied her mind with reflections far different.

A few days after the receipt of the money, Mr. Clements called again to the cottage, and the interview between Mrs. Norberry and her solicitor having been related to him, he undertook to arrange the settlement of the costs, and waited on Mr. Fisher for that purpose. He found the worthy attorney considerably calmed down, and the wound which he alleged had been given to his honour was completely healed by the receipt of the largest sum of money he ever possessed at one time before.

Preparations were made for sending Bob to school; a pony was bought, fully equal to that of Lord George Strangeway; a handsome horse and "Swiss" were purchased, a man-servant hired, and the cottage newly furnished—Mrs. Norberry having resolved not to change to a residence more suited to their improved circumstances.

Soon after this favourable change had taken place, and that Lord Strangeway had observed the major and his daughter drive by his gate in a neat carriage, drawn by a spirited horse, and driven by a servant in rich livery, whilst Bob cantered his pony sometimes behind, and sometimes before—he thought from such an appearance it would not be derogatory to his high station to pay his neighbours a visit; and he was the more anxious to do so, as he was about to remove to his residence in the country, and did not expect to return to Dublin for some years. His lordship paid the intended visit; and he was received with the greatest warmth and kindness by the major, who forgot all his aristocratic rudeness as soon as he found him under the roof of his own humble dwelling. He was astounded at the magnificent beauty and noble demeanour of Mrs. Norberry; she was to him in appearance the *beau idéal* of a lady in high life, and he regretted that she did not adorn a castle instead of a cottage. His visit might have been in some degree prompted by curiosity, for Clements had always spoken in terms of such high admiration of

Mrs. Norberry, that his lordship frequently declared he should pay her a visit for the purpose of ascertaining if a person in a lowly station, as she then was, could have qualities which in his estimation could only belong to one of the aristocracy. His lordship found that the reports of Clements were by no means exaggerated; on the contrary, that they did not come up to the high opinions which he had himself entertained of the lady after one short interview. He left the cottage with feelings far different from those with which he entered it; Mrs. Norberry had made an impression on his heart, and he felt that if she were the daughter of a peer, or could boast of a long line of noble ancestors, he would give all the wealth he ever possessed to make her Lady Strangeway; but she was the daughter of a man who was once a recruiting sergeant; she had "no forefathers"—no—she was not to be thought of for a moment.

When his lordship returned to the castle, he called Tom Purcell to him, and desired that he should make all the necessary preparations for removing to Castle Wilder, in the county of —, on the following day.

"Well," said Tom, "your lordship saw the beautiful widow."

"Tom," said his lordship sternly, "do not mention the lady's name to me; your business for the present is to make arrangements for our speedy departure for the country; we leave this to-morrow, and I am glad of it."

"I understand," said Tom, in an under voice, as he walked out of the room; "I was thinking it would come to that."

His lordship having been left alone, he thus soliloquised: "This has been to me a fatal day; yes, I feel that even passing as I am into the vale of years, when the heart is supposed to be impregnable to the passions which assail it in youth, I am wounded—my peace is lost; but death a thousand times over before the noble family of Strangeway should be dishonoured by an alliance with one of plebeian blood. No, it shall not be; absence in the country, and the society of the noble families invited to meet me at Castle Wilder, shall banish the thoughts of that extraordinary woman from my mind. Good Heaven! how strange it is that such a being should be of humble birth! My mind may be uneasy for a time, but she shall soon be forgotten."

All the domestics of Castle Strangeway were busily employed during the whole of that day and night in making preparations for the departure of his lordship. The next morning at day-light post horses were in waiting at the castle, and before the sun had risen he was some miles on the road towards his destination. In the course of the day, grooms with led horses, vans laden with furniture, and upper servants in hackney coaches, all made their exit; so that Castle Strangeway had become completely deserted, greatly to the loss and regret of the neighbouring population,

who had nearly all in turn learned to take advantage of his lordship's weak points of character, and were disposed to pardon his haughtiness and eccentricities on account of the advantages which they derived from his residence amongst them.

Bob was sent to school, whither he rode every day, accompanied by a servant, who brought back his pony and went for him in the evening. The family were now in comfortable, it may be said affluent circumstances. The major was as hearty and as hale as any man of forty-five or fifty; Clements and his lady, with the families of two or three half-pay officers who resided in the neighbourhood, occasionally formed the family circle at the cottage, and thus three or four years passed over before Lord Strangeway returned, or any incident worthy of remark had occurred, except some occasional *fracas* between Bob and his master, for they evinced a mutual dislike to each other. The event which occurred upon his master's first visit to the cottage was not well calculated to inspire feelings of good will on either side, but it might have been passed over and forgotten, and, as in many other cases, an unpropitious beginning have a favourable termination, but for the interference of Mr. Herbert's housekeeper and cousin, who conceived the most implacable hatred to Bob from the first day he entered the school until he left it. Miss M'Dougal was the lady's name; she was a native of Scotland, and spoke the broad dialect of her country with a grating intonation that made every thing she said peculiarly disagreeable, and her loquacity was such that neither time or place could abate it. Her figure was far below that "middle size" which those of stunted growth perseveringly lay claim to, and was usually enfolded in a plaid pelisse, which she affected to wear in honour of her country. Her features bore a considerable resemblance to a Dutch doll, and were strongly contrasted with eyes of an unequivocally feline expression, and hair of that doubtful hue which is produced by the frequent use of a black lead comb upon a foxy red. The first day that Bob came to school, Miss M'Dougal, as was customary upon the entrance of new pupils, came to make her inspection of him and some other boys who had entered along with him. She flounced up and down the school-room, and having fixed her eyes upon the new comers, she said, "These are your new pupils, sir?"

"Yes," said Mr. Herbert, "how do you like them?"

"Indeed, cousin," replied Miss M'Dougal, "I have not your fault of forming hasty likings for people, and then being sorry afterwards. I always endeavour to know them before I give an opinion of them."

"This boy next you is Master Norberry," said Mr. Herbert, "whose mother has recently come in for a fine fortune, to which he of course will be heir."

"Oh, indeed," said the lady, "what a pity that he was not a few years older, that he might be able to enjoy it; he is a well-looking lad, and under your tuition he cannot fail to be a good boy."

The other pupils were introduced to Miss M'Dougal by her cousin, and, after passing some remarks on them, she was pacing out of the school-room with an air of assumed dignity, when Bob in her hearing innocently asked one of his school-fellows who was next him, "What is *that*? is *it* one of the boys, or what is *it*?"

Miss M'Dougal turned round, and darting a look of fury at the luckless questioner, she paused for a moment, and then flew out of the room, resolving in her own mind to lose no opportunity of being revenged of him; but as a Scotch woman, according to Burns, can "nurse her wrath to keep it warm," she said nothing, although her mortification was increased ten-fold by the loud laugh set up by all the boys who heard Bob's inquiry. She took every opportunity to bias the mind of her cousin against him, and he frequently received severe treatment, which he never deigned to report to his mother or grandfather. There were some other boys in the school who were no favourites with this young lady, and to whom the master was also sometimes unjustly severe. A mutual sympathy grew up between them and Bob, and they entered into a conspiracy not to quit the school until they would have satisfaction for the imagined wrongs they had received at the hands of Mr. Herbert and his fair cousin.

Some three or four years passed over in this way, Bob still off and on at school, until at length it became high time to send him to college. The rest of the conspirators were determined to leave the establishment at the same time, and at length the day arrived for carrying their plans into execution. It was the eve of a festival when the boys were accustomed to have granted to them a few holidays, by going in a body and respectfully asking the favour from the master.

The school-house was detached from the other building, and was some two hundred paces distant from the residence of Mr. Herbert; it was divided into two stories, in the upper one of which the principal class was held; he always came in by the front door, and went out in the evening by a long narrow passage, and down a flight of steps which led to the little lawn in front of his own door. The evening before the holidays were to be granted, Bob and his co-conspirators furnished themselves with a "bit and brace" calculated to make a hole large enough to admit the wooden leg of their luckless master, and having secreted themselves behind some lumber in the lower part of the building, they set to work as soon as he went out, and bored several holes in the loft of the long passage, through which they knew he would go out on the following evening; they then

scattered pieces of broken paper over them, and at dusk quietly made their exit through one of the windows on the ground floor.

The next day, towards the hour of breaking up school, the deputation waited in due form upon their master to ask the accustomed holidays, which were kindly granted, Mr. Herbert himself wishing to enjoy some recreation, and what was still more important, to spend a few days driving about in his pony phaeton collecting debts due to him in Dublin and the immediate neighbourhood. The boys all left the school with light hearts at the prospect of the play-days before them, except Bob and his fellow culprits, who knew well that they were engaged in a criminal purpose. Mr. Herbert had to lock up all the books and make other arrangements contingent upon the adjournment which had taken place, so that he was delayed for half an hour or so; in the meantime the confederates went round and locked the back door by which he was to go out, and threw the key in the grass. As soon as he had adjusted matters to his satisfaction he shut the front door, and was proceeding home by his usual way of exit, when crash went the wooden leg in one of the holes made by his mischievous pupils, and the poor man fell down, and was wholly unable to extricate himself from the perilous situation in which he was placed. At the time the delinquents locked the back door, they observed Miss M'Dougal and some of her friends (including a young architect who pretended to be paying his addresses to her) who were to take tea with her that evening, walking in the lawn, and they proceeded by a circuitous route to the house for the purpose of committing some other acts of mischief which were unknown to themselves, but seeing some of the servants coming towards them, they retraced their steps and returned home. Miss M'Dougal and her company spent the evening most pleasantly together until the non-arrival of Mr. Herbert began to give her some uneasiness, as she expected that Mr. Wilkes, the architect, would on that night request her hand from her cousin, or at least hint the propriety of writing to her father in Scotland about the matter, although by the way the said father would find no fault with any one who took her upon any terms, even without the trouble of asking his consent.

Messengers were despatched in all directions to look for the ill-fated schoolmaster, but no tidings could be had of him. The night passed over, and the persons who had been sent, some to Dublin, some to the neighbouring houses, and amongst the rest to the cottage, all returned without having heard any account of him, and early the next morning they were about being sent to drag the Royal Canal, which was not far distant, when some mowers going to work in the meadow adjoining the school-house heard the most piteous moans within it. The door was broken open and the mystery soon unravelled. Every one began to

wonder why they did not think of searching the school-house sooner, but then it was locked from the outside, and sure it was impossible that he could first come out and then lock himself in ! However there he was in a most miserable plight, after spending a night of great pain and peril ; in truth had he remained another day and night in the same position, his pupils and posterity might have to regret his untimely end.

The matter became the subject of general conversation in the neighbourhood, and was beginning to be looked upon in rather a serious light, as poor Herbert was for some days rather dangerously ill from the injuries he had received ; he, however, recovered more speedily than was expected, and offered a considerable reward for the discovery of the delinquents, but suspicion never rested upon Bob or his confederates, and the authors of the guilty act were not known until some months after he had left the neighbourhood, and entered college in England.

CHAPTER XIV.

STONEYHURST—BOB SENT TO COLLEGE—THE VENGEANCE OF MISS M'DOUGAL PURSUES HIM—HE RETURNS HOME, FALLS IN LOVE, AND IS IN DANGER OF LOSING HIS VOCATION.

THINGS exist around us, and events are daily occurring before our eyes almost unheeded ; yet if we examine them minutely, we must admit that our carelessness is culpable, and calculated to lead us into errors prejudicial to ourselves and to the community of which we all form a part. Things, too, have existence, that appear strangely contradictory to our own preconceived opinions, and totally irreconcilable with the acknowledged dogmas or prejudices of the times we live in ; and probably of all the anomalies that exist in England, Stoneyhurst College, whither our hero is about to proceed, is the most remarkable. Only think of the disciples of Ignatius Loyola, after being banished from many of the Catholic countries on the Continent, raising their standard amongst the Protestant Saxons and cotton-spinners of the north of England, and making conquests to their faith and opinions, of which the rulers of the country where they have taken refuge know but little. That famous order, which figured so conspicuously two or three centuries ago ; which insinuated its members

into every country and city in Christendom—into the cabinets and councils of kings, where they swayed their opinions ; which had so often directed the public power of Europe, traversed the vast lands of India and America, moulded the savage to habits of order and taught him the advantages of education ; that order so important in history for its peculiar policy, its acquirements, its sagacity and its talent, after exciting the jealousies of potentates who admired its principles, but thought its existence incompatible with the permanence of despotic government, was banished from Catholic states, and found an asylum among the proud professors of a hostile creed, where it has flourished beyond all example. This is an anomaly—a phenomenon which the nature of the present tale will not permit us to enter into ; but, as that celebrated seminary was the place destined for our hero's education, we may be permitted to give some short account of it.

Stoneyhurst is situated in the vale of Ribble, in South Lancashire, one of the finest and most extensive in England, and this ancient pile of building, which overtops the surrounding hills and the deeply wooded grounds with which it is surrounded, forms a magnificent object in the landscape. The prospects it commands are bold, rich, and beautiful : eastward appear the picturesquely wooded valleys of the Hodder and the Ribble, with the castle of Clitheroe crowning the summit of a neighbouring hill, whilst the vast mass of Pendle closes the view ; southwards appear the high grounds of Blackburne, with Ribchester, the celebrated Roman station, to the left.

When the Jesuits took possession of Stoneyhurst, the grounds around were overrun with rushes ; but they are now in a high state of cultivation, and several additions were made to the buildings, including a church dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, which cost several thousand pounds. The number of country people that attended mass in the ancient chapel within the mansion-house in 1791, when the institution was first opened, was six ; the congregation of the new church now exceeds two thousand. The brethren devote their lives to the instruction of youth, and ministering to the wants of the people in all the surrounding country, so that they have won them over to their faith, and are looked upon as a blessing. The Protestant bishop of the diocese, alarmed by the desertions of his flock, has recently caused to be built a new church on Hurst Green, just opposite the Jesuit church, where sermons against them are frequently preached ; but they take no notice of them further than to say to visitors who notice the circumstance, that churches may be built, and bitter sermons preached, but that is not the way to win the hearts of the people. They proceed with unwearied attention to the wants and comforts of all who come within the sphere of their benevolence. They care not for themselves or their own

personal comforts, but their kindness and their sympathies are bestowed with that philanthropic generosity that is soothing to the heart of the class in whose favour their energies are exerted.

To the care of these men was our hero to be confided ; and after a tender parting between himself and his mother, who for the first time informed him of the sacred profession for which he was destined, he and his grandfather started for Stoneyhurst on a fine morning in summer. They proceeded *via* Liverpool, and no incident of moment occurred until they arrived at their destination.

O'Kelly was highly delighted at the beauty and elegance of every object that met his eye in this favoured retreat. The venerable oaks in the park, the *walls* of yew that divide the extensive gardens, the fountains, the arbours, the shady walks appropriate to study, the Roman antiquities, illuminated manuscripts, and rare works that enrich the museum and the library, were all objects of his admiration ; and the kindness and urbanity of the brethren made a deep impression on him, and he thought within himself that the world could not have afforded a more suitable place for the education of his grandson.

He gave to the president during the two or three days he remained a short account of his eventful life, and of the prospects of Bob, which the good father heard with considerable surprise, and frequently turned his eyes in thanksgiving to Heaven that he was not in a world where such deceits and villany were practised, and in supplication for the amendment of his fellow-men who were.

Bob parted with his grandfather with less regret than he might be supposed to feel on such an occasion. But he was a lad of stern stuff, not easily moved—of the most fixed determination of purpose in any thing he undertook or planned ; and he said to himself when he saw the place, and remarked the silent, austere habits of his future instructors, “ This won't do ; this does not suit my taste ; but it would make my mother unhappy if I did not try it, so I will stay for some time without stating what my opinions are.”

O'Kelly returned home, and gave a glowing description of the establishment to Mrs. Norberry, who contemplated in her own mind the joy she would have in going to visit her son on the following summer.

Some months passed over, during which Bob regularly kept up the promised correspondence with his mother and grandfather, when one day his former schoolmaster drove up to the cottage in his pony phaeton. He was welcomed with the usual kindness which he always experienced on such occasions ; but O'Kelly was surprised to find he had hardly answered the kind inquiries made about his health, and that he seemed violently enraged.

"I have come," said he, "upon unpleasant business."

"What is the matter, my dear friend?" inquired O'Kelly, "what is the matter?"

"I have discovered it all," rejoined the schoolmaster, "or at least my cousin, Miss M'Dougal, has discovered it, greatly to her credit."

"What is the matter?" again inquired O'Kelly; "what has been discovered?"

"I have discovered that your grandson was one of the principal persons who made an attempt on my life some time ago; he had arrived at the years of discretion then, and was consequently amenable to the laws of his country, and my cousin says she will quit my house and never see me more, if I do not put those laws in force against him."

"What under Heaven do you mean?" said Mrs. Norberry, who had at this moment come into the parlour; "what has my son done that you come here to threaten him with a prosecution as a criminal? eh, Mr. Herbert, have you lost your senses?"

"No, madam, I have not; although I was well nigh losing my life, I have my senses quite perfect."

O'Kelly, who at once acquiesced in the suggestion thrown out by his daughter, looked at poor Herbert with an eye of compassion, and desired him to sit down, and calmly state his cause of complaint.

An explanation soon followed, and Mrs. Norberry heard with surprise a complaint so circumstantially made against her son, that she could not for a moment doubt of its truth. Miss M'Dougal had elicited all the facts, and the person who lent the "bit and brace" was ready to depose that it was into young Norberry's hand it had been given; and the perfection of the proof was, that upon examination it was found to correspond exactly with the holes that had been bored in the floor.

All this train for a prosecution had been laid by the young lady with the skill of a crown solicitor, before Mrs. Norberry was informed of what was passing. O'Kelly heard the story with much less surprise than his daughter, and reminded Mr. Herbert of his own youthful indiscretions when at college, at more maturer years than Bob, and begged as a favour that the matter would be allowed to rest; he added that Mr. Herbert would only be laughed at if it should be renewed again, or made more public than it had already been.

Herbert, who was naturally of a forgiving disposition, promised that he should think of it no more, but added, as he was about to take his departure, that he would have a great deal to do to pacify Miss M'Dougal; and he was bound to state that her foresight and judgment with regard to Bob were most remarkable, for she had predicted on the first day he entered the school, that

he would never quit until he did something that was horrible—she, in fact, had always the greatest terror of him, although he looked so mild and handsome.

When Miss M'Dougal heard that her cousin would take no steps towards bringing his former pupil to punishment, she was outrageous : she sat down and penned the following epistle to the heads of the college at Stoneyhurst :

“ GENTLEMEN—It may seem odd to you to receive this epistle from a faymale who is not none to none of ye ; but permit me to say that i am a ladye of anither countrey which will akount to ye for my not writin bettyr and legibley, but my motifs is pure, and all my considerations is for a noble and good purpose. i am livin with a cozen of mine who is head of a colleg near Dublin, where a person named Norberry was gettin edication—that person is now in ye're colleg and i rite to say for certain that he will never lave ye til he makes an attempt to murder some of ye, as he did my cozen who was saved by almost a mirakl. he lucks as if he was as innucent as a lam, but he's worse, far worse nor a hienne—i tell ye to watch him an beware o' him—i enclose al the purticklers of the horred transackshun in which he was the leader, by an ey-witness, and it will shew that ye'relives is not safe a minit whil he is in ye're colleg—perhaps it was not necessary to rite this as he has dun sumthing afore this that caused him to be transported, as i understand that ingland is a place wher the law is put in fors agenst young and olde, hi an low—it would be a great blessin to the cuntrey if that should take place, it would cause you to be looked on as public benefactures.

“ I have the honer to sine myself yer friend
and forewarner,

“ JANE M'DUGAL.

“ To the principles of the colleg at
Stoneyhurst in ingland.”

This precious epistle was despatched to Stoneyhurst, and it may well be supposed that its perusal caused considerable surprise there. It was first lookèd upon as a hoax, but Bob was called up by the monitor of his class, to whom the letter was handed by the president, and asked if he knew such a person, or to what occurrence did the letter relate. He frankly admitted that he did, and told the whole circumstances of the case. Whilst the candour with which he related them made a favourable impression on the one hand, the indifference with which he regarded the transaction, although the life of the master might have been in danger, on the other, caused the heads of the college to regard him as one who would plan and execute, without hesitation, a mischievous act, and they were determined to have a watch upon all his movements.

There was in the college at the same time two sons of Gerrard of Bryn, and one of the Booths of Barton, with whom the president had some trouble on account of their disposition to occasional mischief, and it was observed that these were the only boys in the college with whom Bob formed an intimacy ; this circumstance, coupled with the letter, increased the vigilance of those under whose care he was. He saw at once the surveillance which was placed over him, he became unhappy, and internally resolved to seek permission to return home, and if the permission was not granted, to take it himself as soon as his first year was ended, and he wrote to his grandfather to that effect.

Some circumstances occurred which prevented the intended visit of Mrs. Norberry to England, and at the end of a year, Bob, true to his original purpose, determined upon leaving the college. One evening after his class lecture had ended, he called Pere Simone, the French master, aside, and told him that he intended to leave the college on the following day.

"Why, my child," said the good father, "why should you do so ? Has your grandfather or your mother come to take you away ?"

"No," said Bob, "but I feel unhappy, and cannot remain. I must go ; I am watched here ; the 'fathers' regard me with suspicion, and I must leave them, though my heart tells me I am doing what is wrong. I love you, father ; you were always kind to me, and I could not think of going without telling you."

"I love you in return, my child, and I tell you that you cannot go in that way ; and if you did, it would be against our rules that you should ever return. You know I would be greatly grieved at that. I promise to get any grievance of which you complain redressed. I will speak to the president early to-morrow about you."

Bob took the kind father by the hand, whilst a tear came in his eye ; he said nothing, but resolved nevertheless to be some miles on the road towards Ireland, before the sun rose the next morning.

After the usual evening prayer, he retired to rest, and as soon as the monitors had gone round the dormitories to see that every boy was in his little curtained chamber, Bob rose, took a few articles of wearing apparel and all the money he was possessed of from his trunk, tied them up in a handkerchief, and proceeded by a long corridor from which a flight of steps led to the story underneath ; having got so far he raised one of the windows, and went out on a balcony in one of the eastern wings of the building, which was not more than ten or twelve feet from the ground ; from that he descended free from injury, and without any material obstruction got clear of all enclosures, and found himself on the high road leading to Blackburne. The night was delight-

fully fine, and he had gone no more than four or five miles on his journey when day began to dawn; he then rested for about half an hour, and having the clear daylight he got into the fields and proceeded by a short cut to Blackburne, which he entered at sunrise, having travelled ten miles.

There was no house open in the town but a small inn where wagoners who were proceeding to Warrington were feeding their horses; thither he directed his steps, and having entered, he found several men in smock frocks seated at a long table, some smoking, some drinking, others eating bread and cheese, and all apparently strangers to care. They were surprised at seeing one of his respectable appearance on foot at such an early hour, evidently after having performed a journey, for, from carrying the bundle and leaping over fences, he was greatly fatigued.

"You be's a young traveller," said a huge looking fellow with a carter's frock and half boots with wooden soles more than two inches thick and shod with iron, as Bob took his seat on a form opposite him. "You seem to have been on the road all night: run away from father, I das say."

"No," said Bob rather mournfully, "I have no father."

"No father, my poor lad! Ha' you got no mother neither?" said his new acquaintance.

"Yes," replied Bob, "I have a mother, and I am on my way to see her: how far is Liverpool from this?"

"Your mother lives there, does she?" demanded his neighbour, adding, "you be a clean lad, and she may be proud o' you too."

"My mother lives in Ireland," said Bob, "and I believe she thinks more of me than I merit."

This drew the attention of some others of the company, and a fellow who was after getting in a fresh mug of ale said, "You not be a Hirish chap, are you? I should take you to be English. You aint Hirish; no, I'm sure you aint."

"I am Irish," said Bob, rousing his incipient manhood; "and I am not ashamed of my country."

"I likes to hear that," said the fellow who first questioned him: "it shows spirit for one never to deny what he is."

"Come," said his neighbour, who had doubted that Ireland could produce so good a specimen of the biped species, "come, take some hale after your journey: it will be good for you."

Bob, who wished to cultivate the good opinion of his two new friends, took the mug and drank, and then called for a mug for each and for himself. This placed him upon terms of intimacy with them, which was by no means decreased on seeing that he had some pieces of gold in the purse from which he took the shilling to pay for the ale.

He found, upon further inquiry, that the party were about to start for Warrington, and although it was some miles out of the

direct line to Liverpool, he thought it right to accompany them. He agreed with the first person who had noticed him on entering, to get a seat in his wagon, for which he paid him two shillings, the distance being thirty miles. Having placed himself on a sheaf of clean straw under the awning which covered the merchandise in the foremost wagon, they started on their journey, and were not many minutes on the road till he fell asleep, and did not awake until they stopped at a roadside inn to bate their horses, and take some further refreshment themselves.

Just as Bob was about descending by a step-ladder, placed at the end of the wagon, he saw one of the servants of the college riding by in great haste, and he drew back and lay down again in the straw. The man had not gone more than a few hundred paces when he returned, and was just up by the wagon at the moment that Bob had alighted from it.

"You are caught, my fine young gentleman," said he; "here is a letter from the president desiring you to return, and if you should refuse to comply with his wish, my instructions are to bring you back by force. You are the first that has ever run away from the college, and such a disgraceful act cannot be permitted."

"I shall not return," said Bob sternly, "until I visit my friends in Ireland."

"You will not be permitted to do so then," said his pursuer; "come back now, and you will get leave to go home; you can then return, but you would be disgraced for ever if you were permitted to go away like a vagabond. The fathers all feel a deep interest in your welfare, and you will give them great pain if you do not return quietly."

"My resolution has been taken maturely," said Bob, "and I won't alter it."

"Then I shall order a chaise, and have you put into it by force."

Before this conversation had ended, the carters had gathered round the disputants, and regarded what was passing with much interest.

"Force is a game that is never played singly," said Bob; "and unless you have the power as well as the will, your threat is idle. I am only going to Ireland to see my mother; there is no complaint against me, nor have I any complaint against the learned men under whose care I was; but I felt unhappy, and I think I would die if I were much longer confined without seeing my mother and grandfather, who are the only relations I have in the world."

"Well," said one of the carters, "d—— my eyes if that aint the most beautiful language I ever hard. Yes, that's a good lad that; he wants to see the poor mother: what would we all be now if it were not for our mothers?"

"I remember," said the man in whose wagon he had been, "when I was a young lad like him, I was workin in Lunnen, an I hard as my mother had got a legacy from a man in the Potteries, who died without no relation but herself, and I quits the city the moment I hard it, walked down to Staffordshire, which was more nor a hundred miles, in two days, till I comes to see how the thing was: he may be too in the same sitivation. It was well I did go back in time, or the legacy would be all gone."

"Have you any warrant for this lad's apprehension?" said another to the man who still remained on horseback.

"No," said he, "certainly not."

"Well, then," said the whole party in a breath, "even though he be an Hirish lad, he must get fair play in England; you shan't take him from this—that we tell you."

After further conference between the parties, the messenger returned back, and Bob, after partaking of some breakfast with his new friends, took his station again in the wagon, and they proceeded on their journey to Warrington, where they arrived about sunset. They all put up at the same inn and slept in the same apartment that night. Bob was aroused early in the morning, but he was so sore with the shaking of the wagon and the fatigue he had undergone from the time he had left the college, that he was hardly able to dress himself. He found too that he was more or less affected with fever, and he was obliged to go to bed again.

It was rather fortunate for him that the man under whose special care he was, had to stop a day in Warrington, delivering his goods at the canal, before he proceeded to Liverpool, from whence he was to bring back a load of cotton to Blackburne. The fever increased in the course of the day, and towards night he became seriously ill; an apothecary of the town was called in who bled him, and had him removed to a more suitable apartment than that of the wagoners, in which there were at least a dozen of beds. The next day he was in a fair way of recovery, and his conductor determined to not go without him, and on the fourth morning after their arrival at Warrington, they were on the road to Liverpool, where they arrived early that evening.

The conduct of the poor wagoner, whose name was Bill Blundell, was exceedingly kind to his *protege*. Although his wagon was empty, with the exception of some old packing cloths and bundles of straw, which served both for a bed, he would not push his horses to a smart gait, lest Bob would be injured, and become ill again. Bill was more of a philosopher than his uncouth appearance and weather-beaten countenance would lead one to suppose, and as they journeyed along he interrogated Bob more closely than he had done before, with regard to his future

prospects, and whilst he tendered him some advice, he gave him the benefit of his view of things in general.

"You are an only son, you say?"

"Yes."

He shook his head. "Only sons seldom ha' great luck; I wish you had a brother."

"I would wish it myself," said Bob; "he would be glad to see me when I go home."

"What business does your mother intend you for?"

"The church" (Bob did not say what church).

"His friend turned up his eyes to Heaven, and then looking at his companion, exclaimed, "What a pity so fine a lad should be lost in that way!"

Bob started with surprise, and asked why he said so.

"You are young in the world," continued his fellow-traveller, "and can't know nothing about how things go in it; but we poor people do; we see that the parsons joins with the great people, and the great people don't care for us—they wish to keep us always in the same way; they preach about charity and all that, but, except some few, they don't practise none of it; they eat well, drink well, get their tithes, and live in fine houses, and wear fine clothes, but they does nothing for the poor. I never likes to see a good lad brought up to the church; it takes the good nature out of him, and makes him join with the great people: there may be some good, to be sure, as there are, but we never see none of them in these parts."

"What business or profession would you think best?" inquired Bob.

"For that matter, that be a question hard to answer," said his companion; "but, if I could give an opinion, I would say some business where in course of time you would be able to give employment to the people about you. There is Mr. Shuttleworth, of Bolton, who in my own time was but a lad at a small salary in a cotton factory, and he has now three or four hundred hands at work. I hope to see you a master yet; I think you would make a good one; but don't lose yourself by getting into a trade of preaching where there is no practice: take a man's advice who sees how things gets on very well—we poor people know more nor the great ones thinks—we see how things goes very well, and we will have our time yet; but, as a friend, take the advice I have given you."

"I will have time enough to think of that," said Bob; "I know at least that your advice is well meant, and I believe it is well worth consideration."

They arrived safely in Liverpool; and on the second morning after, Bob was on board a steamer bound for Dublin, carrying with him impressions of lasting affection for his humble friend Bill Blundell.

It was near twelve o'clock that night before the steamer arrived at the North Wall, and little more than an hour's drive in a covered jarvey brought Bob to his mother's cottage. He saw a gleam of light through the parlour shutters; and as he took the knocker in his hand, his heart failed him; he was afraid to knock, and had half come to the determination of remaining secreted some place until morning, lest his arrival at such an untimely hour might cause sudden alarm or pain to his mother and grandfather.

The Newfoundland dog, although quite enfeebled from old age, rose from his resting place under the stairs that led to the kitchen, ran up to the hall-door, and began to testify such symptoms of life and animation as he had not shown for some two or three years previously. He barked and yelped, and pawed at the door, as if anxious that it should be opened. The servants did not know what to make of the matter; they thought at first that strangers had come about the house, but then the bark of "Captain" was one of friendly salutation, and not anger, and they opened the door. The moment the poor animal was let out, he ran to a small clump of trees a few paces distant, where Bob was ensconced, and there again he testified his joy by frisking and barking, running alternately towards the door, and then back again, as if inviting his old playmate to follow him.

The servants knew that there was some friend in the way, although they little imagined it was Bob, and all ran out to see who it was. If a messenger from the grave had appeared, they could not have been more surprised than at the discovery of Bob at such a time and such a place. He entered the house, and in a moment was on his knees before his affrighted mother, who was just about leaving the parlour and retiring to bed. The poor woman firmly believed at first that it was his ghost, but he soon convinced her that she had to deal with matter, and not spirit. The meeting was affecting in the extreme; and when he told her that his desire to see her was such that he could not have a moment's happiness till he enjoyed that pleasure, she did not seem to think he had committed any great impropriety in quitting the college, even without leave. He was in a few moments at the bedside of his grandfather, who was overwhelmed with joy at seeing him. He had a sound sleep that night after his fatigues, and it was only the next morning that an account had arrived from the president at Stoneyhurst with regard to Bob's elopement, although it was upwards of a week since he left the college. It however appeared by the letter that had been received that as soon as Bob refused to return with the messenger sent after him, a person was employed to privately watch his progress, who never lost sight of him until he saw him on board the steamer bound for Dublin.

This course was preferred to writing to his mother or grandfather, who might have set out in pursuit of him, and he caused great pain and anxiety, which was saved them by this prudent conduct.

On the whole, Mrs. Norberry seemed rather well pleased than otherwise to have her son safe at home with her again ; and she resolved that when he next went to college, it should be to some place within a moderate distance of her residence, that she might have him occasionally under her inspection.

The news of his arrival in the manner already described, had spread through the neighbourhood, and Miss M'Dougal reckoned to a certainty that he must have murdered some of the heads of the college, or committed a felony of some sort, which caused him to run away. Without waiting to ascertain the truth or falsehood of such a supposition, she circulated the story most industriously through the country, and amongst others, had it conveyed to Tom Purcell, Lord Strangeway's tale-bearer, his lordship having returned to Castle Strangeway just a day or two before Bob's arrival from England. The relation of his adventures lost nothing in the transmission from Tom to his master, and his lordship expected to see the innocent, interesting looking boy of four or five years previous transformed into a hardened villain, fit for any desperate purpose.

It may be right to state that his lordship's absence was prolonged by the impression that had been made on his heart by Mrs. Norberry, and he did not return until he fancied that every trace of it had been worn out.

A few days after Bob's arrival, he and his grandfather went to Castle Strangeway to pay their respects to his lordship. Bob was then a stripling in his seventeenth year, and was remarkably handsome and graceful. On going up to the castle, they met Lord George Strangeway, his sister, Lady Mary, and some scions of other noble families who had all arrived that day, and were to spend some weeks at the castle. Lord George was fast approaching to manhood ; he was a fine, warm-hearted fellow, and his joy at meeting with his old playmate after so long an absence was almost boundless. His sister, and the other friends who accompanied him, were astonished at the warmth of affection which he manifested for his old acquaintance, of whom they had often heard him speak. Lady Mary Strangeway was just after returning from France, where she had been four or five years at school, and was a fair, delicate, sensitive creature, wholly a stranger to the habits and prejudices of her noble father. She was accompanied by a French governess, whose penetrating eye caught that of her pupil directing a glance after Bob as he bowed away from the company, and proceeded to the castle with his grandfather and Lord George, who returned with them.

Lord Strangeway received his visitors with that haughty coldness which he always mistook for dignity; but O'Kelly, having had so much previous experience of his character, did not entertain the same feelings as on his former visit. He was, however, astonished to see that a few years had made such ravages on his person: he was as if weighed down by some heart-consuming sorrow.

His lordship seemed greatly surprised at the change that had taken place in Bob within a few short years. He was tall and graceful, and had a countenance indicating intelligence and firmness of character, whilst at the same time there was a modesty and reserve about him ill suited to the terrific account of his misdeeds that had been transmitted to his lordship from Miss M'Dougal, through Tom Purcell.

"Many changes have taken place since I was here last," said his lordship; "your grandson, who was then a boy—a child, is now almost a man. Where has he recently been? I understand he has just come home to you."

"At college in England," said O'Kelly.

"Has he obtained honours there?" said his lordship.

Bob's face became crimson, and neither he nor his grandfather answered the interrogatory.

The interview was of shorter duration than a meeting after so long an absence would warrant; but the visitors saw that his lordship seemed fretted and uneasy, and they withdrew much sooner than they originally intended, without being solicited by his lordship to remain longer.

When they left the apartment, his lordship called his son in, and said, "Your rashness and want of prudence within the last hour has caused me much pain."

"What have I done, father?" impatiently inquired the son.

"You have introduced young Norberry to your sister and all the friends who were with you when you met him in the park; she is but just returned from France, where, unfortunately for that ill-fated country, the difference between those of humble station and the aristocracy, that is so essentially necessary to the prosperity of every well regulated state, does not exist—indeed there are hardly any aristocracy in it, and that must very soon lead to some great national misfortune—some revolution or some great organic change. But that is not the question at issue: your sister has not yet got the education under the paternal roof which teaches the value of station and nobility, and there is no knowing under these circumstances how far she might be inclined to regard with admiration a handsome young lad, for whom you have testified so much friendship. You have acted rashly—you have caused me pain, and God knows I have suffered from secret consuming pain for the last five years. I have had a

conflict in my heart of which the world knew nothing, and I fear that now, when it is over, it is to be succeeded by painful anxiety of a different character."

"Father," said Lord George, "what does all this mean? The greater part of what you say to me is perfectly unintelligible. I hope I have never caused you any of that pain and anxiety, which you say has preyed upon your heart for the last five years."

"No, my son," said his lordship, "you have not, but I have borne it for the honour of my house, of which I trust you will be a worthy head. It is not now necessary you should know what has caused it, your duty is to save me from pain for the future."

"That shall be the chief object of my life," said the son.

"You were wrong to introduce young Norberry to your sister. I saw the introduction take place from where I was in the park, but Purcell, who happened to be just passing close by at the instant, came directly to inform me that your sister blushed deeply as his eye rested upon her, and that she looked after him with apparent admiration when he passed on. Purcell, you know, is a shrewd, sensible man, and a faithful servant."

"I have by no means as good an opinion of him as you seem to think he merits," said Lord George, "but that is of no importance; I think your cause for uneasiness is groundless."

"I hope it may be so, but I am not even pleased that you should have made so free with Norberry. You have not probably heard of the character he bears; he made an attempt on the life of his schoolmaster, which caused him to be sent to England lest he should be prosecuted for it, and he has just now returned after attempting to murder one of the professors in whatever college he was in there. I believe the truth is, that had he not broken out of the house at night and ran away, he would now be in a prison. Purcell heard an authentic statement of the whole matter."

"Purcell hears too much," said Lord George; "I could never believe that that innocent looking fellow, whose bright beaming eye and modest intellectual countenance is a refutation of every disingenuous act, could be guilty of such awfully criminal deeds; it is impossible."

"Appearances deceive," said his lordship, "and he is not a fit companion for you at this period of life at least; I wish you shall have no further acquaintance with him."

"My lord, you have visited at his mother's residence, you have set me an example in that respect, and unless you have undoubted proof that he, or his grandfather, has done something to forfeit your previous good opinion, you should not break off your acquaintance with them. I candidly admit that I love him, and unless he is undeserving of my esteem, it would be harsh to direct me to withdraw it from him."

"I visited his mother's house," said his lordship, "and, I will only say, I shall not do so again ; I wish that all further acquaintance with the family be broken off ; ask no more questions."

"Your wish, my lord," said his son, "shall be obeyed, although it will impose much pain upon me ;" and he left the room evidently surprised at the painful restraint that had been imposed upon him, and wholly at a loss to fathom the meaning of all that had been said by his father.

On the following morning Bob was up for an early walk, after rather a sleepless night ; there was new cause for trouble or restlessness in his mind, which he could not discover ; he saw the sun rising in all his glory and majesty on a fine summer morning, he stopped to contemplate the scene, and began to think of the creation of the world and of man, and of the history of our first parents in Paradise ; he saw the foliage of the trees, and heard the babbling of a brook that ran close by where he stood making his observations ; he felt a species of unhappiness to which he had been before a stranger, and a state of existence that was altogether new to him. He wished he were back again in the peaceful retreats of Stoneyhurst, and that he was master of as much knowledge as the erudite men of that abode of science ; he thought of the sacred profession for which he was destined, but a chill came over his heart as if admonitory of his own unworthiness. In this state of mind he sat himself down by the clear stream that was rippling by, and plucking the leaves from the branches of a drooping tree that hung over it, he flung them in, and observing how they were carried away by the current, he pondered upon their ultimate destination, then mentally asked where the stream had risen, whither it was going, or would it be rolling on in the same way in a thousand years to come ? Whilst in those reveries, the same party that had met him the previous day when going to Castle Strangeway, with the exception of the young lord, came suddenly upon him ; they were all enjoying the refreshing breeze of the morning, and had been for some minutes previously observing the fit of abstraction in which he had been engaged. It was evident that Lord Strangeway's commands to break off all further acquaintance with Bob had not extended beyond his son, for the whole party greeted him with the most kindly salutations, and rallied him upon the musing melancholy mood in which they had found him.

The French governess turned to her pupil and then to him, and saw him blush as he looked upon the limpid stream, and then at the bright blue eye of Lady Mary, as if, in the innocence of a fresh young heart, he was comparing the clear sunny brightness of the one with the soft living light of the other. He joined the party in their ramble, and as they passed through a small wood that skirted the domain, the veil of Lady Mary was torn

off by the branch of a tree in which it fastened ; Bob was next her, and in an instant he disentangled it, and as he presented it to the fair owner, said, " that nature did not seem to permit a veil to cover so many charms," and as he spoke his voice faltered, and his cheek again became crimsoned. Before he parted from his companions he found an opportunity of telling her that he would be in pain until he saw her again ; in a word, both returned deeply in love, although Bob was not fully conscious of the nature of his own feelings, or the perils which surrounded him.

On the following day he actually penned an amorous epistle, but he found it impossible to procure a messenger to deliver it, and in this state of suspense he remained for another day, and was about visiting the castle again, when Lord George called upon him privately, and in the most kind and friendly manner informed him of the conditions that his father had placed upon him, with respect to holding any further intercourse with him, although he mentioned nothing of his father's suspicions with regard to Lady Mary. This news served but to increase the pain that was preying upon his heart, and which he fancied would be relieved if he could but convey anything like a true account of his sufferings to her who was the author of them.

When the heart is assailed by strong passions or temptations, how fatally do we deceive ourselves when we *allow* the outworks of either prudence or virtue to be assailed—for the assault cannot take place without our permission ; and this, by the way, is a maxim in morals, the truth of which should be deeply engraven on our memory—it should never for a moment be lost sight of. Man possesses a power of resistance in this respect, of which he is almost unconscious, because he rarely knows how to exercise it. There is no rational human being who is not in the first instance admonished by the unerring dictates of conscience, of what is right, and endowed with power to perform the part which it dictates : but that admonition is so rapidly succeeded by feelings arising from some fancied pleasure, gratification, or advantage, that it is almost in a moment obliterated or forgotten ; and having thus permitted ourselves to travel beyond the post where we are directed to keep watch, under the delusive hope of coming back to a contest which we know is about to take place, we inevitably fall prostrate and vanquished. On the other hand, if we take our stand where a general of unerring wisdom directs, defeat is impossible. How many days and years of pain, sorrow, disappointment, and blighted hopes, would be not only avoided, but filled up by true felicity, if we exercised that power of resistance against temptation, with which every individual of the great human family has been armed by Omnipotence ? and let moralists say what they will about the weakness or impetuosity of youth, and the experience of mature years, this power, which may be

called instinctive, is stronger in proportion as the wisdom of age is wanted.

"The silent monitor" at once told Bob that the sacred profession for which he was intended forbade him indulging for a moment the passion by which he was assailed, and armed him with power to resist; but, like the generality of mankind, he did not use that power, and the conquest over him was complete at the moment when he thought he was making preparations to encounter the danger.

He said to himself, "There can be nothing wrong in apprising that angelic creature that she shall live for ever in my memory; and that if I become a minister of religion, my prayers to Heaven for her happiness may be more efficacious."

He tore the first letter he had written; he wrote another, which shared a similar fate: he stated in both that there was, he believed, an insuperable bar between them, which was still greater than their inequality of station: he proceeded to explain what it was, but still he was dissatisfied with himself for having made such an announcement, and he wrote a third, wherein he merely described the consuming fervour of his passion, and the relief that he received from entertaining a hope that she who was the innocent author of his pain, would regard him with pity. Having finished this epistle, he fancied that he was much more at ease, and that if he was once assured that it had been safely delivered to Lady Mary, he would be prepared for the future to regard his own feelings with comparative indifference.

He read this letter so many times over, that it became soiled, and, in his opinion, unfit to send to its destination; so he wrote another fair copy wherein he made some amendments, which he considered a valuable improvement; and he contented himself with thinking that, until he procured a trusty messenger, he might go on preparing successive editions of the document, in each of which some improvement might be made; and, by the way, it is not the first time that numerous "editions" of an unread work have appeared.

He wandered for several days about the roads adjoining the demesne, and through the wood where Lady Mary's veil was torn off by the branch of the tree, and in all these excursions he was sure to see Miss M'Dougal, like an evil spirit, crossing his path, or standing at a distance watching his movements. He at length discovered a trusty messenger in the person of the wife of his lordship's gatekeeper, whom he won over to his interest, and who conveyed his letter to its destination, and on the following day he received a note acknowledging its receipt, and candidly admitting that her meeting with him had caused some pain, which she hoped a little time would remove.

The alternate sensations of pleasure and of pain which he felt on this occasion rendered him almost delirious, and made it still

more difficult on the part of his mother to account for his conduct. "Must the church be given up?" said he to himself, as he perused one hundred times over the few lines of angular writing, upon satin paper, with which he had been honoured. "No; there is not a direct acknowledgment that the feeling is reciprocal—I am yet left in some doubt about that matter; but what ecstasy I feel in pressing to my bosom this note, written by her fair and delicate hand! I am glad that she has not admitted hastily that she loves me, as the barrier between us is insuperable, both on account of the dissimilarity of our rank and the profession for which I am intended; but indeed I fear my vocation is lost. However, if I am to combat the passion which has seized upon my heart, I shall only be the better prepared for the encounter by a true knowledge of the position in which I am placed; and it would give me strength as well as consolation to know if she really loves me." He would then take out the letter, and read it over again, and make a fresh inspection of the motto on the seal ("*si je puis*"), which, like the document itself, had something enigmatical, or at least conditional, in it. "What could be the meaning of the passage, 'I candidly admit that my meeting with you has caused me some pain, which I hope a little time will remove'?" She did not say that the thought of me had caused her pain, or that she thinks of me at all, but merely that my meeting with her had been the source of pain to her, which time she hopes will remove. It may be that this pain arises from having been censured by her father for permitting me to make so much freedom with her in the veil affair, which no doubt was related to him by the party on their return to the castle. There is some mystery in the matter which I cannot unravel; and then the communication from Lord George, telling me that I was not to visit Castle Strangeway again. Yes, she is suffering pain on my account; yet I fear it does not arise from a reciprocity of affection: but then why write to me at all?"

Again the note would be unfolded and read by him, and again an examination of the seal and motto would take place; and finally he came to the fond conclusion, that unless she loved him, she would not have written to him at all.

Thus emboldened by success, he thought that his sending another letter would be a perfect relief from all his pain, and he accordingly despatched his second epistle; but Miss M'Dougal, who suspected how matters stood, had given Tom Purcell the benefit of her speculations. Tom conveyed the news to his lordship, into whose hands this second letter addressed to his daughter eventually came. Consternation, rage, surprise, and terror, alternately took possession of his lordship's mind, and, without stating the cause, gave instant orders that preparations should be made for the returning of the whole household to Castle Wilder on the following day.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RUINED VILLAGE—THE WIDOW'S CURSE—LORD
STRANGWAY IN SORROW.

THE village of Ballintransa, in the county of —, stood upon the declivity of a hill, and once wore the appearance of animation and comfort. Although it was situated in a remote mountain district, there were events associated with its name that made it a point of attraction for many a curious traveller and antiquarian, and all visitors left it with favorable impressions of the hospitality, vivacity, and kindness of its rustic population. It could boast of a comfortable thatched inn, with a grate and boarded floor in its state apartment, where a dinner of bacon and chickens, with excellent *potteen* punch, might be had at an hour's notice for customers who could afford to pay for fare so costly; and those of a more humble class were always sure to find some good oaten bread, fresh butter, and a mug of beer or milk, as their tastes might lead them. There was a large beam and scales outside the door, the use of which was given gratuitously to the villagers to weigh their corn and potatoes. Tom Connor was the owner of this establishment. No man could be better to do, and no man was more highly esteemed, as the phrase had it, "by gentle and simple," than he was. The whole country around was highly cultivated, and no people in the province of — were really more comfortable and independent in their circumstances than the inhabitants of the village of Ballintransa. But, alas! what a sad reverse—what a melancholy doom awaited these people! The traveller who in the summer visited this ill-fated village, and saw its life, bustle, and animation—its surrounding plains bearing the promise of an abundant harvest, was struck with horror on passing by again, even before the autumn had come, to see its streets desolate, its homesteads levelled, and the crop that promised abundance to him who sowed it, trodden down by the asses and cattle of those who passed to and returned from the fairs of the neighbouring towns. All was ruin and desolation: there was scarcely a stone upon a stone, with the exception of one miserable hut that stood at a short distance from the former village, and even this seemed to have shared the general fate, and to be reconstructed out of its own ruins.

In this miserable abode dwelt a widow, her three daughters, and one son, who was lame and a little hunchbacked; yet he was remarkable for his strength, and the tallest and most athletic

amongst the boys of the village (ere it was desolated and they had emigrated to America or left the country) was not able to cast the sledge as far as Owen M'Gill, who, on account of his exceedingly black, bushy head, and swarthy complexion, was called *Ownein Dhu*.

About an hour before sunset on a clear, calm summer's eve, as Owen was seated on a ditch near his mother's hovel, as if surveying the ruins of the village where he had spent so many happy and merry days amongst his neighbours and relations, he saw two carriages, each with four horses and postillions, ascending the hill within a short distance of where he was. On their arrival at the summit, the postillions found that a deep dyke was cut across the road, which brought them to a full stand.

"What is the matter?" said an elderly gentleman in the first carriage, as he put out his head.

"We cannot pass, y'ur honour," said one of the persons to whom he had addressed himself.

"Where are we?" continued the occupant of the carriage; "what place is this?"

"I don't know," replied the postillion; "I will ask this man sitting on the ditch;" then turning to Owen—

"What is the name of this place, neighbour?"

"That is more nor I could well tell," said Owen; "but I will tell you what the name of it *was*, if you tell me in return, what brought these coaches here, or who are in them?"

"Certainly," said his questioner; "but shure I thought you all knew down in these parts who *we* are."

"Then," said Owen, "the name of this place was Ballintrasna, but you may now call it anything you like, for it is Ballintrasna no longer;" and as he spoke, he looked first towards the spot where the comfortable dwelling of Tom Connor (his uncle) once stood, and then at his own wretched abode.

"Ballintrasna!" said the gentleman in the carriage, starting with such surprise, that a young lady who was seated beside him became evidently alarmed.

"Something ails the lady and gentleman in the coach," continued Owen; "tell me now who they are, and who are them in and on that other coach?"

"This is the great Lord Strangeway and his family," said the postillion.

"Lord Strangeway!" said Owen jumping with a frantic yell from the top of the ditch, and running into the hovel.

"Merciful Heaven!" said his lordship (for it was Lord Strangeway and his daughter who occupied the first carriage), "what has become of me? where am I? We have missed our road! Is my heart to be for ever torn to pieces by such untoward events? I told you when leaving the last post-house to

keep to the left when you came to the four roads ; a carriage rarely ever travelled this road before ; besides, this is entirely out of the direct line. I did not want to see this place of all others in the world. Turn round your horses instantly, and go back the road you came."

"This place is too narrow to turn," said the postillion ; "we must take off the horses."

"The delay is dreadful," said his lordship, "it cannot be borne ; hasten, and take me out of this instantly. There has been some design in bringing me here. Why did you tell that man my name ?"

"I thought," said the postillion, "that your lordship liked to be known everywhere."

By this time a young man, whom the reader will at once guess to be Lord George, came from the hindmost carriage to see what was the matter ; and upon hearing the name of the place, and looking towards the scene of desolation that lay before him, he appeared as much surprised as his father.

"There must be some mistake," said he ; "this cannot be Ballintrasma, which I have always heard was one of the most prosperous villages on any of my father's estates."

"Haste away from this scene, for the sake of Heaven," said Lord Strangeway, directing himself to his son : "assist to take me out of this ; my very soul is in anguish. I was flying from one evil, and I have encountered another still greater. I heard of this, but I did not expect to have seen it ; but their ruin is on their own heads."

"What is the matter, my dear father ?" said his daughter ; "you seem absorbed in melancholy since we set out on our journey this morning ; but why should this delay or trifling accident, which will avail nothing, cause you so much additional pain ?"

"Be silent," said his lordship, in a tone of severity ; and again calling to his son, requested that he would lend his assistance to the servants and postillions to turn the carriages, and hasten back the same way they had come.

To avoid all danger, it was necessary that his lordship and his daughter should alight from their carriage until it was turned round, and the horses put to again ; and whilst on the road, waiting for the operation, the old widow, with grey disbevelled hair, and a look of frenzy, proceeded from the hovel, accompanied by her three daughters and Owen, who carried a lighted coal in a wooden tongs, called by the country people a *modha bristha*.

"There he is, mother," said Owen in Irish, as he pointed to Lord Strangeway.

"My eyes," said the old woman in the same language, "have seen the author of our sorrow ; and though my heart should cease

to beat when the deep dark curse I am now about to give him shall go out from it, still the curse must be given; and if it be not deserved, may it fall back on me and mine. Hold the coal before the north wind, and scatter the ashes on the road."

Owen turned northwards, waved the coal in the air three times, and then scattered its ashes and cinders on the road.

The old woman knelt on her bare knees amidst the burning embers, and pronounced the following curse in Irish, which Owen told off in English, for the benefit of his lordship and his suite: "I am come of the Connors of the bloody hand (*lamh derg*), and when my eyes light upon those who have caused sorrow to the hearts of me and mine, my curse shall light too. I see you there, Lord Strangeway, and may you be accursed in the sight of God, and hated by your fellow-men, while all the sorrows and tribulations you have caused to others shall be multiplied to you a thousand fold. Ballintrasna was a pleasant place to behold; its daughters were fair and beautiful; its sons were strong, brave, and tender-hearted—they were playful as lambs, and bold as lions; they were the pride and glory of the county of——. But first and best of all was Tom Connor, my own flesh and blood; he was rich and well to do—he loved God and his country, and his neighbours loved him; they took his advice, but they are all lost—they are gone: may the sorrows that they all have felt be multiplied to you ten thousand fold, Lord Strangeway! The morning before the election of—— was glorious and bright, but another like it never since shone on Ballintrasna: all its brave men went with Tom; and when brought up to the poll, they voted for the Lord of Heaven, instead of an earthly lord: where are they now? where are their comfortable homes and firesides? The soldiers came and stood by with their cannons and their guns, whilst all was levelled to the dust. May the sorrows of all their bleeding hearts be multiplied to you ten thousand fold, Lord Strangeway! May the cold north blast of misery nip your body, while your heart burns like the fire! May every thing that could give comfort in affliction be a day's march before you, whilst sorrow, multiplied sorrow, shall be your daily companion! May no friendly hand close your eye in death, and at the moment that the pride of Satan shall make you fancy that you are entering into Heaven, may you tumble into Hell!"

This most extraordinary scene riveted the attention of all his lordship's servants; and even he seemed electrified, and was scarcely able to utter a sentence whilst the curse was being pronounced by the widow.

"My brain is burning," said his lordship with a frenzied air; "I think some curse has already fallen on me. For the sake of Heaven, take me out of this."

"This is all inexplicable to me," said Lord George: "what does this woman's curse mean?"

"The last contested election," said his lordship, and he paused.

"What of it?" asked Lord George, in a gentle tone.

"The ungrateful people of this place, who owed their very existence to me, came up and voted against my nephew, Lord Pelham, and for a common country clown, who was set up, by some dangerous demagogues in the county; so there was nothing left but to clear the village. What a happy land this would be if the people would only follow the advice of their natural protectors." His lordship put his hand to his forehead, and paused.

"The curse has fallen," said the widow, as she rose from her knees.

Owen gave a terrific yell, which echoed through the valley, and made the attendants of Lord Strangeway hurry off, as they believed it was a signal to call the country people together to make an attack on the whole party.

"What an evil destiny has lately hung over me!" said his lordship as he entered his carriage, which was ready to return to the high road leading to Castle Wilder, which they had so unfortunately missed.

"He is gone," said the widow, "and I know that the curse has taken root."

"It was wicked, after all, to do it, mother," said Owen; "we have now no chance of being left in our house, bad as it is: it will be levelled again."

"Not till we see what the law will do," said she; "our bit of land is not lost yet."

The story of Ballintrasna has been told in the widow's curse, but her own was somewhat different. Her house had been levelled amidst the general devastation; but she found that by some fortuitous circumstance, her lease did not contain the same penal clauses as the others, and relying upon this discovery, her son Owen and some of the neighbours erected a temporary hut within the walls of their once comfortable dwelling, in which herself and her family were living at the time Lord Strangeway had come that way by accident.

The process of eviction had recourse to by his lordship's agents, being rather of an extraordinary character, may be briefly noticed.

As soon as his tenants had voted against him, bailiffs, guarded by strong detachments of police and military, and accompanied by nearly a hundred carts and wagons, were seen approaching the happy village of Ballintrasna: the people were at a loss to conjecture what so extraordinary a procession could mean; but their doubts were soon removed: the landlord seized for all the old

arrears and penal rents, and all the property belonging to the terrified people, even the boxes containing the women's clothes, were piled upon the carts and wagons and carried to a place of safety. This proceeding was grounded upon an affidavit forwarded to the Castle representing the country in such a state of disturbance and opposition to the law, that the distress could not be made without military protection. The wretched people having been left nothing but the bare walls of their houses, were obliged to desert them and fly for shelter where they could best find it. Some of the more wealthy of them, including Tom Connor, the innkeeper, furnished their houses again, and replaced the property that had been carried off; but the first distress being insufficient to satisfy the enormous arrears and penal rents, a second was made upon those who had the temerity to return, and they were obliged to leave the homes of their birth and affections, totally beggared and broken-hearted, and then the tenantless walls were levelled to the earth. Outrages of the worst character were nightly perpetrated in the neighbourhood—the county gaol was filled—the constabulary force was doubled, fresh detachments of military were quartered in the neighbouring towns, and the district was put under martial law. Still the Widow M'Gill and her family remained as witnesses of the desolation that surrounded them, and the police had strict orders to watch Owen, in the hope of catching him out of his dwelling after sunset, as the readiest way to rid the country of him, for he was looked upon as a dangerous character. In the mean time law proceedings were pending between his mother and Lord Strange-way to try the validity of her rights and his acts.

“Cursed be the accident that brought me this way,” said his lordship, as his carriage rolled rapidly back; “there is some evil destiny over me of late. I ought, however, to be consoled by the reflection that I am embarked in a noble cause; the end I have in view is to support the honour of my order, upon the preservation of which depends the happiness and prosperity of my country, and if some particular evils have befallen the unfortunate people on this estate, they have but themselves to blame; and it was necessary that a few should suffer for the benefit of the many.” His lordship then threw himself back in his carriage and fell into the same moody silence which he had observed through the whole day, whilst his daughter was afraid to say a word either in the way of inquiry or observation. No further incident occurred worthy of notice on the journey to Castle Wilder, where the noble family arrived at a late hour that night.

His lordship did not come down to the breakfast parlour till noon of the following day; his countenance was haggard, and gave irrefragable evidence of a heart torn by painful emotions. His son or daughter dared hardly say a word beyond an inquiry

after his health, and after a fruitless attempt to eat some breakfast, he rang the bell and called his man Tom Purcell, which they took as a signal to withdraw.

"Tom," said his lordship, "you witnessed what took place yesterday; why is it that you never informed me of what the people think about the Ballintrasna affair—the turning out of the wretched ungrateful people there?"

"I thought your lordship knew all about it, and I did not like to mention unpleasant things; but it is not your lordship that is blamed about the business at all. The people still say that your lordship is a fine nobleman, and a great nobleman, with a good heart, and that all the fault is to be left at the door of Mr. Curlew, your agent."

"Do the people still think so highly of me?" inquired his lordship eagerly.

"Ah! then, to be sure they do," rejoined Tom; "except just those like the widow, that suffered so much; and she, too, would think it was all the agent's fault, only your lordship thought it worth your while to enter a lawshuit against her."

"The thought of that suit almost maddens me," said his lordship. "Law! why, it is sadly defective, when the most noble-minded and generous of the aristocracy are obliged to have recourse to a tedious process to regain rights that should be within their grasp at a moment's notice. To be placed upon a par with a pauper put forward by some dangerous demagogue, and then made the subject of attack by hired unprincipled mercenaries called lawyers, whose harangues are published in seditious newspapers, is a state of society that ought not to be allowed to exist one moment. I cannot bear to think of it—it drives me almost to madness: yet I will brave the worst; it is due to the order to which I belong that its rights shall be vindicated."

His lordship rose and paced across the room several times without uttering another word, whilst Tom was afraid to interrupt the reverie in which he appeared to be absorbed.

"Do you know," said he, as he seated himself again at the table, and drew his writing-desk before him, "what has become of the wretched ungrateful people of Ballintrasna?"

"Ah! then, your lordship, shure I knew what ailed your lordship's tindhert heart; an' I was goin' to make bould to tell you about them, an' to say that such of them as are alive ought to get somethin' done for them; most iv them died of cold and starvation in the coorse of the winther, and the rest would go to America if they had some money."

"Died!" said his lordship, interrupting him; "good Heavens! Aye, but their deaths are upon their own heads. I was their only friend and protector, and they turned round and stung me like serpents: no law, human or divine, directs that I should nurture

reptiles in my own bosom. The county —— was lost by them; my kinsman, Lord Pelham, was thrown out, and a plebeian returned: no, I shall not."

His lordship tore a sheet of paper on which he had written a couple of lines, and pushing the writing materials from before him, rose again, and hastily paced the room.

"Ah! then," said Tom, "as I did make bould to speak upon a subject that is grievin' your lordship's heart, I will folly up the business, and say another word. I know your lordship was goin' to write to Mr. Clements to look after the people, or to do somethin' for them; and I am shure you won't let it dhrop. The whole world will wonder at your lordship's goodness to people who were so ungrateful to you."

"We must do good for evil," said his lordship, seating himself again at the table, and proceeding to write.

"Another word," said Tom, as his lordship laid down his pen, as if to reflect upon the nature of the epistle he was indicting: "I'll go to the widow, an' tell her that the law will be given up, an' get her to take the curse off you."

"Stop, you mischievous fool," said his lordship with indignation; "I would be guilty of a crime before God and man if I could fall down before the traitors that are urging her on, and at whose instance my people were led astray and the county lost. No; my rights—the rights of the aristocracy shall be upheld at any cost. Death were a thousand times preferable: as to her curse, it is too absurd to think of it."

"Curses don't fall on sticks or stones," muttered Tom as he walked slowly towards the door.

"Stop," said his lordship; "you must proceed forthwith to Dublin, and deliver this letter to Clements with your own hands."

"The Lord reward your lordship," said Tom; "I knew what you would do, and will do in the end."

Within an hour after this interview with Lord Strangeway, Tom was mounted on one of the best horses in his lordship's stud, for the purpose of meeting the night mail to Dublin when passing through the town of ——, a distance of ten miles from Castle Wilder.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOPE AND DISAPPOINTMENT QUICKLY SUCCEED EACH OTHER
— BOB IS SENT TO THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN.

THEY who say that love and friendship are closely allied, err greatly: there is an immeasurable distance between them. Friendship is of slow growth—it is a long time in forming. Tried integrity, long familiarity, and reciprocal acts of kindness, are required to produce an affection ten times less ardent than that which is often called into existence in a moment by a bright eye and witching smile. Let cold-hearted philosophers say what they like, there is scarcely any affinity between them; and he who fancies he can substitute friendship where love should more naturally exist, deceives himself, and strews his own path with thorns.

Bob Norberry knew that he was intended for a profession which forbade him indulging for a moment the passion that was awakened in his heart; he knew, too, that the distance between him and Lady Mary was immeasurably great; but after many mental struggles, he imagined that he had found an agreeable palliative for his painful feelings by restraining his affection within the limits of friendship. “Yes,” thought he, “I shall ever remain her friend. I will remember her in my prayers; but I must find some means to convey to her again my state of feeling, and to assure her of my eternal ‘friendship,’ and then I think I shall be more at ease.” Thus Bob reasoned with himself, whilst his state of mind and abstracted demeanour became the source of anxiety to his mother and grandfather.

There were vague rumours in the neighbourhood with regard to the causes of Lord Strangeway’s hasty return to the country; and Miss M’Dougal had it most industriously circulated that his lordship dreaded assassination at the hands of young Norberry. She knew pretty well what the real cause was, but she thought it would be elevating Bob too high if it were known that he had written a love-letter to a lord’s daughter, particularly when she had some reason to believe that his epistle was not unacceptable. She frequently crossed his path like an evil spirit; and often as he sat by the brook where he beheld Lady Mary for the second time, or was wandering through the wood where her veil was torn off, he would find her gazing on him with malicious satisfaction. His existence was almost insupportable, and he was re-

solved, that no matter where his mother or grandfather proposed to send him, or what fate awaited him, he would submit to it without a murmur, so as it took him away from scenes which kept alive in his mind feelings of intense pain.

In two or three days after Lord Strangeway's hasty departure from the castle, Mrs. Norberry proposed to send her son to the University of Louvain to finish his education; and his anxiety to leave Ireland was so great, that he expressed a wish to set out at any moment she thought proper. Such was the state of affairs at the cottage, when Mr. Clements, who had not been there from the time of Bob's arrival from Stoneyhurst, called to pay a visit. He was greatly surprised at the sudden departure of Lord Strangeway, whom he had not seen for several years previously, although he had been in frequent communication with him. It seemed inexplicable that his lordship should return to the country without apprising him of the cause; and, on the whole, a mystery appeared to exist, which he could not unravel. He heard with some concern of Bob's running away from Stoneyhurst; and when he learned that he was now destined for the University of Louvain, in pursuance of Mrs. Norberry's original intention, he looked steadfastly at him, and shook his head.

Whilst thus engaged in conversation at the cottage, Mr. Clements was surprised to see Tom Purcell drive up to the door on one of the public cars from Dublin.

"Some commands from Lord Strangeway," said he, as he looked out and heard Tom inquire if Mr. Clements had been there that day?

"There is something the matter," said O'Kelly; "Tom looks as if he was the bearer of portentous intelligence."

Bob's cheek grew red, and then pale, as he rose to leave the room.

"There is some grief over this young man," said Mrs. Norberry, as her son went out to see what errand Tom Purcell had come upon, "which I cannot account for."

"He is pained," said Clements, "at the prospect of parting from you; he has evidently very sensitive feelings; but time will reconcile him to the change."

A servant at this moment entered, and announced that Tom Purcell had commands from Lord Strangeway for Mr. Clements, which he could deliver only into his own hands.

"Send him in," said O'Kelly, "till we hear something of his lordship."

Tom entered the parlour, and bowing several times, took the letter from his pocket, and presented it to Mr. Clements: "I have," said he, "travelled night and day till I gave you that

letter; and I was in the more haste, as I guess pretty well what it is about."

"How is Lord Strangeway?" inquired Clements, as he broke the seal.

"Arrah, then it's he that's bad enough," replied Tom; "I never saw any one in the miserable condition that he's in: I'm shure I'd rather be poor Tom Purcell, as I am, than be him with all his money and grandeur. I'm shure he can't live much longer, but I suppose that letter will tell you something about what happened him."

Tom having withdrawn, Mr. Clements perused the letter, and said—

"This does not inform me of any particular fatality having befallen his lordship; it is a direction to me to look after some of his tenants who were dispossessed last year, and who are supposed to be in great misery at present—he only heard of their condition since he went last to the country."

"Then I see," said O'Kelly, "that his lordship's benevolence is of a widely extended and active character."

"I wish to Heaven," said Clements, "that his benevolence was directed in a proper channel; he is now attempting to heal the wounds he has made when it is perhaps too late. I know not whether to pity or condemn him most: he has, as you have heard me say before, a noble and generous heart, combined with some talents; but of what use are the best faculties of our nature when trammelled by those corrupt laws which sustain the rights of what is called the aristocratic order? That which is esteemed high society, is a rank soil, from which every finer plant draws poison as it grows; and all that, under a better system of cultivation, would produce pleasant and abundant fruit, brings forth nothing but noxious weeds, not only useless in themselves, but calculated to contaminate whatever they come in contact with."

"I have wondered," said O'Kelly, "that entertaining those opinions, you could so long remain the friend of Lord Strangeway, as I presume you never concealed them from him."

"Never," replied Clements; "but he looks upon me as a person entertaining opinions founded upon what he believes to be a false system of education; and he actually pities me, as the slave of a mischievous delusion."

"Then," said O'Kelly, "your feelings seem to be reciprocal."

The letter having given no information as to the cause of Lord Strangeway's sudden retreat, Tom was recalled, and questioned by Mr. Clements about it. But on this subject he was less loquacious than usual; and as he evidently knew more than he wished to communicate, his reserve increased the mystery which hung over the affair.

Whilst these matters were discussed in the cottage, Bob had

taken his post on the road to the castle, and met Tom on his way to it. As he was determined upon writing to Lady Mary, and guessed, correctly enough, that from the aristocratic surveillance which Lord Strangeway exercised in his family, the post-office might not be the most certain mode of communication, he had, on Tom's appearance at the cottage, determined to try how far he might be confidentially trusted as his messenger, and had thus waylaid him for the purpose. Although perfectly unskilled in the delicate diplomacy which affairs of "tender friendship" require, yet he was conscious of some impropriety in making Tom the private bearer of a letter to Lady Mary, without insinuating some motive which might induce him to believe, that though it was to be secretly delivered, it was only of ordinary importance. This would have puzzled a more experienced head than Bob's; and Tom, who had dismissed the car at the cottage, was alongside him before he had satisfied himself as to the best mode of deceiving him. But had he witnessed the cunning smile upon Tom's features when he discovered Bob posted to meet him, it might have told him that he was racking his thoughts without utility.

As the time approached for opening the negotiation, Bob's confusion increased; and when he received from Tom a salute of more than usual respect and gravity, his feelings underwent a complete revulsion, and he imagined that he ought not, and therefore would not, make the attempt.

Tom, who was at no loss to know the cause of their meeting, relieved him from much of the embarrassment which he laboured under by asking him, "Has your honour" (there was a peculiar emphasis on the last word, which Bob did not feel the full force of) "no inquiries to make about Castle Wilder?"

"Why, no," said Bob hesitatingly, "I heard you say that the family were all well except his lordship: what is the matter with him?"

"I could not well tell you," said Tom, "but he is wasting away to nothing, and has become so cross and contrary that I believe I must leave him after all my long servitude. He has more to trouble him than the world knows anything about; if poor people knew what some great lords and rich folk have to trouble them, they would not envy them—that I know."

"I am sorry to hear that his lordship should be unhappy. How is Lord George, and how is Lady Mary?"

"Now if you had put the last question first of all," replied Tom, "you would have been just right; I know it was that was uppermost in your mind."

"What do you know?" demanded Bob, eagerly.

"I know it all," said Tom.

"What do you know?" again demanded Bob, with emotion.

"I know about the letther you wrote to my lord's daughter."

"Has she informed his lordship of the fact?" inquired Bob, with a faltering voice.

"No," replied Tom, "but I informed him; I am very sorry now that I did so, and the only atonement I can now make to you and the young creature, who is grieved enough by this time, is to be your friend in every way I can."

Bob looked at him with feelings of astonishment, and inquired how it was that he was able to give his lordship information with regard to his second letter to Lady Mary.

"Indeed," replied Tom, "it was I who told his lordship about it, and when I make that acknowledgment, it is the best assurance I can give you that you can trust me for the future."

"But how did you come to know anything about it?" again demanded Bob.

"Why that splinther of —, Miss M'Dougal, put me up to it," said Tom; "she saw your messenger go to the castle the first time, so I watched till I saw your second letter delivered to her ladyship, and having tould his lordship about it, he walked into the drawing-room when she was reading it. We were all then ordered to bundle up and be off back again to the country. I am shure I never saw anything like the way his lordship was in: if I had known how it would be, or that we were to go back again to that wild place that would kill a beathen to live in, I would have never said a word about it."

"Can I depend on you for the future?" said Bob, looking steadfastly in his face.

"You can," replied Tom; "I was once in love myself, and I know what it is."

"I did not speak of love," said Bob, "I merely wish to write to Lady Mary as a friend."

Tom laughed immoderately, and repeated several times, "A friend!"

"Yes, as a friend who shall live in my memory and prayers," said Bob.

"Live in your memory and your prayers," again repeated Tom.

"Young as you are don't talk so foolish; come, write a good love letther, such as O'Shaughnessy the great schoolmaster in Kerry wrote for me when I fell in love with Judy Barry; come, write the letther, put what you like in it, and I'll give it to her ladyship, not pretending to know a word of what is in it."

"Can I depend on you?" again demanded Bob, with earnestness.

"Arrah, to be shure you can," said Tom with impatience, "did not I tell you so already?"

"I will write then," said Bob, "probably for the last time,

for I am not foolish enough to aspire to her hand—there are too many obstacles in the way.”

“Pshaw!” said Tom, “don’t talk such nonsense; why would you think that you shouldn’t get her young ladyship in marriage? Sure if she takes you herself, what more is wanted? Depend upon me as a friend. I think you would make a good young master, and to be shure the ould lord has got so peevish and cross and contrary of late, that it is next to death to live with him; it is not as it used to be in ould times, when I had every thing my own way, an angel out of Heaven can’t please him; and then when I think of the curse the widow gave him the other day, it is frightful. I’m afraid that some of it might fall on me if I stay much longer with him. As to the young lord, he is goin’ off to travel in furrin countries, and I see that I may soon be left on the *shaughraun* after all my long and faithful servitude. To make a long story short, I’ll be your friend in the matter—you understand me.”

Tom’s inartificial rhetoric very effectually dispersed the clerical aspirations which Bob’s mother foolishly believed were unchangeably settled in his heart. He heard this extraordinary harangue with feelings of astonishment and delight, at finding a friend where he fancied he had almost an insurmountable obstacle to contend with. “I do not rightly understand you,” said he; “what is it you wish should be done on my part?”

“You know,” replied Tom, “it is a dangerous business for me to get into, but if I do, I think in my ould days I ought to be well provided for; you will be able to do it, for if you once get married to the lady, all the laws of the land cannot keep the great fortune from her that was left by her mother, and I may tell you a thing or two that you did not know before—Mr. Clements is the man who has the management of that money, so that you won’t be beholden to the ould lord for all.”

Bob was in raptures at the prospect that was so speedily placed before him by Tom, and as an earnest for his liberality when in possession of more wealth, he pulled out his purse and presented him with eight or ten sovereigns, which was all he was then possessed of.

Tom retired to the castle for the night, and Bob repaired to his chamber and wrote a long letter to Lady Mary, which was given into the hands of his new confidant early the next morning, who without any further delay hastened back to Castle Wilder. Mr. Clements left home at the same time to go in search of the objects of Lord Strangeway’s benevolence.

Some days passed over, Bob anxiously expecting to receive an answer from Lady Mary, when at length one arrived that almost extinguished the hopes that he had so lately indulged in. It was written by Tom, and dated from London. It stated

that upon his arrival at Castle Wilder he found the family under orders to go to "furrin" parts, he believed France; that as Lord George was going to travel, his father intended to go with him a part of the journey, and that there they were on their way in "Lunnen," Lady Mary and all. The letter went on to give an opinion about England and Englishmen, and to speculate upon the horrors that awaited him when he came to deal with the *parley voos*, whom he wished to speak Irish instead of French. He assured Bob that he delivered his letter safe to Lady Mary, although it was no easy task to do so, for she was hardly ever out of the sight of the French governess, and he believed that she was not allowed the use of pen, ink, and paper. The latter assurance left Bob some little hope to live upon, as it accounted for his letter being unanswered. With a heavy heart he made several translations of Tom's epistle, but all came to the same meaning—that she who was the idol of his affections had been carried off to a foreign land, and that probably all communication between them was for ever at an end. He became still more thoughtful, and his mother and grandfather became greatly alarmed; but medical advice having been obtained, they were assured that he was at least free from any dangerous malady.

Nothing worthy of notice occurred until early in the following spring, when he set out for the university of Louvain. In the interval his hopes and fears were so closely blended, that neither assumed the mastery. He appeared to have suddenly become an anxious politician, for he was always the first to receive newspapers from the hands of the post-boy, and O'Kelly little guessed that it was for the purpose of tracing amongst the fashionable intelligence the movements of the Strangeway family on the Continent. He at length hit upon a piece of news that threw an additional gloom over him, and led him to believe that all hopes of ever seeing Lady Mary were at an end.

The paragraph, which was under the head of "Fashionable Intelligence," ran as follows: "Lord Strangeway, whose departure for the Continent we noticed with so much regret some months past, has, with his numerous suite and beautiful and accomplished daughter, left Paris for Naples. It is said, that in consequence of a young nobleman of large fortune and high family connections, who is at present ambassador at one of the continental courts, being about to lead her to the hymeneal altar, his lordship will not return to Ireland for some years. We make this announcement with deep regret, knowing the irreparable loss that the absence of this truly patriotic and generous nobleman must be to this country generally, but more particularly to those who had the good fortune to come within the immediate sphere of his lordship's benevolence."

"It is no matter where I go now, or what becomes of me,"

said Bob, as he read this paragraph ten times over ; " I will go any place that I am directed ; and I only wish it were to some distant land, and amongst scenes that would cause me to forget my sorrows or hasten the termination of an existence that is almost insupportable. Perhaps, too," thought he, " that the evils which I endure are but a just punishment for the abandonment of the path which propriety had pointed out." He, however, assumed an air of cheerfulness, and told his mother that he was ready at any moment she thought proper to proceed to Louvain, with a view to fulfil her original intention, or at least to finish his education.

During the first few months of his residence at Louvain, he applied himself with tolerable assiduity to his studies. He was, however, frequently found by the curators and president in fits of abstraction, the cause of which was a mystery to them. He was in this state of mind when the summer vacation took place. Such students as wished to remain in the house might do so ; others, who resided in foreign countries, went home ; and a few, who had friends in the neighbouring cities, went to visit them. Amongst these was Bob, who had a letter of introduction from Mr. Clements to Mrs. L——, an English lady, resident with her family in Brussels, whither he went about the beginning of August. The society he met there—the life and animation with which he was surrounded, and the ever varying rounds of amusement in which he was obliged to take a part, and which so particularly distinguish that gay city, made a visible improvement in his health and spirits. He formed an intimacy with the son of Mrs. L——, who was one of the very few of the numerous English residents there, who were opposed to the conduct of the Dutch government towards the Belgians. Young Mr. L—— was an ardent lover of liberty, and the personal friend of De Potter, who, for his strong writings against the Dutch government, had been prosecuted by order of Van Mannen, the minister of justice. He had conceived a deep hatred of Dutch rule, and was a member of a political society which had for its object a redress of the wrongs of which the Belgians had to complain. It was only in the previous spring that De Potter and five others were tried on a charge of " having excited a plot, having for its object the change or destruction of the kingdom of the Netherlands." After a lengthened trial, De Potter, and three of his co-conspirators, were found guilty, and sentenced to a heavy fine and long period of banishment : and from that time a universal and deep-rooted hatred against the government sprung up in the minds of the people, accompanied by a firm determination to leave no legitimate means untried to remedy the grievances of which they complained ; and if they met with refusal, to have recourse to force.

Young L—— poured into the willing ear of Bob all the secrets of which he was himself the depository: he introduced him to their society; and the first night he attended a private meeting of the members in the Rue Fosse aux Loupes, he, with the warm enthusiasm of youthful ardour, vowed eternal fidelity to their cause, and declared that, whenever the blow for liberty was to be struck at Brussels, he would fight till death or victory ended the contest.

CHAPTER XVII.

“THE FOUR DAYS IN BRUSSELS” — BOB A MUCH BETTER ADEPT IN MILITARY TACTICS THAN IN THEOLOGICAL STUDIES—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

THE members of the society into which Bob was introduced continued to meet every evening until the 24th of August, which was the king's birth-day; and it was then evident that some manifestations of revolt were dreaded on the part of the authorities, for the review of the troops and municipal guards was adjourned, on the ground that it was dreaded the weather would not be favourable; but the real cause of the postponement was well known to the people to be an unwillingness to entrust the citizen soldiers with arms. There was also a counter order given to postpone the illuminations in the park, for which preparations had been made on a scale of extraordinary magnificence: this order was given with a view to prevent the assemblage of great crowds in the streets; but this precaution had not the desired effect, and Brussels was never more full than on that day. Large numbers of persons assembled in front of the Hotel de Belle Vue, crying out, “*Vive de Potter, a bas Van Mannen* ;” and amongst them, Bob and his friend young L——, took a prominent part. In the course of the day several inflammatory placards, which had been manufactured at the house of Mrs. L——, were posted up, and almost immediately afterwards torn down by the police.

On the evening of the 25th, the opera of *La Muette de Portici* was performed at the *Theatre Français*. The house was crowded. Bob and his friend L——, with upwards of one hundred young men of the city, and some few other students from Louvain,

occupied the front rows of the pit, and led on the cheering through the course of the evening, which was most enthusiastic when those airs which breathed the spirit of liberty were played. The performance of the piece was no sooner ended, than the crowd rushed out of the house, and collected in the Place de la Monnaie, and the general impression was that a riot would ensue. The *cafes* and shops, which were in the habit of remaining open till a late hour in the night, were closed. An empty wine barrel was rolled out to the Place Royale; several of the young men who had rushed from the theatre ascended it in turn, and addressed the crowds which surrounded them. Amongst the most eloquent of the orators was Bob, who spoke French with a fluency equal to the best of them.

After the speechifying in the Place Royale, the crowd, led on by Bob and the friends who were with him at the theatre, proceeded towards the office of the *National*, shouting, "*Vive la liberte*," "*Vive De Potter, a bas Van Mannen*:" they were joined in their progress by crowds who were collecting from all points. The windows and doors of the *National* were broken. The crowd then proceeded to the house of M. Bagnano, in the Rue de la Madeleine, who was proprietor of the obnoxious journal, and his doors and windows shared a similar fate. The mob afterwards forced an entrance, and threw out all his furniture into the streets. Amongst those in the crowd, in the garb of labourers, were several Frenchmen of station, who had come down from Paris a few weeks previously, and who were members of the same society into which Bob had been admitted.

At length, some mounted *gens d'armes* and a company of Dutch grenadiers presented themselves at the scene of tumult; but most probably, after the late Parisian example, they were unwilling to charge or fire upon the populace, and they drew off to some distance, after the officer in command had expostulated with them, and requested of them to go quietly to their respective homes. Being thus emboldened by the timidity of the military and civic authorities, a portion of the mob, drunk with the wine from Bagnano's cellar, proceeded to the Court of Assize, the windows of which they broke. Bob and his friends returned to the Place Royale, where he again mounted the empty wine barrel, and proceeded to address the crowd. He advised them to go quietly home for the night, and to take measures on the following day to prevent the entrance of any more Dutch troops to their city, until the wrongs of which they complained should be redressed. There were several of the police in disguise amongst the crowd, who proceeded at once to the house of M. De Knyff, in the Rue de Berlaumont, no doubt to report what they had heard; and in a few minutes afterwards a strong body of mounted *gens d'armes*, and an additional company of grenadiers,

which were under arms in the Caserne of the Rue Regence, rushed up the street, and arrested Bob and some eight or ten others of the ringleaders by whom he was surrounded. They were lodged in the police prison adjoining M. Knyff's residence; and the soldiers having left their prisoners in safe keeping, proceeded to another part of the town where the mob were committing fresh depredations.

A loud cry of "to arms" broke from the crowd in the Place Royale, and they rushed off in the direction of the armourers' shops, which they broke open, and were back in the street in a few minutes, many of them armed with guns, swords, pistols, bayonets, and every kind of available weapon. They took advantage of the temporary absence of the soldiers from the place where their comrades were confined, and proceeded to demolish not only the prison, but the house of M. De Knyff. Having thus liberated the prisoners, they proceeded to join the rioters in other parts of the city, carrying with them a flag formed from the window-curtains of M. De Knyff. On the summit of the hill they made a halt, in front of a detachment of the military which was stationed on the Place Royale, and shouted "*Vive la liberte*," "*Vive la Belgique*," "*Vive De Potter a bas Van Mannen*." The soldiers, who were chiefly composed of Belgians, implored of the rioters to return home, and not force upon them the abhorrent duty of shedding Belgian blood. A Dutch officer who commanded them told them that they would be slaughtered indiscriminately as rebels and traitors, as soon as the Dutch army would arrive in the city, unless they all went home quietly that night.

"I was right," said Bob, "in the admonition I gave you all a while ago, not to permit another Dutch soldier to enter the city until your demands for justice are complied with."

"Is that the traitor that was lodged in prison with several others less than an hour ago?" said one of the grenadiers who had been at the capture of Bob and his comrades.

"It is," said Bob, and he brandished a sword with which he had been supplied by those who broke into the armourers' shops. The soldiers saw that the immense multitude had procured arms, and instead of charging on them they stood in close column and allowed them to pass on. The populace divided themselves into different parties, so as to render it impossible that the authorities could check their progress at all points, but towards four o'clock in the morning, when the soldiers had marched to the protection of the king's palace, in consequence of a rumoured attack upon it, they proceeded to the house of Van Mannen, the minister of justice, in the Place du Petit Sablon; they broke the doors in an instant, and rushed in, uttering the most fearful cries against the detested minister. After the entrance was effected Bob was the first to get into the balcony, where he again harangued the crowds

outside ; he exhorted them to refrain as much as possible from the destruction of property, but now that they might be said to be fairly in arms, never to lay them down till they achieved their liberty. All were astonished at the address and intrepidity of the youthful stranger, and he was greeted with the most enthusiastic cheers.

His admonitions were, however, so far disregarded, that the mob rushed into the house from which the family had fortunately escaped at the commencement of the rioting, and having smashed and destroyed all the furniture, they set it on fire. The day was just beginning to dawn—the flames rose with terrific grandeur, and being agitated by a strong west wind, presented a scene peculiarly awful. Such as had shut their doors and retired to bed in the early part of the night were aroused by the cry of “fire,” which spread all over the city. The people were now up in all quarters, and having armed themselves in every possible manner, moved forward in open insurrection. Shortly after daylight a battalion of *chasseurs*, and one of grenadiers, paraded the streets in companies. The Place du Sablon, where the house of the minister and the adjacent buildings were on fire, was the point of highest excitement, and to this the military proceeded in greatest force.

After the house of Van Mannen had been set on fire, Bob, accompanied by his friend L—— and some French engineers who were of his party during the night, proceeded at the head of nearly three hundred of the strongest men amongst the assembly, who cut down several large trees, which, aided by the rest of the mob, they immediately threw as barriers across the Place du Sablon and the adjoining streets. The two first companies of grenadiers who presented themselves were received with shouts of defiance ; the troops fired two platoon volleys, by which several persons were killed, but before they had time to fire a third the insurgents rushed upon them *en masse*, and being nearly ten to one in point of numbers, almost in an instant disarmed them, and compelled them to surrender. Some, whose friends had fallen by their sides, were for executing summary vengeance on the soldiers by putting them instantly to death, but Bob, whose fame as an orator had risen to a higher pitch in one night than that of other great men in a quarter of a century, mounted the barrier that was placed across the street, and addressing the people exhorted them to spare the troops, who had done no more than perform their duty ; for they were men and brothers who had the cause of their common country and of liberty equally at heart, and it was much better have them fighting by their side, than to embroil their hands in their blood. This address was received with loud acclamation, and an officer who commanded one of the grenadier companies proclaimed for the people, and was joined

by his men. An incessant firing was heard in many parts of the city, and there were more of the populace killed that morning than was ever accurately ascertained.

About eight o'clock the firing had ceased, and the wealthy inhabitants were seen running to and fro in frightful disorder, uncertain whether to remain or depart from the town ; they seemed all anxious to proceed to Antwerp, which was deemed impregnable, and where ten or twelve thousand of the Dutch troops were quartered. About eleven o'clock a meeting of the civic authorities took place, with a view to holding an inquiry into the proceedings of the previous night. Baron Vanderlinden d' Hoogrout, commander-in-chief of the civic guard, sat as president ; several witnesses were examined, and the conduct of Bob having been spoken of in terms of the highest praise, he was enrolled one of the Burgher guard.

The burgomaster and officers of the civic guards then constituted themselves into a regency, and issued a proclamation, calling upon the people to preserve order until their complaints should be laid before the king and the states-general, and promising that the imposts of which they so loudly complained, particularly the *moutre* or tax upon grinding corn, should be abolished. A second proclamation was issued in the course of the day, promising that the Dutch soldiers should be confined to their barracks, and the preservation of the peace and the safety of the town confided to the national guards and armed inhabitants. Bob, whose fame had now spread through all Brussels, was an object of attraction wherever he went, crowds followed him through the streets during the day, and on one or two occasions he was compelled by the populace to mount the rostrum from which he had addressed them the previous night. He explained the nature of the proclamations that had been issued, and told them that he was determined never to desert their cause till he saw it crowned with success.

The eloquence and valour of the young Irishman, for Bob took care in all his harangues to announce his country, were the universal source of admiration throughout the city, and he was visited that evening by several of the officers of the municipal guard.

The deputations to the Hague, the petitions to the Dutch king and the states-general to give the Belgians a parliament to legislate for themselves, and the diplomatic correspondence that took place, not being immediately connected with our hero, need not be stated here ; it may, however, be observed, that the Belgian people never contemplated total separation or a change of dynasty, until they found that all their petitions were disregarded, and that finally they got the usual kingly answer—that nothing should be extorted by force or menace, and that the insurrection

should be completely put down before concessions should even be talked of.

Whilst these negotiations were going on, the people were preparing themselves against every contingency. Bob and his friend L—— were despatched on a mission to Liege for the purpose of giving directions to have thirty thousand pikes prepared, and, incredible as it may appear, that number was manufactured within three weeks, chiefly at the iron works and mines of the enterprising Mr. Cockrell, an Englishman, who was a relation of Mr. L——'s, and attached to the popular cause.

The pavement of the streets was torn up, large trees were continued to be cut down, and barriers formed at all the gates of Brussels. Every day became one of increasing alarm—public credit was at a stand—the banks were closed—the labouring people were without the means of subsistence, except as it was supplied to them by their more wealthy neighbours. Thousands of persons from different countries, terrified by the reports of immediate hostilities, fled to Antwerp and other places for protection; the best houses in the city were nearly all deserted; not a private carriage was seen to roll over the streets; and Brussels, which a few weeks before engaged her happy thousands in the celebration of their festivities, and presented an array of beauty and fashion almost unequalled in any city of Europe, exhibited the appearance of a place that had become desolate by a plague.

The Dutch government on the other hand were not idle; from the 25th of August, when the *emule* first took place, they had been concentrating their power and preparing a formidable force to march against Brussels, and on the 20th of September twelve thousand of their picked troops and sixteen pieces of heavy cannon, with Prince Frederick at their head, were within a league of her gates.

On that morning two travelling chariots entered the city, and with difficulty made their way to the Hotel de Belle Vue, where those to whom they belonged put up for the night. There were there besides three or four other English families, who had arrived a few days before, ignorant of what was going on, and who were obliged to remain, from the impossibility of obtaining post horses, or procuring any means whatever to leave the city. Bob, with the party of the burgher guard with which he was associated, was hardly off the streets night or day, and his eagerness for the contest with the troops was deemed by some of his co-patriots more courageous than prudent. The populace loudly cheered whenever he was recognised, and it was only his want of experience in military matters that prevented him being assigned to a high post of command; he, however, insisted on being placed wherever danger was most to be apprehended, and

he, with some of the bravest of the citizens and municipal guards, was stationed at the Louvain gate, by which it was supposed the royal troops would first attempt to enter the city. On the morning of the 21st, a detachment of the royal horse appeared within a few hundred yards of the gate, and it was believed that the conflict would immediately commence. The tocsin was sounded, the great bell of St. Gedeon was rung, the drums beat to arms; there was no one to be seen on the streets but those who were marching to death or victory; all the gates upon the northern or eastern side, at which the king's troops were expected, were protected by the citizens and the burgher guard, who drew up in battle array, and gave three shouts of defiance, calling on their enemy to come on; but the advanced guards returned, and joined the main body of the army.

About five o'clock in the evening, a corps of observation was again seen advancing towards the Louvain gate, when a body of the Brussels and Liege volunteers, and some of the guards, amongst whom was Bob, rushed out and attacked it. Several of the Dutch cavalry were killed; and their horses, with a flag which Bob bore back in triumph, fell into the hands of the patriots, whose loss was only ten killed, and about twenty wounded. The shouts of acclamation with which he was received rent the air, and gave fresh courage to many of his co-patriots to follow his example.

The 22nd passed over without any attempt being made by the Dutch troops to enter the town; and during that period upwards of twenty thousand men from the provinces, and many from the French frontiers, had arrived, and were all supplied with the pikes which had been manufactured at Liege, Namur, and in the iron mines. On the morning of the 23rd, the city appeared more tranquil than on the previous days; but before noon, a regiment of Dutch cavalry advanced, and took up their position in a brick field within a few hundred perches of the Louvain gate, and were so disposed as to mask a battery of six heavy guns in their rear.

Behind the palace of the Prince of Orange, and at the end of Rue Laterale de Parc, the citizens had two six-pounders placed. A loud cry was heard from some men who ran towards these guns, calling upon the gunners to fire upon a corps of infantry that were marching past the cavalry, and descending by the Louvain road towards the town, at about three quarters of a mile distant. When the troops had come a little nearer, the citizens discharged one of the two guns which they had, and the other immediately succeeded. The Dutch cavalry on the opposite height were observed to advance, and the six pieces of cannon which they masked opened a terrific fire on the citizens. Many of them were killed at the first discharge; and amongst them, one of their

gunners, when about to fire off his second charge. The man's head was shattered into atoms, and as he fell with the lighted match in his hand, Bob, who was near him, snatched it up, and applied it to the gun, which was directed with unerring aim towards the advanced body of infantry who were dashing on towards the gate. The citizens then rushed behind the strong barricades that were erected at the Louvain gate; and the Dutch troops, seeing the streets almost clear, and having their guns in the rear pouring grape shot into the town, a regiment of their infantry, followed by two troops of cavalry, dashed on with great impetuosity towards the gate, and thought to enter the city; but the people rushed from behind their barricades, and received them with their pikes and bayonets. Near the gate was a large pile of buildings, into which several of the burgher guard had got early in the morning, who opened a destructive fire on them while many who had got upon the roof, poured down stones and missiles of every description; and in less than half an hour after the *sortie* was made, the king's troops were obliged to retreat, after sustaining a heavy loss.

There was no further attempt made on the town that day, but the next morning the Dutch had concentrated all their power before the Scaerback gate, a little beyond which Prince Frederick had fixed his head quarters. At an early hour they brought their heavy guns to play upon the *boulevards* near the gate, which were completely levelled after a few discharges; they then marched on, covered by the guns in their rear, and entered the town, dragging with them five or six pieces of cannon through the breach in the wall, from which they poured incessant discharges of grape shot through the streets. Having thus penetrated into the city, they were proceeding to throw down the barricades and fill up the trenches that had been cut; but the citizens, who had occupied the houses on each side, opened a brisk fire on them from the windows, and poured down paving-stones and missiles of every description from the roofs and parapet walls where they had posted themselves that morning. The Dutch then took possession of the park, which by some oversight had not been occupied by the burgher guard.

A detachment of the royal infantry soon made themselves masters of the king's palace, and although hostilities might be said to have ceased for that day, preparations were going on at both sides to renew the conflict on the following morning. During the night reinforcements of troops from the camp outside joined those in the park, and in the morning the force within the walls of Brussels under the command of Prince Frederick, amounted to about ten thousand men, of whom at least two-thirds were Dutch, and the remainder Swiss and Belgians. Besides these there were around the higher suburbs about two

thousand more who were employed to keep the *faubourgs* in subjection, and to prevent the arrival of armed auxiliaries from the provinces. At Vilvorde, Alost, Malines, Wavre, &c., were likewise strong bodies of reserve.

About midnight some of the principal citizens and officers of the burgher guard held a council of war in the square of the Hotel de Ville; some even of the best patriots of the country were of opinion that it would be only exposing the people to indiscriminate slaughter to attempt to resist such a formidable army, with their heavy guns and their present advantageous position in the park; and the question having been submitted to the anxious crouds who thronged the square, Bob was the first to cry out, "Liberty or death—no compromise with the vile Hollanders;" and this was re-echoed by the whole assembly without a dissentient voice.

Besides the occupation of the park by the king's troops, a great number of the infantry got possession of the houses in the Rues Royal and Ducale, as well as in some other of the adjoining streets, and when the burgher guard and citizens appeared in the morning, they were fired upon in all directions. Large parties of brave volunteers, amongst whom Bob led the van, ascended some houses adjoining those where the Dutch were, and, having travelled along the roofs, descended through the sky-lights, and surprised their enemies very much by such an unexpected visit; every house, nay, almost every chamber, became the scene of mortal combat between the contending parties, which resulted in the dislodgment of the previous possessors, who were picked down with unerring aim by the Liege riflemen as they emerged into the streets.

The army in the park then commenced firing from breast-works raised during the night, upon the burghers who were stationed in the Hotel de Belle Vue, Cafe de l'Amitie, Place Royale, and the old palace and garden of Prince Frederick. They also succeeded in bringing three pieces of artillery into the Rue Royale adjoining the park, from which they poured a perpetual stream of grape shot, beneath which the patriots fell rapidly. Here again a party of volunteers, amongst whom Bob was foremost, rushed upon the guns and spiked them. This daring act of bravery filled the minds of the Dutch soldiers with amazement, and Prince Frederick was heard to declare that Brussels should be left a heap of smoking ruins, and her people all slaughtered, before the town could be taken.

At the moment that the Dutch cannon was spiked, the citizens got their guns mounted upon a breast-work that had been raised in the Place Royale, and which commanded the egress from the park to the adjoining street. These guns were served with a perseverance and valour hardly ever equalled, and although their

fire was answered without intermission from the heavy guns in the park, and that men and horses fell with frightful rapidity, they were never deserted. Such valour and enthusiasm were never witnessed. Women were seen literally wading through blood, and clambering over dead bodies, to supply the cannoniers and riflemen with beer and wine which they carried from the neighbouring cellars; others were employed in making ball cartridges, of which they kept up an abundant supply.

Late in the evening the discharge of cannon and musketry ceased on both sides, and Bob was honoured by being appointed to hoist the great standard of Liege and Brabant upon the English library.

Early the next morning the citizens were busied in carrying off their dead from the scene of action, whilst the Dutch, whose number of killed far exceeded theirs, were engaged in a similar office. About ten o'clock large bodies of pikemen, who forced their way through the scattered troops in the suburbs, arrived from Halle Anderlecht, Waterloo, Gennappe, and the French frontiers, and inspired the citizens with fresh courage. This, added to the announcement of a victory gained over the Dutch troops at Louvain, spread universal joy through the city.

The Dutch being now dislodged from most of the houses where they had stationed themselves, and being principally confined to the park, were driven to the highest pitch of exasperation, and commenced throwing shells and hot balls into the town, by which some houses were set on fire, and the most awful consternation spread among the inhabitants. An attack upon the park at any sacrifice now became necessary—a council of war was held at the town hall to devise a plan for that purpose—and whilst they were in deliberation on that subject, Bob stepped forward and observed that there was a narrow street near the new palace of the Prince of Orange, which commanded the park, and was at present unoccupied by either party, and that if two of their guns were brought round in the night and planted at the end of it, they could be played with terrific effect, and whilst they were being answered by those of the enemy, a party of volunteers, of which he would be one, might force an entrance to the park from the Rue Royale; for it was better that a few hundreds or even thousands should be sacrificed, than that a whole town and its population should be consumed by their cowardly enemies. These suggestions were received with loud plaudits, the youthful stranger was looked upon as a perfect Achilles, and Colonel Juan Van Helen, a distinguished Spanish officer who had the command of the armed people, declared that the plan proposed by him was the best that could be acted upon; and Messrs. Parnet and Melinet, pupils of the Polytechnic school of France, who took a distinguished part in this memorable struggle, were of the same opinion.

The next morning the citizens were eager for the combat ; desultory firing commenced at an early hour, but it was not until about eleven o'clock that the fury of the battle began. The Dutch opened a fire upon the Hotel de Belle Vue, which was briskly answered by the riflemen in the upper stories.

This being the fourth day of the contest, when the Dutch were completely dislodged from all the houses in the town, and confined to the park, the battle raged with the most furious obstinacy on both sides. There were two guns brought by the people into the Hotel de Belle Vue, which was besides filled with riflemen. These guns kept up a destructive fire on the enemy from an early hour in the morning, and were answered by those of the Dutch, which played upon the front of the building, and battered it in in several places. The people had in the course of the night brought the only two other guns they had to a height near the new palace, and whilst they poured grape shot amongst the Dutch troops, a party of brave volunteers, amongst whom was Bob, made a *sortie* upon the park, but were prevented from gaining it by the redoubts formed of dead horses and large trees which had been placed at all the entrances leading to it.

In this daring attempt Bob was wounded by the bursting of a shell, which shattered his left hand, and he was carried and left amongst the wounded in the rear of the Hotel de Belle Vue. Immediately after having been brought in, he heard, as he lay in the passage leading to the Garde Manger, the sound of English voices beneath, and amongst the rest a rich Irish brogue with which he thought he was acquainted. He listened again, and again he heard a voice that was familiar to his ear. Could it be a dream—a delusion caused by the bodily pain and loss of blood he was suffering? No, the voice was that of Tom Purcell. "Go," said Bob, to one of his attendants, "to the foot of the stone steps from whence the English voices are issuing, and call Tom Purcell."

Tom was called. "Holy mother!" said Tom, "who is that knows me in this furrin land? I'm undone."

Tom was called again. "Oh, good sir, let me finish this bottle of wine to dhrown care, and then shure I'll go to you."

His summoner having heard the word wine, went down and found Tom and about half a dozen of other English servants in the wine cellar adjoining the Garde Manger, helping themselves to the best Moselle it could afford.

"Come, your honour," said Tom to the man as he entered the cellar, "let us have a dhrop together before we transact any other business, and although you have an advantage of me, I'm at your command."

The only portion of Tom's speech or gestures that was under-

stood by his new friend was the presentation of the bottle, the contents of which he emptied with avidity, and then took a supply to his wounded comrades above, in which he was assisted by Tom, who followed him, wondering how in the world any one came to know him in such a place, and expecting that his days were numbered.

"*Voila!*" said Tom's conductor, pointing to Bob, who lay pale and bleeding amongst his comrades.

"I see that's a sad sight," said Tom. "Had I known so many poor fellows were here in such a condition, I would have brought them this wine long ago; but may I ask your honour how you came to know that my name was Tom Purcell?"

"Is that Tom?" said Bob; "I know your voice."

"Well, Heaven be praised!" said Tom, "but this is miraculous; why it appears that I am better known here nor if I was amongst my ould school-fellows in Kerry; but who is this talking to me in a Christian language?"

"Don't you know me?" said Bob.

"Why then, no," said Tom, "I'm sure a man's mother would not know him in such a place as this; but although you have an advantage of me like his honour here, who found me in the cellar, you can tell me who you are."

"I am Bob Norberry."

"Holy Saint Patrick!" said Tom, "will miracles never cease? Bob Norberry!" and he ran over, stooped down and kissed him, asking at the same time what brought him there, or, if he was dying, had he any commands for any one?

"I hope I am not dying," said Bob, "though I believe many a fellow did die who was not in half so much pain."

"Ah! but tell me," interrupted Tom, "before you say another word, what brought you here?"

"I think it is no time for questions," said Bob, "it is enough to know that I am wounded in the arm and the body by several splinters of a bomb-shell."

"Thrue for you," said Tom, "when a man is in misfortune he is always shure to be questioned by his friends as to how he got into it, instead of how they could get him out of it; but now that is not the case with me: it is enough to know you are in trouble, and, take my word for it, I'll do all I can to get you out of it; come, take a swig of this wine as a beginning to the business, and we will see what is to be done then."

"Who is here with you?" said Bob, as Tom was about to apply the bottle to his mouth.

"His lordship is here."

"Where is Lady Mary?" demanded Bob impatiently; "is she here?"

"She is," replied Tom, "but don't ask me anything about her."

"I understand," said Bob, "I understand; I wish the shell had done its work better; I may however ask, is she well?"

"Why, as well as could be expected," rejoined Tom; "but come, my poor fellow, take a little more of this wine; it will raise your spirits. I was almost dead from the firing of cannon, tumbling down of houses, and the shaking of the whole town like an earthquake, till I got into the cellar by chance; and since that I'm afraid of nothing, I'm as brave as a lion; an' I think if I was by you when you were wounded, I'd have taken your place."

"You had an opportunity to join the patriot ranks," said Bob; "men older than you fought with us."

"Why, except I fought for fun, as I used to do in the fairs long ago," said Tom, "there was no use in the thing; for I would not know which side to take. I did not know what the thing was about at all."

"What brought Lord Strangeway here?" inquired Bob.

"I think that's more nor he could tell himself," said Tom. "All I know is, that we have been in all parts, where you would never meet a man who could say a word to you, except "*Jane nelly paw*," and "*non tong paw*," and such stuff as that, until at last we came into this horrid place three or four days ago; and faith you may say it was easier to get in than out, for here we are ever since, like foxes in a cover."

"Where is Lady Mary?" said Bob, interrupting him.

"In the cellar."

"The cellar!" said Bob eagerly.

"In the cellar," reëchoed Tom; "and what's more, she has been there four days, with other great lords and ladies who have been caught like ourselves."

"Is his lordship in the cellar too?" inquired Bob.

"Certainly; but not in the wine cellar where I was: he is in another cellar at the other side of the place. And now that I have told you where I have been, tell me where you have been, and when do you intend to go out of this?"

"Those questions are not so easily answered," said Bob; "where I have been since this fighting began, is more than I could tell; and it is still more difficult to answer where I shall go next, or what will become of me. I suppose if the Dutch get possession of the town, you will see me grace a gibbet."

"Lord be praised!" said Tom; "why should that come to pass? I'm sure you are bad enough already, and not go hang you, to boot." Then, whispering in his ear, "I'll carry you down and hide you in the wine cellar."

Bob smiled amidst his pains, and rejected the friendly offer.

"Come—another dhrop," said Tom, and he again applied the bottle to Bob's mouth.

"Is Lady Mary safe?" again inquired Bob: "I won't venture to ask any more about her."

"She is," replied Tom, as he helped himself to the remnant of the bottle from which Bob had been drinking ; "and she will soon hear that you are here. I am sure when his lordship hears you are dying, he will forget everything."

"Don't say I am dying ; though I would not be sorry if I were."

"Well, then, just suppose you were, have you any will to make ? I hear you are to come in for a great fortune, and who do you intend to leave it to ? You know you promised poor Tom Purcell something decent in case you lived, and had done well ; and I'm shure you will want it less when you are dead, and that you can spare me the more ; at the same time, God knows I would rather you'd live yourself to enjoy it, than if I was to get all you have in the world. But stop, I'll just go and tell his lordship and the whole of them that you are here ;" and as he finished the sentence, he ran off to inform his master of the discovery he had made.

At this moment a Liegeois chief, at the head of a band of soldiers, seared with powder, and black with smoke and dust, entered the passage where Bob and his wounded comrades were lying, and exclaimed—"There are traitors to the cause of Belgium concealed in the vaults at the rear of the building, who have contrived to forward to the Dutch an account of our position here ; they must be all put to the sword."

"Stop, for Heaven's sake !" said Bob, as the chief and his party were rushing past him ; "there are some persons there dearer to me than life : spare them for the sake of my devotion to your cause."

The chief did not mind the appeal that had been made to him, and passed on ; but having missed his way to the cellar where the English party were, he proceeded towards a large range of vaults under the gardens.

Bob, who had been refreshed by the wine, made an almost superhuman effort, and followed him, and, directed by Tom's voice, took the right direction towards the place where Lord Strangeway and Lady Mary were, and in a few moments he found himself in their presence.

"You were not believing me," said Tom, "when I told you he was here ; but see him, there he is, although I thought he was dying."

Lord Strangeway viewed Bob with a sullen surprise, and merely gave a slight inclination of the head towards him.

Lady Mary stood beside her father, pale and thoughtful looking, although she did not manifest the symptoms of terror likely to be caused by the perilous situation in which she was placed. She gazed on Bob with the same feelings as if she had a perfect certainty that he had arisen from the dead ; and as her eye met his, which beamed with a supernatural lustre, she felt as

if the chill of death had stopped the pulsation of her heart, and she leant on her father for support.

Bob stood for some moments motionless, without uttering a word; the remainder of the English party in the cellar were dumb with surprise at the scene before them.

"This is awful," said Lord Strangeway, breaking the silence. "Good Heaven! what fearful incidents have I lately witnessed! Is this reality, or is it a vision? Is this the hated object from which I fled to distant lands, that now appears before me, apparently on the brink of the grave? Fate has been sporting with my feelings. Where shall I fly to? What shall I do?"

"I am come," said Bob, "to save your lives, although my own is now of very frail tenure; and if I accomplish the object of my mission, I shall die content:" and as he spoke, he still continued to look upon Lady Mary.

At this moment the Liegeois chief, who had retraced his steps towards the spot where the objects of his pursuit were, entered the cellar, and called upon his men to put the traitors to the sword.

Bob, although weak and feeble, made another effort to summon all his energies, and advancing towards where Lady Mary and her father were, he placed himself between them and the armed band that stood at the entrance to the cellar, and swore by the blood he had shed in the cause of Belgium, that the English party should not be molested. "You know me," said he to the chief; "we are members of the same society: I pledge myself that you are mistaken as to some of the persons at least; and if any be guilty, they must be spared for the sake of the innocent."

"Fall back," said the chief to his men; "they shall not be molested."

"Father," said Lady Mary, "we all owe our lives to Mr. Norberry; there is more than chance in this. Heaven has ordained what has now taken place as a lesson to us."

Lord Strangeway seemed distracted by the contending feelings of his own heart: he stood motionless until Bob raised his hand and offered it to his lordship, who drew indignantly away, casting at him a look of scorn. The rejected hand was taken by all the others whom he had thus saved, and he was hailed by them as their deliverer.

A tall, young man of graceful appearance, who was one of the English party, seemed much more amazed at the scene before him than the others; and as the fixed but feverish eye of Bob was directed wholly towards Lady Mary from the moment he had first entered the cellar, he whispered to one of his companions, "They have met before; he loves her, and I fear the feeling is reciprocal."

"He is a noble, a chivalrous, a brave and generous youth," said the person to whom this observation had been made, "and as she owes him her life, she ought to give him her heart."

Lord Strangeway, who overheard this conversation, turned round and said in a half suppressed voice, "May we all perish amidst the ruins with which we are now surrounded, before such disgrace should fall upon me. No, no; death a thousand times first:" and as he gazed upon him to whom at that moment he owed his life, he withdrew from the close proximity to him in which he stood, as if he dreaded the contamination of some noxious, contemptible thing.

As his lordship moved away, Bob had just a moment to faintly whisper in the ear of Lady Mary, "Is the fatal knot tied?" The reply was, "No; but the fatal day is fixed: and he who claims my hand, owes you his life: he is here."

At this moment the landlord of the hotel entered the cellar with the glad tidings that the Dutch were completely defeated, and that the company might ascend from their hiding place to the upper part of the house. Bob fell down from exhaustion and loss of blood; and on the next day, when he found himself amongst his wounded fellow-patriots in the house of Mrs. L——, he had merely a faint recollection of all that had taken place. He inquired incessantly about Lady Mary and the English party who were in the cellars of the Hotel de Belle Vue during the four days; but he could obtain no information about them, beyond the mere fact that they quitted the town as soon as hostilities had ceased.

The account of his romantic meeting with Lady Mary and her father spread amongst the lovers of gossip throughout the city. In the minds of his friends who heard the story, he became as celebrated in love as he was in battle; and, during his illness, crowds of anxious inquirers daily visited the house of Mrs. L——.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BOB RECOVERS FROM HIS WOUNDS, RETURNS HOME, AND, BEING AT A LOSS FOR A PROFESSION, BECOMES A REPORTER—LORD STRANGEWAY REMAINS ABROAD.

THE unvaried darkness of a starless night is less painful to the traveller, and fits him better for the dangers of the way, than if his path were occasionally illuminated by the meteor's flash: so the dreary path of life is less irksome when surrounded with perpetual gloom, than when the bright sunshine of hope breaks in upon it, and then suddenly disappears.

Bob was beginning to view with less pain the gloom with which his path had been overcast, and the eventful scenes at Brussels had made him cease to feel, for the time, the painful emotions which had so long distracted his mind; but the unexpected appearance of Lady Mary, under circumstances of such peculiar interest, and then her sudden disappearance, served but to increase the dangers of his troubled way, and rekindle more forcibly the flame that had been preying upon his heart.

His wounds were not of a dangerous character, and in a few days he was pronounced out of danger.

The night of the day upon which the extraordinary scene in the cellar of the Hotel de Belle Vue had taken place, saw the Dutch retreat from the town, and on the next morning Prince Frederick and the remnant of his troops were several miles on the road to Antwerp. The same day, the English families, who had been almost miraculously preserved during the four days' fighting, left the city, and Lord Strangeway and his suite returned towards the French frontier instead of proceeding to the coast, as they had originally intended. So that at the moment when Bob was restored to a state of consciousness, Lady Mary was several miles distant from him; but whither she went he knew not, and he felt pretty certain that before he could be recovered from his wounds, they would be some thousand miles asunder, with little hope of ever meeting again. The feelings of anxiety which distracted his mind made his recovery more slow than it otherwise would have been, and his friends, who came in crowds to inquire after him, were much pained at the dejected, melancholy condition in which they found him. Young L——, who, by the way, escaped unhurt in the conflict, wrote to Ireland to inform Mrs. Norberry of the strange adventures of which her son had been so recently the hero; and a

letter arrived in due course, requesting that he would return home as soon as the state of his health permitted.

Liberty had been completely established in Belgium, and, pending the "appointment" of a king, the government of the country was in the hands of a regency, who signified their high approbation of Bob's conduct, and promised that he should be appointed to some civil or military post, if he thought proper to remain amongst those in whose cause he had fought and bled; but, being determined to return to Ireland, he was presented with a thousand florins for travelling expenses, and one of the gold medals which were struck in commemoration of the occasion.

When sufficiently convalescent to walk about, he visited the ever-memorable cellar at the Hotel de Belle Vue, where he had met with Lady Mary under circumstances so extraordinary and romantic: he set inquiries on foot in every quarter, to discover where Lord Strangeway had gone, and the money with which he had been presented by the regency was given by him to a courier, whom he directed to ascertain his lordship's final destination. The man traced him to Paris, thence a portion of the way to Marseilles, and without learning any thing beyond the fact that his lordship and two other English families of distinction were travelling together, he returned, alleging that he had not funds to take him further: he, besides, made a demand upon Bob for loss of time, and his inability to meet this claim hurried him out of Brussels, dejected and disappointed. His journey home was performed without much delay, and he was received at the cottage with the true delight we feel upon meeting a beloved friend, whom we know to have escaped from imminent peril.

Mrs. Norberry believed that her son was, after his military exploits, unfit for the Church, and it now became a question what profession he was to adopt. It will be remembered that the decree made in his favour was of a partial character, and the money obtained under it was very nearly spent; so that under present circumstances it was not thought prudent to purchase a commission for him in the army.

After some consultation between Mrs. Norberry and her father, the former was of opinion that the bar would be best suited to him, his fame as an orator having travelled home before him from Brussels.

His grandfather heard with delight the account that he gave of his exploits during the few days' fighting, and, as if laudatory of his own judgment, observed, he knew from Bob's infancy that nature intended him for a soldier, and he predicted that the bar, after all, would not suit him. His mother, on the other hand, was deeply pained that her expectations with regard to

him were disappointed, and the grief which she evidently felt added considerably to the weight of her son's anxiety and trouble.

"What is to be done with regard to your future pursuits?" said Bob's grandfather to him one morning as they sat at breakfast, a few days after his return from Belgium.

"I see by this newspaper," said Bob, "that there is a most graphic and laughable description given of a scene in the court of King's Bench, where I went yesterday for curiosity; it was done by one of those gentlemen called reporters. It is admirable—it is most amusing. I think I have some talent in that way; and suppose I take up the profession of a reporter until some more fitting opportunity may occur to choose another."

"I don't know how such an appointment could be obtained," said O'Kelly; "but I will speak to our friend Clements about it when he comes here next; we expect him very soon."

Bob's eye brightened up at the mention of Clements' name, for he expected to obtain information through him with regard to Lord Strangeway. "Will Clements be here to-morrow?" said he carelessly. "I suppose he will tell us where Lord Strangeway and his family are at present."

"I don't think he knows anything of them," said O'Kelly; "his lordship has never written to him since he went abroad."

Bob, who never informed his mother or grandfather of the state of his feelings, said nothing on hearing this intelligence, but he became so dejected that his grandfather was induced to inquire the cause, to which the reply was, that upon looking back at his short and eventful career, he could not help feeling dissatisfied with himself.

"Is the Church given up altogether?" inquired his grandfather.

"I think so," said he; "the wound in my hand would, I believe, be an impediment, but there are barriers of a still more formidable character. However, my getting a temporary engagement on the press cannot prevent me adopting any profession I may think proper at some future period."

Mrs. Norberry, who heard this conversation with considerable interest, sanctioned the project of her son, because if he should obtain an appointment such as he anticipated or proposed for himself, it would keep him for some time under her inspection, until he would become more experienced in the world's ways. "I think," said she, "what he suggests is a capital plan. Those connected with the press must be men of great public virtue, moral worth, and profound knowledge; they instruct the rest of mankind, and I am often delighted with reading their essays and dissertations. I approve highly of the plan."

"Very well," said O'Kelly; "Clements must be consulted;

he knows all the newspaper people: he has often told us that he has a friend who is proprietor of a newspaper.

"Yes; he knows many of them," said Mrs. Norberry. "There can be no doubt but that through his means an appointment for my son will be obtained."

Matters remained in this position until the expiration of a week, when Mr. Clements called. He was delighted to see Bob, and heard with much interest an account of his feats at Brussels. Clements was a true lover of liberty, and the heroism which Bob displayed in fighting in its cause had raised him high in his estimation, and impressed him with a good opinion of his own judgment for having entertained doubts of Bob's fitness for the Church.

The project of obtaining an appointment for Bob upon the press was introduced to Mr. Clements, who said that he had an intimate friend who was proprietor of a respectable journal, and he had no doubt that he would take him into his employment as soon as a vacancy occurred and his fitness was ascertained.

"Any account from Lord Strangeway?" said Bob carelessly.

"None," said Clements. "I know not how I incurred his displeasure; but since he went abroad I have never heard from him. At all other times, no matter where he might be or what events might occur, he always wrote to me for advice, which, I must say, he seldom or ever was guided by; but, though I have written to him twice since he left Ireland, he has not deigned a reply. It may be that he did not receive my letters, for in directing them to him I was guided by the fashionable intelligence in the newspapers."

Bob then, for the first time since his return, related minutely his meeting with Lord Strangeway and his suite at Brussels, under circumstances of so much interest. Clements heard his account with astonishment and delight, and, taking him by the hand, said, "The Strangeway family owe the preservation of their lives to you, and that pure and gentle creature, Lady Mary, the daughter of my beloved cousin, would have been lost to me for ever were it not for you. I love her as my own child, and I shall always love you as her preserver."

Strong feelings of hope with regard to the future arose in Bob's heart on finding that Clements regarded Lady Mary with such affection; and as he foresaw that he might have in him a friend who would aid materially in the consummation of his wishes, he gazed upon him with an earnestness that indicated the strong emotions that agitated his mind.

"It is very strange," said Mrs. Norberry, "that you did not mention before this any thing of your meeting with Lord Strangeway and his daughter in such an extraordinary manner. There is something in it I cannot understand. It was not a matter of

such trivial importance that you should have either forgotten it or passed it over."

"The finger of Heaven is manifest in it," said his grandfather, with emotion. "Lord Strangeway was our preserver when we were crushed and stricken down—when hope had almost vanished, and Providence has ordained that our son should be the preserver of his life and that of his daughter."

"It was fortunate that he went to Belgium," said Mrs. Norberry; "it was Heaven directed us in sending him there. But still there is something unaccountable in his not mentioning anything of such a romantic adventure before."

Bob was silent, and Clements again pressed his hand, whilst he, as well as Mrs. Norberry, expressed surprise that he should be so long without mentioning an incident of so much importance; and he made him repeat again the detail of the adventure.

"Poor Tom Purcell," said Bob, "was the author of all; he preserved my life, or at least imparted sufficient strength to me by the timely application of the wine bottle, to enable me to be of service to others."

"And what did Lord Strangeway say to you," inquired Mrs. Norberry, "when you prevented the Belgian soldiers from putting them all to death?"

"Not a word," replied Bob.

"Did he even thank you?"

"No," said Bob; "he merely looked at me, and gave a cold salute, without saying a word."

"I suppose," added his grandfather, "that the formal salute of a nobleman is compensation enough for having saved his life."

"But what did Lady Mary say?" inquired Mrs. Norberry.

"I don't remember," said Bob. "I fell down from exhaustion and loss of blood as soon as I felt certain of having saved his lordship and his daughter from the fury of the soldiers. I had no recollection of what happened until late the next day."

"Did his lordship send to inquire after you, or wait till you were sufficiently recovered to return you thanks?" inquired Mr. Clements.

"No," replied Bob. "I believe he left Brussels that night or early the next morning, and I then supposed that you knew of all his movements."

"I am quite astonished," said Clements, "at what I have heard, and the mystery which hangs over his lordship's silence since he left Ireland increases my surprise."

"Perhaps Lady Mary is married?" said Bob, with an air of assumed carelessness.

"I think not," replied Mr. Clements, "although I saw in the newspapers that a match between her and Lord Seymour, one of our ambassadors, was on the *tapis*, but it is by no means

likely that it has taken place, for I am a trustee for a large portion of her fortune, and no perfect settlement could be effected without my being a party to it."

Bob's eye brightened, fresh hopes began to spring up in his heart, and he thought it might be prudent to entrust Mr. Clements with the knowledge of all that had occurred with regard to Lady Mary, and endeavour to win him over as a friend. He saved the lady's life, or at least the life of her father, and that should give him some claim to her hand, unless it was already engaged.

"I have," said Clements, "for some time been of opinion that the eccentricities of Lord Strangeway and his aristocratic notions have led him occasionally to acts which the world would attribute to insanity, and nothing much short of madness could induce him to leave the place where his life had been saved, without thanking or even inquiring after the fate of his preserver. It was not a want of generous feeling for a service so eminent. No. I know him too well to come to that conclusion. He must be labouring under an aberration of mind; nothing else can account for his conduct."

"I forgot to ask you if Lord George was with the English party at Brussels," said O'Kelly.

Bob answered in the negative.

"Lord George," said Clements, "is at present travelling in Turkey or Greece. I have had a letter recently from him; he was then at Malta, and I believe he knows almost as little of his father's movements as we do ourselves."

"Who," inquired O'Kelly, "supplies the newspapers with all the paragraphs concerning him which we frequently see under the head of 'fashionable intelligence'?"

"His agent, Mr. Curlew, manages those matters for him," replied Clements; "but he is a man with whom I hold no intercourse; he is cruel and remorseless, and has little regard for truth. It is he who at present is in communication with his lordship; he resides, too, in a distant part of the country."

At this moment the evening papers were brought in, and upon looking over the "fashionable intelligence," it appeared that Lord Strangeway was then at Rome, where the long-talked of marriage between his daughter and the British ambassador at the court of Vienna would be speedily solemnized.

"Most strange!" said Clements; "the property for which I am trustee cannot be transferred to her intended husband without my signature at least, and I have had no intimation whatever of this, except what was obtained from a similar paragraph more than a year ago."

Bob became evidently affected by the force of his own feelings, and left the room.

"You will write," said O'Kelly, "to your friend, the proprietor of the newspaper; it will serve this young man to have some occupation or pursuit; he seems oppressed with grief, and it will be a great relief to him to have his mind occupied."

Mr. Clements wrote a letter of introduction for Bob to Mr. Decimus, the editor and proprietor of the *Twilight*, and on the next day he proceeded to the office for the purpose of presenting it, and having an interview with him.

"You cannot see Mr. Decimus to-day," said a clerk in the publishing office, when Bob inquired if he were at home, but added, "Perhaps the sub-editor may answer your purpose."

"It is for the proprietor of the establishment I have a letter," said Bob.

"Is it on business connected with the paper?" inquired the other.

"Why—no—yes; I may say it is."

"No, yes," repeated the gentleman, as he cast an eye at Bob, and marked his embarrassment; "it must be a strange document if it admits of both answers."

"Oh! it is on business connected with the journal," said Bob, "but I shall be time enough to see Mr. Decimus to-morrow."

"If it be on business of 'that sort,' the sub-editor is your man. Allow me to show you this way;" and he directed Bob to go along a narrow passage, at the end of which he told him he would see a door with "office" written over it, and there he would find the sub-editor of the *Twilight*.

Bob followed the directions given him, and having tapped at the door, he was desired to walk in; he did so, and found an emaciated, care-worn looking little fellow at a table covered over with newspapers, a pot of paste before him, and a scissors in his hand. He appeared to be in a fit of abstraction as he poised the scissors and gazed intently on a newspaper from which sundry bits and scraps had been already cut, and Bob stood for some moments before he deigned to notice him. At length he raised his head, and favoured his visitor with the salutation of "Well, sir?"

"You are the sub-editor of the *Twilight*, I presume?" said Bob.

"Yes," said the other impatiently.

"I have a letter for the proprietor, and I was directed to you. I suppose I may tell you what it is about?"

"The document will speak for itself," said the sub, his impatience rising almost to irritability.

"It is directed to Mr. Decimus," added Bob, "and I believe it will be necessary that I should present it myself; but you can inform me if there be a reporter wanted in the establishment. The letter is one recommending me to that office."

"Who sent you here? There is no reporter wanted just now." And the worthy *sub* resumed his eager inspection of the paragraph, which it was evident he was puzzling his wits to transform or transmute into some other shape before he transferred it into his own columns.

Bob retired chagrined and disappointed, but determined nevertheless to call again when the proprietor would be at home, and present him with the letter of Mr. Clements.

The following day Bob paid his second visit to the office, and found the Aristarchus of the *Twilight* seated in his editorial chair, with a vast quantity of parliamentary papers and documents of various kinds before him on the table.

"Mr. Clements speaks highly of you," said he, as he perused the letter. "You are a young man: have you ever been connected with the press?"

Bob answered in the negative.

"You must then go through a long novitiate before you can expect any remuneration, and even then the matter will depend on two things—your competency and a vacancy in the establishment. Indeed, the prospect is very bad; the press was never in such a condition as at present. I am thinking of discharging some of my reporters."

"Perhaps you would then have a vacancy," said Bob.

Mr. Decimus looked at him with surprise.

"I mean for a novice," said Bob, after a short pause.

"Why, yes; I may. I would be very much inclined to oblige Mr. Clements; he is an old friend of mine, and a steady supporter of my paper. Come as soon as you please; but mark, there is no prospect of payment at any time that I can foresee; indeed, I think there is little hope of it."

"It would be worse than useless to take an engagement on those terms," said Bob; and he walked out of the office, whilst Mr. Decimus said something he did not hear.

On his return home, he mentioned his ill success, but expressed his determination not to relinquish his intention of seeking further to accomplish his wish of becoming connected with the press.

On the following morning he saw in the *Gleaner* an advertisement in the words and figures following:—"The Press.—A gentleman of literary acquirements, who possesses a facility for writing short spicy articles and squibs of poetry, and who can make himself generally useful, may hear of a suitable appointment by addressing a line to X.X. at the office of this paper."

"This might suit me," said Bob, "till something better offers. I'll answer this advertisement. I am affected with the *cacoethes scribendi*. It would be a relief to my mind in my present circumstances to be able to write and publish. Dry

reports of passing events would never suit me. 'Short spicy articles'—just the thing. I know I must shine in this line. 'Squibs of poetry'—yes, I have a poetic turn. I remember the verses I wrote about Herbert and his wooden leg. The thing will suit me. I will answer this advertisement." So he sat down and did answer it.

The following morning a note was delivered by a servant in livery, requesting Bob to call in the course of the next day at the office of the *Gibbet* in ——— street.

"This is an odd name," said he; "the *Gibbet!* the *Gibbet!* but sure it is not more strange than *Cobbet's Gridiron*. No matter about the name. I'll call to see what may turn up. The proprietor must be respectable; the note is written on beautiful satin paper, highly perfumed, and was delivered by a servant in livery. I'll see what sort of people they are at all events, and if I get an engagement from them it will be just the thing to suit me."

He accordingly prepared himself, and proceeded to the office of the *Gibbet*. The outside was covered with large placards, some of which served to hide sundry broken panes of glass in the lower windows. The inside was dark and dingy, and on Bob's entrance a dapper little fellow, with red hair, and a cast in his eyes, questioned him as to his business.

"I want to see the editor of the *Gibbet*," said he.

"Not at home," said the little fellow, again viewing Bob, who had something of a military air, having just began to foster a promising pair of black mustachoes.

"I want to see him on particular business."

The little fellow again viewed a tolerably sized cane that Bob had in his hand, and drew himself in behind the high paling which surrounded the desk where he was.

"This is a strange place," said Bob to himself, as he looked about; "but I will see the adventure out. I have often heard that literary men are very eccentric; perhaps the owners of this establishment are wealthy, but they despise outward show. I would like to know them at all events." So he pulled the note he had received that morning from his pocket, and handed it to the little red-haired fellow behind the desk, who at once seemed to lose all apprehension of terror, and assumed an air of great suavity.

"Mr. Scalpem," said he, "who is the principal editor, is not in the office at present! but if you be kind enough to call at his 'residence' in ——— street, you will find him at home at this moment."

Bob took down the directions, and proceeded to No. 31, ——— street, where he saw the words "board and lodging on reasonable terms," in a glazed gilt frame, hung up in the window. He

knocked at the door, which was opened for him by the livery-servant who had delivered the note to him that morning.

He inquired for Scalpem, and was ushered into a smoky, shabby-looking sitting-room, where there was a most heterogeneous assembly of both sexes in groups of twos and threes, all evidently strangers to each other, and all, of course, discussing topics of a widely different character.

After waiting for a considerable time without Mr. Scalpem appearing, he ventured to ring the bell. The same servant appeared, and when asked by Bob if he had told his master that he was waiting so long, he sneered ironically, and asked who he meant. "Mr. Scalpem," said Bob, "from whom you brought me the note yesterday morning."

"He is not my master," said the fellow; "I'd be very sorry he was, and I really forgot to tell him you were here; it is impossible I can attend to the whole of them."

"Well, tell him now," said Bob; "here is my card."

The servant returned in a few minutes, saying that Mr. Scalpem was particularly engaged with a gentleman on private business, and that he would be happy to see Bob at the office at three o'clock the following day; but added, in a whisper, "He is not up yet, and will half-murder the clerk for having sent you here."

Bob returned home, pondering upon the strangeness of his own condition, but still determined to carry out his intention, if it were only for sake of the adventures which he plainly saw would be connected with such an avocation.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SCENE IN THE "SANCTUM OF THE GIBBET"—A DUEL PREVENTED—BOB OBTAINS AN ENGAGEMENT ON THE PRESS.

THE next day, at three o'clock, Bob was punctual in his attendance at the office of the *Gibbet*; he saw the same person who had directed him the previous day to the lodgings of Mr. Scalpem. "The editor has just gone into his office," said he, "and he desired me to say he was at home for you. I shall tell him you have arrived."

"Thank you," said Bob; "I am quite at his service."

"Follow me," said the clerk; and he passed on through a

dark, narrow passage, till they arrived at the editor's room. "Mr. Norberry, whom you expected," said he, as he opened the door.

Bob gazed with astonishment at the apartment, which contained a rickety table, two chairs, and heaps of torn dusty paper collected in its corners, and had the most hideous and disgusting caricatures stuck on the walls. The two chairs were occupied by the editor and a person who appeared to be in confidential conversation with him when Bob entered. "You know my business, Mr. Scalpem," said he.

"Yes," replied that gentleman, assuming an air of great courtesy.

"In first joining the press," said Bob, "I presume it necessary to do the duty of a reporter?"

"By no means," observed Mr. Scalpem. "Ours is a weekly paper; we want no reporter, but we want a gentleman who will occasionally assist in the editorial department, and make himself generally useful. You are a young man, and consequently without much experience."

"These are objections which shall be daily removed," said Bob.

"You are not much known in Dublin, I suppose?"

"Not at all," replied Bob; "whilst in Ireland I have always resided some miles from Dublin, and I am but recently come from a foreign university."

"Very good, very good," said Scalpem; "these are qualifications which are necessary in gentlemen connected with this establishment. We are here 'the great unknown.'"

"I have no wish to hide myself," said Bob; "and, on the other hand, I do not seek notoriety."

"Look over that column," said Scalpem, handing him a copy of the *Gibbet*; "there are the answers to correspondents. You must try your hand and see how you can manufacture something of the kind. In every great city like this, there are numbers of wealthy persons who are guilty of the most disreputable practices of every kind; they always dread exposure; and it will be necessary to remind them from time to time that they are not unknown to us."

Bob listened with amazement, and knew not how to reply to the last observation that had been made.

"Your handwriting is not much known in Dublin?" inquired Scalpem.

"Not at all," replied Bob; "but of what consequence can that be?"

"You will, in the first instance," said Scalpem, "be required to write some circulars. You will then try your hand at spicy articles, squibs of poetry, and answers to correspondents."

"Writing circulars is, I should think, the business of a clerk," said Bob, "and not of a man of literary pursuits. But perhaps I do not understand you. What is the nature of the circulars you require to be written?"

"Here is one," said Scalpem, handing him a piece of paper with the following sentence written on it:—"If Mr. Bolt does not send twenty-five pounds to a certain place before three o'clock on Friday next, his whole history will be given in full in the *Gibbet*."

"You scoundrel," said Bob, "how dare you seek to engage me in such a disreputable occupation? If I had you outside this den of iniquity, I would apply this cane to your back."

At this moment a door opened on the other side of the room, and a cadaverous looking fellow, with a stout bludgeon, issued from it, and was approaching Bob, when he drew a sword that was concealed in his cane, and in an instant put himself into an attitude of defence.

"You murderous-looking villain," said he to the fellow with the bludgeon, "if you advance another pace towards me, your life shall be the forfeit of your temerity. I have braved dangers much greater than this. *Men not cowards*—have fallen before my arm; and were it not that I would scorn to stain my sword with such base blood, I would rid the world of three villains."

The affrighted trio quailed beneath a threat which he appeared well qualified, and not very unwilling, to perform, and they allowed him to back out through the narrow passage, until he got into the front office, and from thence to the street. "This is an unfortunate commencement," said Bob to himself, as he sauntered home. "I did not imagine that such a journal would be permitted to exist in a civilized city. I have heard of such things in America, but I could not believe that any thing of the kind was to be found so near home. I believe I was born for strange adventures. I had, however, a happy escape." When he came home, he found Mr. Clements at the cottage before him, and he related the circumstance to him.

"Had I known," said Clements, "that you intended to have made an application there for an engagement, I would have prevented you. You might as well become one of a gang of thieves. They live by extorting money from nervous people, who would pay any sum sooner than see their family affairs or their follies exposed."

"I thought," said Bob, "that newspapers were strictly amenable to the law, and that they were answerable by their sureties to those whom they libelled."

Those who become sureties to newspapers," said Clements, "are not answerable for private libels; they are answerable only to the crown; at least that is my belief."

The law should not permit the existence of such a paper as the *Gibbet*," said Bob.

"If the law were always to interfere where an apparent necessity existed, said Clements, it would only attach importance to every libellous or blasphemous publication that might issue from the press; the bane and antitude go together; and although such productions may acquire an ephemeral notoriety, they are short-lived. A licentious press could not exist in this country; at least such has been always my opinion."

"Then I am not to judge of newspapers by the *Gibbet*?" said Bob.

"No," said Clements, "it bears no more affinity to the newspaper press than the works of Thomas Paine to those of Fenelon."

Whilst this conversation was going on between Mr. Clements and Bob, a gentleman knocked at the door, and asked for the latter. He was shewn into the reception-room, and Bob was with him in a few moments.

"You are Mr. Norberry, I presume," said the stranger.

"Yes."

"You have been at the office of the *Gibbet* newspaper to-day?"

"I have been there, but I was in ignorance of the character of the place, or the parties connected with it, or I should not have gone to it."

"Stop," said the stranger, interrupting Bob; anything said of that establishment shall be taken by me as a personal insult. My business is short and simple. I am come to deliver a message to you from Mr. Scalpem. Refer me at once to a friend."

Bob hesitated for a moment. "I believe Mr. Scalpem is a person who is undeserving the notice of a man of honour or integrity; but it is my opinion, that no matter how worthless any fellow may be, when he places himself at the pistol's mouth, to stand an equal chance with his opponent, all distinctions are levelled. At least, that is the doctrine I have heard promulgated by some French friends whom I lately met at Brussels. There is, however, an exception, where a man has been challenged to fight, and refused. No man has a right to prop up his character till he fights his original challenger. I'll meet your friend, unless he has been already branded as a coward."

"Quite right," said Scalpem's friend. "I see you are well aware of the laws of honour. My friend was once challenged, and would not fight, but it was by a person who owed him a sum of money, and he thought, very properly, that he had no right to shoot his debtor till the debt was paid."

"That is an exception to the rule," said Bob; "he was right so far. May I ask your name?"

"My name is Crofton. I am Lieutenant Crofton." And he handed Bob his card.

"I am but just returned from the Continent," said Bob, "and do not know at this moment any friend to whom I could refer you; but you shall hear from me in the course of this night, or early to-morrow."

"This is a case that cannot admit of delay," said Mr. Crofton. "Refer me to a friend at once?"

"There is no delay intended," said Bob. "May I ask you what regiment you belong to?"

"I am unattached at present," said Mr. Crofton.

"Well, to what regiment did you belong?" again inquired Bob.

"Why, I—I belonged to a loyal yeomanry corps in the north of Ireland."

Bob looked at him, and exclaimed: "An unattached lieutenant of a yeomanry corps!" and added, "no matter; I'll give Scalpem, or you, or any other man, a meeting at any moment. I have no reason to be wedded to life. Come with me." Then putting on his hat he walked out with Crofton, and desired the servant to tell his mother and Mr. Clements that he had gone into town with a friend who called on him about business of an important character.

"Will you come with me to town?" said he to Crofton, as they passed down the avenue leading to the road, "or will you appoint a place where my friend shall meet you to arrange preliminaries?"

"There is no occasion for that," said Crofton; "one meeting is enough, and I appoint five in the morning at Kilbarrack church-yard, on the Howth road. That is my ultimatum."

"Very well," said Bob, coolly. "A church-yard is a very appropriate place of meeting upon such an occasion. Good bye."

"Good bye," said Crofton. "We meet again at Phillippi."

"This is surely an odd affair," said Bob, as he proceeded on his way to Dublin in search of a "friend." "If I don't meet some good-natured fellow to witness my being shot, or my shooting another, I'll be disgraced for ever, and all the laurels I won at Brussels shall be tarnished. Besides, I'll be 'shown up' in the *Gibbet*, but if all fails, I'll go out without a friend, or call on any of the spectators to act in that capacity. Let me see where will I go—who shall I call on? Stay, there is Williams, one of the boys who was in the conspiracy against Herbert; he is now in college; from the little I have heard of him since he left Herbert's school, he is just the man. I'll call on him."

Bob hurried into town, and proceeded directly to Trinity College, and at No. 19, in the new buildings, he found his old friend Williams and two or three chums, making merry over

some good old potteen that had been manufactured in the bogs of Leitrim. It is unnecessary to say that as soon as he announced his name, he was received with a *cead míle fáilte*.

"Why, Norberry," said Williams, after the usual friendly congratulations were over, "your fame will be handed down to posterity. You are the young Irishman who so much signalized himself in the Belgian revolution. But you always promised well. I knew you were better fitted for the camp than the pulpit. You remember our old master, Herbert?"

"I do," said Bob, "he was, notwithstanding his foibles, a good-natured man, and I often since regretted being a party to a transaction that almost cost him his life."

"Pshaw! man," said Williams, "he is alive and kicking still, but his cousin, Miss M'Dougal, what do you think of her? It was reported that you were paying your addresses to her. Oh! Norberry, was she not an angelic creature?"

Bob smiled and said he believed she was not the only enemy he had in existence; but added, that he had not come to speak of trifles; his business was quite of a different character.

"A fighting affair," said Williams.

Bob replied in the affirmative, and shortly explained the nature of the case. It was then arranged that Williams should call at the cottage-gate in a hackney coach at four in the morning, provided with a good case of pistols. He was true to his appointment, and within a few minutes to five they were within half a mile of the appointed place, when two peace-officers stepped from behind a gate post where they had been waiting, stopped the chaise, and arrested them.

"Going to commit a breach of the peace, gentlemen?" said one of the fellows, as he attempted to seize the pistol-case that lay on the seat of the coach.

"Who informed you?" said Bob.

"There was an information made at the head-office late yesterday evening," said one of the men, "but it is not our business to tell who made it."

"I suppose it was the man who sent the message," said Williams.

"Most probably; that is generally the case; but our business now is to take you into custody, and bring you and the pistols before the magistrates."

"Not so fast," said Bob; "I will never consent to be arrested like a felon. I will, however, go before the magistrates if you wish, and explain the whole affair."

"By —, I won't let my friend's fifty guinea case of pistols be lost," said Williams. "Come, stand back; we will never permit ourselves to be taken into custody by two."

"No, nor by half a dozen," said Bob, making a thrust of his

cane at one of the fellows, who at the same instant drew a small pistol from his pocket, but Bob gave him a blow on the arm which caused him to drop it from his hand. A fierce conflict then ensued, and the two officers, who were active, athletic fellows, were nearly victorious, when some labourers, who were going to their work, collected on the spot, and, as a matter of course, took part against the "beaks," and would have handled them roughly were it not for Bob and his friend.

"Well," said Williams, "there will be no duel this morning, nor probably at any other time; for the cowardly villains who sent the message to fight, sent you here to arrest us. All we ask is, that you do not expose us by bringing us to a police office. Here are five pounds; we were rescued by the country people, and then made our escape; you understand."

The fellows took the money, Bob and his friend drove back to town, and in the course of the day, and every day during the week, several attempts were made on the part of Bob and his friend to see Mr. Scalpem, for the purpose of arranging another meeting in another place, but he was nowhere to be found.

A paragraph appeared the next day in all the papers, under the head of "fighting intelligence," wherein it was stated that Messrs. Hawk and Cribbage, two well known and meritorious officers of the head-office, had, at an early hour the previous morning, arrested two gentlemen, who were on their way towards Howth, for the purpose of fighting a duel, but that a mob of several hundred persons collected and rescued the prisoners; and were it not for the coolness, intrepidity, and presence of mind of those experienced officers under such trying circumstances, probably several lives would have been lost. The gentlemen were perfect strangers to the officers, and it was supposed that one of them was a foreigner.

Bob and his friend laughed heartily at the paragraph, which was evidently extracted, with some decoration, from the police report-book at the head-office, where those worthies had themselves recorded it.

On the following Saturday, a statement of the matter, somewhat different, and with a great deal of mystery about it, appeared in the *Gibbet*. It was as follows: "A gentleman connected with this journal had some difference with one of the higher order of society, whom he felt bound to call upon for satisfaction. A meeting was arranged to have taken place at Kilbarrack church-yard at five o'clock the next morning. The gentleman connected with this journal, who, by the way, has been out at least half a dozen times before, was, with his friend, on the spot to a moment, and, after remaining there upwards of an hour, intelligence reached them that the opposite party had been arrested by the police. We leave our readers to draw their own conclusion."

In another column in the same publication, and under the head of "Hints to Correspondents," was the following paragraph: "If any kind correspondent would furnish us with a history of the life and adventures of a person named Norberry, who, though young in years, appears to have run an astonishing career, it would be highly acceptable. The most honourable secrecy may be relied on."

"This is infamous," said Bob, "I am sorry I had not an opportunity to rid society of some of those ruffians. This hint will catch the eye of Miss M'Dougal, and I will be hunted with the most implacable enmity."

His anticipation was correct. Miss M'Dougal became the correspondent of the *Gibbet*, and although her letters were too vulgar and illiterate to appear, they supplied materials, upon which the conductors of that paper worked like spirits upon matter; but their labour was useless, the dressed-up article never appeared, as their infamous career was immediately put an end to by some credulous Englishman, who, having given them credit for printing materials, was obliged to issue an execution, which swept away whatever remnant of property they possessed. The breaking-up of the establishment was hailed as a blessing by the honest citizens of Dublin, and the name of the *Gibbet* was soon forgotten, or, if remembered by any one, it was only to be execrated. The gang connected with it were scattered to the four points of the compass.

The adventure with the "gentlemen" of the *Gibbet* by no means damped Bob's ardour to become connected with the press, and he again mentioned the matter to Mr. Clements, and requested that he would wait upon Mr. Decimus, and ask, as a favour, that he would give him an engagement. He added, that if he did not get some occupation he would return to Belgium, and see what would be done for him; although he feared he had forfeited his claim upon the country by not remaining in it, and by accepting a sum of money when returning to Ireland.

"You are rash and impetuous," said Clements; "you must be patient, and calm down your mind to some particular pursuit, and I think the one you have pointed out for yourself will hardly suit you; besides your education is not yet finished. I think you should return to college."

"No," said Bob; "I have read enough of dusty tomes; the world shall be my book for the future."

"If you knew how to study it, you would improve daily," said Clements.

"I have passed through trying ordeals," said Bob, "and from the experience I have had, I have always found it much easier to preach philosophy than practise it."

"Well, remember this," said Clements, "that a virtuous and

well disposed man, like good metal, the more he is tried by fire, the more he is refined; the more he is opposed, the more he is proved; sorrows and disappointments may make an impression on him, but they cannot imprint a false stamp upon his mind."

"All very fine in theory," said Bob. "Here I am, after having gone through fire and smoke, and sorrows and disappointments of every kind, and do you think I have been improved by them?"

"I do," said Clements. "You ought to be now a good judge of your own goodness of disposition and capabilities, and the more a man knows himself, the more perfect is his knowledge; but what sorrows and disappointments have you met? I know you have encountered peril in the fighting at Brussels; but what more?"

"There is a sorrow preying on me, the cause of which I must one day or other make you acquainted with." And as he looked on Clements, his cheek became alternately pale and crimsoned.

"You cannot be in possession of a secret which you ought to conceal," said Clements. "If you think I should know it at any time, why not disclose it now?"

"I could not tell you now," said Bob. "I must be settled down to some avocation. My mind must have something to engage it before I could venture on such a task."

"I don't want to know it," said Clements. "I only say that if there be anything concerning you which you think I ought to know, don't conceal it further."

"Get me the appointment on the press," said Bob, first. I have always regarded you as a parent; be indulgent to me now. I cannot tell you at present what makes my existence insupportable; but I will tell you soon after I get the appointment. Occupation will strengthen my mind."

"I shall call on Mr. Decimus to-morrow, and speak to him on the subject, and you may see him the following day," said Clements.

Bob did call on the second morning following, and was ushered up to the private office of Mr. Decimus, the editor in chief of the *Twilight* newspaper. "So, Mr. Norberry," said he, "you have thought proper to come back to speak about an engagement on my paper?"

"Yes," said Bob. "Have you seen Mr. Clements since I was here last?"

"He was here yesterday," replied Mr. Decimus. "He speaks in high terms of you, and informs me that you have large expectations—that you are heir to a large fortune."

"Why, yes," said Bob! "but much of it has been wasted in law during my childhood, and the law must be appealed to again before I obtain all that I am entitled to."

"Oh ! but you have means at present. Your mother has a handsome annuity, and your grandfather the full pay of a major. I have heard all about you."

"Yes," said Bob ; "they are independent, and I would wish to be so too."

"But do you not live with them ?" inquired Decimus.

"Yes," said Bob ; "that is the only consolation I have at present."

"Then a very small salary—if, indeed, the state of my journal will permit me to give any at any time—is all you would require ; just something to keep you in pocket money."

"Anything to begin with," said Bob ; "I wish to be connected with the press."

"Then," said Decimus, "on account of the high character given of you by my friend Clements, consider yourself from henceforth engaged—at least till we ascertain your capabilities."

"At what salary ?" inquired Bob.

"Salary !" said Decimus, in amazement. "Salary ! Why, no such thing is ever thought of here for the first six months at least. I can tell you, that it is a great condescension and stretch of generosity on my part to permit you to go on upon trial for that length of time."

"Well, if I be approved of," said Bob, "what shall I have at the expiration of that period ?"

"Why, I should say a pound a week, or rather four pounds a-month," replied Decimus ; "and the pay will increase after the first year."

"I don't care about the remuneration," said Bob ; "perhaps I shall not end the noviciate with you ; but I will try it."

"Very well," said Decimus. "You have now shown symptoms of good sense in not expecting remuneration ! and you had better attend this evening to report the proceedings at a public dinner to be given to Messrs. Grapple and Scrubb, for their exertions to lower the grand jury tax in the south side of the city. It will be a grand affair. The speech of the night will be that of Mr. Grapple ; he is a particular friend of mine, and he has already supplied it. You must, however, keep taking notes while he is speaking, and then when you come to the office after all is over, read the printed slips, and make the necessary corrections. Take care, however, that there be not too many interlinations, as that would swell the printers' bill. As to the other speeches, you may dispose of them by saying that the parties spoke in eloquent and appropriate language ; but take care of Grapple ; he is a most influential man, and a worthy citizen.—Mind these directions, and let me see that you make a good beginning. Here is a card that will admit you to the dinner gratis. Remember, I tell you again, to take care of Grapple's

speech. Be sure to take notes whilst he is speaking; but you will not have to write them out. Mind Mr. Grapple; he is a man of great wealth and influence; don't tell any one that we have his speech. Take care now; do your business properly. I think you will be a good reporter. Go on now. Mind Grapple. Some of the leading men at the bar have been reporters in this establishment, and one of them now fills a high judicial situation. Take care of yourself, and you will yet acquire what is superior to all fortune—professional fame."

CHAPTER XX.

BOB MAKES HIS "DEBUT" AS A REPORTER, AND CAUSES A GREAT SENSATION AMONGST THE "QUIDNUNCS" OF DUBLIN.

IF a man be oppressed with trouble, and that disappointments and blighted hopes turn the current of his mind from its proper channel, he is always greatly relieved by entering upon some new occupation or pursuit, in which the exercise of his mental faculties is called into operation, and where new scenes present themselves before him calculated to attract his attention; but, after all, they only can bear up successfully against afflictions, who make religion the basis upon which they rest their ultimate hope of surmounting the perils which encompass their way.

It is but just to state, that Bob, with all his faults, had strong religious feelings, for although he was occasionally wayward, obstinate, and inclined to indulge in fits of abstraction, there was a strong fresh current of hope ever springing up within him, when he reflected, as he said, upon the beneficence of that omnipotent power which called him into existence.

"I feel," said he to himself, as he walked away from the office of Mr. Decimus, "that I am greatly relieved from the weight of anxiety and care that pressed upon me. I have now got a new occupation. I am launched into a profession, if I can call it such, where I will have an opportunity of seeing and knowing what is going on in the political world. I shall see and know the men who affect to instruct and direct the rest of mankind; in a word, I think it is a school where I can learn much, and, no matter where my ultimate destination may be, I can here make preparations for the journey."

Bob thus consoled himself for adopting his new avocation, but

when he thought of Lady Mary, the strange vicissitudes through which he had passed, and the prospects that were before him, he fell into one of those moody fits of abstraction in which he occasionally indulged. Having arrived at home, he related the nature of his interview with Mr. Decimus, and made preparations for attending the banquet to Messrs. Grapple and Scrubb. He arrived at the place of entertainment long before the business of the evening commenced; and when nearly an hour beyond that appointed for dinner passed over, he began to regret that he had not dined before he left home.

The company at length began to wax impatient, and he heard loud cries of "dinner, dinner," issuing from an apartment adjoining the banqueting-room, to which latter place he had been admitted for the purpose of writing down the mottoes which were posted up in various parts of it, and picking up other materials for description. At length he heard a great bustle, and several persons exclaim at the same time, "Here they are; here are the guests; here are the members of the Committee. Make way, make way; here are the stewards. Make way! Call to the waiters to serve up dinner." Immediately afterwards, about two dozen of gentlemen entered, some of them bearing white wands, with bits of tape tied to the ends, and all assuming an air of great importance. Amongst the number was a puffed-up, self-conceited looking fellow, to whom the appellation of elderly dandy might be fairly applied, and to whom the rest seemed to pay the most profound respect.

"This," said Bob to himself, "I would venture to say, is Mr. Grapple, about whom I have received so much instruction from Mr. Decimus. He seems to be an important personage; he is one of the great public men of the day, and I will have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with him and many others of his class. I see that the profession of a reporter will bring me in contact with men of all parties."

"Open the doors at the end of the room," said one of the stewards, "and allow the company to enter."

A door was opened, and some hundred and fifty or sixty persons, whom Bob had not previously seen, but whom he had heard very distinctly, rushed in, and in their hurry to obtain seats near the chair, and at the head-table, they pushed and jostled each other so furiously that two or three of the weakest amongst them were trodden down by the rest, and some dishes, containing excellent viands, were upset, which latter accident seemed to cause much more concern to the majority of the company than the contusions received by some of their companions.

"Order! order! gentlemen," shouted the stewards from all sides of the house.

"This is disgraceful. If there be any gentlemen of the hos-

tile press here who will give a description of this scene, we will be all scandalised."

"Are there any gentlemen of the press here?" said Mr. Grapple. "We were to have had a corps of reporters. Where are they?"

"Where are the reporters?" shouted a stentorian voice; "there is a seat reserved for them near the chair; let them come up."

"Here I am," said Bob.

"Make way for the press! make way for the press!" resounded from all sides, as Bob advanced to the post of honour intended for him; and when he arrived at his destination, Mr. Grapple took him most condescendingly by the hand, and asked to what paper he belonged.

"The *Twilight*," said Bob.

"The *Twilight*!" repeated Grapple, with apparent delight. — "Are there reporters from any other of the papers here?"

"I believe not," replied Bob. "I presume if there were they would have come to the place allotted to them."

"Gentlemen," said Grapple, with increased satisfaction, "I have to announce to you, that a gentleman connected with that admirable paper, the *Twilight*, is here; and we may be certain of seeing in its columns a detailed and accurate report of this evening's entertainment."

Whilst this interlude was being acted, the gentlemen who were fortunate enough to gain seats near the upper table, seemed to be making amends for the delay that had taken place in serving the dinner, and were exercising their gastronomic powers like a party of Russians after a black Lent.

"Hallo! hallo! gentlemen, what are you at?" shouted the stewards."

"At our dinner," said a fellow, who was pulling a turkey asunder, "if it be time."

"Gentlemen, the chair has not yet been taken," continued the stewards. "This is shameful."

"Well, let it be taken," said another fellow, who was cutting a large ham into substantial pieces. "I'm sure *we* are not causing any delay."

A Mr. Nibblesquash took the chair. Mr. Grapple was seated on his right, and Mr. Scrubb, the other guest of the evening, on his left.

The usual toasts were given, and the usual patriotic airs played. Then the chairman proceeded to give the health of the gentlemen whom they had that evening met to honour, and who, he said, had rendered such signal service to their fellow-citizens, by causing a reduction in the taxes by which they had been so grievously burthened, particularly the grand jury tax. Dublin, *aye*

Ireland, owed them a debt of gratitude, which he hoped their country would, one day or other, repay them.

The toast was received with the most rapturous applause, and both gentlemen stood up at the same time to return thanks.

One party called loudly on Mr Scrubb to speak first, and although they formed but a small minority, they made up for want of numbers by zeal for their friend. They shouted with stentorian voices, "Scrubb, Scrubb, Scrubb first; there is no humbug about him—no pretensions to greatness; he is a plain, honest man—no humbug. Scrubb! Scrubb! Scrubb!" The Grapple party shouted, "Grapple! Grapple! a man of property, a good citizen, a bank director. Hear Mr. Grapple; hear, hear, hear."

The storm having continued for some time, the Scrubb party, whose copious libations of punch made them almost forget what they were shouting for, at length gave way, and Mr Grapple proceeded to address the meeting amidst cheers from his own party, and groans and opprobrious epithets from the Scrubbites.

Bob took notes of his speech, as directed, although he knew that it was already in type.

Mr. Scrubb next addressed the meeting, and did so in a style infinitely superior to that of Grapple, and, on the whole, was heard with more attention.

"The Independent Press," coupled with the name of the editor and proprietor of the *Twilight*, was next given, and drank with great applause.

Bob being the only representative there, not only of the *Twilight*, but of the press generally, was called upon, and returned thanks in a speech of great eloquence, in which he alluded in the most happy terms to the jealousy which he saw existed between two gentlemen who were apparently well disposed, and who had rendered some service to their fellow-citizens. He denounced such jealousy and divisions as the primary cause of all the evils which their common country endured; and such was the impression he had made on both parties, that all who were sober amongst them rose simultaneously and cheered him loudly. Those who could not stand up, held by their chairs, and shouted gloriously.

Shortly before the company broke up, Mr Grapple whispered to Bob: "You were speaking to Mr. Decimus about this affair before you came here?"

"Yes."

"Well, you know what to do?"

"I hope I shall do everything right."

"Then you will dine with me to-morrow, and we will read over my speech together, and make any alterations we may think necessary for the evening papers."

"You are very kind. I shall have the honour of dining with you," said Bob.

"You are a young gentleman of great ability indeed, and I shall be happy to see you at my house at any time. Mr Decimus is always fortunate in selecting gentlemen of talent and ability as reporters and contributors to his journal. Five to-morrow—five, sharp,"—said Grapple, as he again shook the hand of his new acquaintance.

Bob returned to the office of the *Twilight* to write out his report, and found that the editor was gone for the night, after having left directions for him to cut all the matter short except the speech of Grapple, but, added the head printer, who delivered those commands to him, "We have not as much copy as we calculated upon, and you may write out at some length."

"I had intended to do so," said Bob; "for in my opinion the thing is well worth describing. I think I have an opportunity here to make a character for myself."

"Bob set to work, and gave a graphic and true description of the whole scene, with a good outline of Scrubb's speech, and a full report of his own. He then got the slips of the speech of Grapple, as written by that gentleman himself, and knocked out of it the frequent cries of "hear, hear," and "loud and enthusiastic cheering," with which it was so copiously interlarded, and put in their place notices of the impatience and interruptions with which it was received; in a word, he gave a true report.

The *Twilight* appeared, as a matter of course, the next morning, and the sensation caused was electrical. Men could hardly believe their senses. People, as they met in the streets, inquired of each other. "Did you see the *Twilight* to-day? Is the editor of it mad? He has wheeled round on all his old friends, and turned them into ridicule, particularly one of the oldest and best amongst them. The thing is inexplicable—he is about to desert his party, and turn over to the other side. Yet the report is admirably done; it is the best thing that has appeared in a Dublin paper for a long time. There is some mystery about the matter. Grapple, the great philanthropist, the bank director, the great prop of his party, caricatured! actually gibbeted! and Scrubb, his great opponent, put above him! You never saw such a thing in your life. There are crowds in the Chamber of Commerce striving to get a peep at the paper."

These rumours ran through town in a few hours as to the wonders that were to be seen recorded in the columns of the *Twilight*, and in the course of the day the office was besieged by applicants for copies of it, but they were all sold out at an early hour.

Bob, after his night's fatigue, slept soundly, little dreaming of the hurricane with which he was so shortly to be assailed.

When he sat down to breakfast, his grandfather had the paper containing the report, that Bob might see himself in print for the first time, and upon a perusal of it the old major pronounced it to be excellent.

"By what criterion do you judge;" inquired Bob.

"It has made me laugh heartily. It has been said of Moliere that whenever he wrote a play, he read it for his old housekeeper, and if he perceived that it excited her risible faculties, he at once pronounced it good, and sent it to his publisher; but if it made no such impression, he consigned it to the flames. Many a person will laugh this day at your work of last night."

"It is delightful to think how admirable I have succeeded.—I think Mr. Decimus will put me under a salary at once," said Bob.

Filled with those pleasing anticipations of the future, he proceeded to the office of the *Twilight*, round the door of which was a crowd of persons looking for the morning paper, and just as he was making his way through them, Mr. Decimus, who had dined with a friend in the country, and slept at his house the previous night, drove up.

"Good-morrow, Mr Norberry," said he. "How did you get through the business of last night?"

"Very much to my satisfaction," said Bob. "I think I have produced a good report."

"What is this crowd about?" demanded Mr. Decimus.

"I don't know," said Bob. "I am but just arrived here this moment."

"What is this all about?" again demanded Decimus, impatiently.

"Aye," said a newsman, with a battered, shattered old hat and a black eye, "is that all you know about it? — to you, go in there and hand us out papers. Is not this a poor case, that a day there's anything in your rag worth reading, we can't get it. At a time when we might be hawking them from mornin' till night, without sellin' one, you'd have heaps of them. Go in there and make them print more for us."

"What, in the name of wonder," said the astonished Decimus, "can all this mean?"

Another newsman shouted, "Here's the *Twilight*—last copy on sale in Dublin of the *Twilight*—types of the *Twilight* broken up—last copy! Most humorous and comical account of the great banquet of last night in the *Twilight*—*Twilight* changed sides—last copy on sale! Here's the *Twilight*—here's the *Twilight*—last copy of the *Twilight* for half-a-crown—up to five shillings if not sold immediately! Here's the *Twilight*—here's the *Twilight*!"

Decimus could hardly credit his senses, whilst he listened to

this harangue of the worthy newsvender; but having been thus in some degree enlightened as to the cause of the crowd, he turned to Bob, and inquired if it was his report of the dinner that had caused such a sensation.

"I believe so," said Bob, in ecstasy at the increase of business that his labours of the previous evening had caused.

"But what is meant by '*Twilight* changed sides?' show me the paper instantly."

"There is not a paper in the house," said the clerk, "but the one that is above on the file. The demand for it is so great that you'd think the newsmen would pull down the house. Although the type was broken up, I ventured to tell the printers to set it up again, and print off more of them."

"Is the editor come?" inquired Decimus.

"No," replied the clerk.

Then turning to Bob: "Was he here last night to look over your report before it was inserted?"

"No," said Bob; "and as I was told by the printers that there was more room than was intended, I wrote out at some length"

"I see," said Decimus, "some fatal mistake has been made. Come this way."

Bob accompanied him to his private office, and just as they entered it the editor followed them in breathless haste.

"Oh! Mr. Decimus, Mr. Decimus," said he "did you see our paper to-day?"

"Just going to look at it now."

"We are ruined, we are ruined," said the editor; "my editorial character is ruined. It was my business to have been here last night to inspect the copy of this new hand we have got;" and he cast a look of fierce indignation at Bob. "Don't read it, I beseech you; it is far worse than the most vivid imagination could picture."

"I must read it," said Decimus. "Better know the worst at once." So he opened the paper, and cast his eye over the graphic description of the scene, until he came to the speech of Grapple, and found hisses and disapprobation in place of loud and enthusiastic cheers. He then came to the speech of Scrubb, who was represented as having spoken better, and been heard more favourably than the great bank director; and lastly, he came to Bob's own speech, set out at full length. He opened his eyes like a strangled man, to whom a galvanic battery had been applied. He looked again and again, and then turned to the heading of the paper, as if to convince himself that he had the sober, heavy *Twilight* in his hand.

"I am undone; I am a ruined man," said he, flinging the paper from him. "I—." At that moment a thundering knock

came to the office door, and immediately afterwards about a dozen of gentlemen entered, amongst whom Bob recognised Mr. Grapple and others who were present at the banquet.

"This is a pretty business," said Grapple; "this is the work of a traitor. You were long suspected, and you have changed sides at last. Give me my account, erase my name from your subscription list. I have been too long reading the stupid *Twilight*."

"Give me my account, erase my name," said each of the other gentlemen. "There is nothing but treachery in the world. We will have another paper established before this day month. We will snuff out the treacherous *Twilight*."

"It is a good threshing you ought to get, by —," said another, "for daring to turn gentlemen into ridicule, as you have done; and I have a d——d good mind to thresh your craven carcass into jelly."

Bob was utterly lost in amazement at the scene before him, and his inability to comprehend truly what it meant, prevented him from interfering sooner than he would have otherwise done.

"Listen to me for a moment," said the terrified and enraged Decimus. "Listen to me, gentlemen. I am wholly blameless in this matter. It has caused me more trouble, much more trouble, than it could possibly cause any of you. My property and my political character are both in jeopardy, whereas, as regards you, there is nothing in the matter that can by possibility injure you. All that the report can do is to cause people to laugh; but there," pointing to Bob, "is the author of the whole."

"I don't believe it, by —," said one of the party, who was much more furious than the rest. "He is a very young lad; he was incapable of doing it; the thing was done by an old hand; he was only sent there as a stalking-horse; but the report is all through Dublin to-day that you have changed sides."

Bob, who up to this moment had remained silent, was aroused by the imputation cast upon himself; his eye flashed with indignation, and he cast upon the whole of the party before him a look of ineffable scorn.

"I am alone," said he "answerable for the truth and fidelity of that report; and I am ready to give that answer with my life. You think, because I am young, that I am inexperienced; but I have passed through perils such as few of any age have encountered; but never have I, in the slightest degree, deviated from the path which truth and rectitude dictated. What is there in that report which appears to have caused such a sensation? What is there in it, of which you all complain?"

There was a boldness in the attitude, and a candour in the demeanour of Bob, which silenced the party, and as if all were

at a loss for a reply, he was for some moments without receiving an answer.

At length Mr Decimus said: "You have done me irreparable injury. You have turned all these gentlemen into ridicule.—You have held my best friends and supporters up to the laughter of all Dublin. You have wounded my political character. You have injured my establishment greatly, and, as an act of atonement to these gentlemen, you must quit my service forthwith."

"If the report be not perfectly true in the most minute particulars," said Bob, "I will consent to undergo the most ignominious punishment that can be inflicted on me; but as to quitting your service, that can be no loss to me."

"The truth is not to be told at all times," said Decimus.

"Then what did you send me there for?" demanded Bob.—"Had you told me when I was going, that I was to give a false or exaggerated statement, I would not have undertaken the duty at all." And then turning to the party who had entered the room in such a fury, and who stood admiring the energy and earnestness of his manner: "Is there one word of untruth or exaggeration in the statement which I have given of the transaction?"

"Not a word, by —," said a bluff, good-humoured looking fellow; "and although I was shown up along with the rest, I laughed heartily at breakfast this morning—the only cause of wonder was seeing such a thing in the *Twilight*."

"Aye," repeated the whole of them, "seeing it in our own paper, the *Twilight*, was the puzzle. It's not the thing itself, but the paper that it is in, that has caused the wonder through Dublin to-day."

"Now you see, gentlemen," said Decimus, "how soon the whole has been explained. All done by a new hand that we had just taken in on the establishment. It was his first, and it shall be his last exploit, as far as the *Twilight* is concerned."

"Very well," said Bob; "if the *suppressio veri* or the *suggestio falsi* forms part of the duties of a reporter, it is well that I should know it in time, and give up the avocation at once; but is there any gentleman here who has any imputation to cast on me, or who requires reparation for any alleged injury he has sustained? If there be, here I am, ready to defend my own honour, and give reparation for any fancied insult cast on his."

The whole party were dumb with amazement, and Decimus was the only person who ventured a reply.

"I believe, Mr Norberry," said he, "that no person here wishes to have any quarrel with you; and I have only to say that I require your services no further. My dismissing you, and preventing any more copies of this day's *Twilight* being published, is the only act of reparation I can make to those gentlemen, and the only means to protect myself for the future."

"Very well," said Bob; "I would much rather have taken the part I did in the transaction, than the part that any of you have taken. Good bye to you all."

"I invited you to dine," said Grapple. "I hope you have the good sense to see that the invitation is cancelled. I am the man that you have injured, deeply injured. You mutilated my speech, and placed Scrubb above me. Yes, I am a deeply injured man."

"The man who can be injured by truth," said Bob, is in a false position, and the sooner he gets out of it the better for himself and those with whom he has anything to do. Good bye to you all;" and he walked out of the room.

"That is an honest young fellow, and a man of ability too," said the good-humoured looking gentleman who admitted the accuracy of Bob's report; "and if you take my advice, Mr. Decimus, you won't part him."

"The thing is admirably done," said the editor, "now that I can look over it in a less hurried manner than I did this morning. It would have been all right had it been our political opponents who were described in it. I think we ought not to part with Norberry; he may be very useful."

"Oh! he has almost ruined me," said Decimus, "and it would not be safe to trust him in the establishment."

"You may talk as you like," said Grapple, "but I am the injured man. My speech mutilated, all the 'cheers' and 'applause' struck out! The banquet given in honour of me! Yes, it was in honour of me the thing was got up; for if I were out of the way, it would never have been given to Scrubb; and then, to elevate him above me was intolerable. Yes, I am the injured man—I am."

"Keep Norberry on the establishment," said the editor again to Decimus. "We can direct him what to do, and send him to report proceedings where the kind of talent which he manifests in this report will be serviceable."

"Aye, but only think of the cool impudence of the fellow," said Decimus, "to report his own speech at such length, in which he undertakes to lecture the whole company!" Then, turning to Mr. Grapple: "Did he speak that speech at all?"

"He did," said the good-humoured looking gentleman, "and it was the only speech of the night worth reporting."

"I believe I ought not to dismiss him finally; call him back."

Bob, who had delayed on business in the publishing office, was informed before he left the house that Mr. Decimus wished to speak another word to him. He again returned to the private office, where the whole party were still in council with regard to the best way of remedying the disaster of which he was the cause.

"Don't consider yourself finally dismissed," said Decimus, as he entered the apartment. "Be kind enough to call on me to-morrow."

Bob bowed politely, and again withdrew, leaving the party to pursue their deliberations.

"The only way we can get out of this unfortunate predicament," said Decimus, "is to put a paragraph in the paper to-morrow, stating that the report of the banquet was inserted without the inspection or knowledge of the editor or proprietor of the *Twilight*."

"Why that, and the insertion of my real speech, may make some amends," said Grapple! "but after all it is a sorry recompense for wounded feelings—for an injury such as no public man ever before received at the hands of his party. However, put in my speech, and state that the one which appeared as having been made by me was made by Mr. Snigg, the director of an insurance company, to whom a dinner was also to be given last night."

"I tell you what it is," said the good-humoured looking gentleman, "you had better leave the report just as it is, and merely explain that it was inserted without the knowledge of the editor or proprietor; for if you now insert an unfaithful report, or put in 'loud and enthusiastic cheering' for 'groans and hisses,' that young tartar gone out will contradict it in one of the papers on the other side, and we will be still more ridiculous than we are; leave the thing as it is. I like that young fellow. Yes, hang me if I don't. I suffered as much as any of you, but I am content to let the matter rest. Come, let us cry 'quits,' and give up our nonsense."

"I believe," said Decimus, "your advice is good; we ought to be content with the explanation."

"If my real speech is not inserted," said Grapple, "I cut all connection with the *Twilight*."

"Well," said Decimus, "if you insist upon it, it shall be put in, with a note that it has been supplied by yourself; but if you take my advice, you will let the matter drop. We will make amends to you some other time. It will be enough to say, in a paragraph to-morrow, that the report was not authorised. The public will then believe that it came from the enemy's camp, and the matter will soon blow over. Leave it so, my dear friend; leave it so. I am the person who is injured, and I must submit."

"Well, as you very justly observe, you must only make me amends at some other time. I am to have a meeting next week, for the purpose of founding a benevolent 'loan fund society,' for the benefit of the industrious classes, you need not send any reporter to it, and I shall furnish you with a note of the proceedings for insertion. Indeed, your doing so will be no more than a duty which you owe to the public. Let the matter stand, but

keep that young scapegrace from ever coming near any meeting that I shall take a part in."

"Perhaps I shall," said Decimus; "and we must now only make the best of an untoward accident. I will make every atonement in my power to you, gentlemen. You see how the matter stands, and that I am blameless in the transaction."

"Very well, very well," said the party, as they retired; "we see that you are not in fault; but it should be a caution to you to take care what sort of persons you employ in your establishment, and to examine with more care the matter inserted in your paper. Farewell. Good bye. It will be but nine days' wonder. It will go abroad that the report was furnished by a wag belonging to the opposition papers; that at least is what we shall all say about it. Good bye."

"Good bye, gentlemen," said Decimus; "I am happy that you are convinced of my perfect innocence."

"You will have it in your power to make amends to me in giving an ample report of the proceedings of the benevolent loan fund society," said Grapple. "All these gentlemen are either to be share-holders or partners in it, and ample justice must be done to their speeches too, of course."

"Of course," said Decimus; "nothing shall give me greater pleasure."

"And you will put in a smart editorial *par*, showing the benefits that the institution will confer on the industrious classes," said Grapple, as he left the room.

The complaining party having departed, Mr. Decimus, to repair the *crash* that had taken place, and in pursuance of the promise he had made, stated in his paper of the next morning, that the report of the banquet given in honour of the patriotic gentlemen, Messrs. Grapple and Scrubb, was inserted without the permission of the editor or proprietor.

Bob came next day to the office, where Mr. Decimus received him much better than he could naturally expect after the error he had fallen into. "Mr. Norberry," said he, "you see that in consideration of the high esteem I bear for Mr. Clements, I have determined to overlook the fault you have committed, and the injury you have done me, and to make further trial of you; but I have some directions to give you in the way of your profession, which it is essential for you to attend to."

"Before you go further," said Bob, "don't direct me to do anything that would compromise my character for veracity; if you do, I shall not attend to it."

"Not so fast, young man," said Decimus, "I fear you are too rash and impetuous to form a permanent connection with the press."

"If a strict adherence to truth," said Bob, "should render the connection uncertain, let it never be made."

"That is folly," said Decimus. "You don't know, perhaps, that there is such a thing as the law of libel, and that a strict adherence to truth might send me to a prison, and cause me to be heavily fined; besides, the truth cannot always be told in a newspaper."

"Why, I understood before," said Bob, "that your duty was to direct and instruct the public, and to report faithfully every thing in which the public are interested; but you say the law prevents you telling the truth."

"Why, yes," said Decimus, "that is really the case; but putting the law out of view, it is not necessary to tell the truth at all times."

"Well, in such cases," said Bob, "I suppose it is best to say nothing?"

"No, that won't do either," observed Decimus; "but before I go further, let me ask you, in the name of wonder, where were you educated?"

"Indeed," replied Bob, "I must admit that as far as book learning goes, I am not as well educated as the profession I have entered upon would require; but I will every day endeavour to improve myself."

"I do not mean your literary acquirements. There is time enough yet to test them. But I want to know under whose tuition you have acquired such strange fancies with regard to truth?"

"I have been some time under the tuition of the Jesuits at Stoneyhurst," said Bob, thoughtfully.

"I see," said Decimus; "that may account for it. Where else have you been?"

"I have been a short time at the University of Louvain. I am but recently come from it."

"Why did you leave that establishment before you finished your education?"

"I took part in the Belgian revolution, was wounded there, and, after surmounting some difficulties and escaping many perils, I was anxious to see my friends and my native land."

"Why," said Decimus, with astonishment, "are you the young Irishman who signalized himself during the conflict at Brussels?"

"Yes," said Bob; "I took an active part there."

"Bless my soul! who could have thought such a thing? Why, you are an astonishing fellow! It is curious to think what persons have been occasionally engaged on my journal. I recollect having a barrister who did the law reports in the courts; a doctor, for inquests and scientific lectures; a clergyman, for sermons and controversial discussions; and a half-pay officer, who was the fighting editor."

"Perhaps," said Bob, smiling, "you would in a little time elevate me to that post."

"The times are sadly changed," said Decimus, "in that respect. It is upwards of twenty years since I had a fighting editor. We now fight with the pen. It is considered the most formidable weapon at present."

"It cannot be formidable," said Bob, "as long as you are prevented from telling the truth; falsehood is always powerless."

"This is your absurd theory," said Decimus. "Did I not tell you that the law restrains us very much? but a great latitude still exists, and a judicious writer may expose abuses, and keep within its bounds; and exposure is often more effective in preventing the infliction of wrong, than acts of parliament. You will learn, as you go on, in what cases you can tell the whole truth, a portion of the truth, or merely a per centage on that portion. You will likewise see where it will be judicious to say nothing, and also, to state matters *pro re nata*. You understand me."

"Why," said Bob, "all I contend for as a principle is, that when any thing is said, it should be true, and that facts ought not to be distorted."

"In this country," said Decimus, "the newspapers belong to one party or the other. There is hardly any such thing known as a neutral newspaper; and you know we must spare our friends, and bear down on our enemies. We must hide the faults of the one, and expose the delinquencies of the other. And the great mistake you made in the report of the banquet was, to have placed persons who are our political friends in a ludicrous position; to have made them subjects of ridicule and laughter. Had it been an entertainment given to our political enemies, the description would have been admirable. You must only take better care for the future. I think you have the materials in you for a smart fellow. We must watch your copy for a time, until you become acquainted with your business, and understand how to discriminate between friends and opponents.—Take care of yourself, and I am inclined to think that I shall put you upon a salary sooner than I originally intended, and will send you to report 'on circuit.'"

"Bob congratulated himself upon the sudden change for the better in his affairs, and applied himself with considerable assiduity to his business. Some months passed over without any incident worthy of notice having occurred, or any account having been received from the Strangeway family, during which time he continued to cultivate the good wishes and esteem of Mr. Decimus."

CHAPTER XXI.

A MEETING TO ESTABLISH A BENEVOLENT LOAN FUND AND
EQUITABLE INSURANCE SOCIETY—MR. GRAPPLE BRINGS FOR-
WARD HIS PLAN FOR THE RELIEF OF THE INDUSTRIOUS
CLASSES—BOB ACCELERATES THE BURSTING OF THE BUBBLE.

ONE morning when Bob came to the office, a note from Mr. Grapple to the editor of the *Twilight* was put into his hand. It contained a request that a reporter might be sent to a great meeting to be held that day, at which some of the leading philanthropists of the city would attend, to whom he was to submit a project of a highly important nature. The assembly was to be select and respectable, and the admission to be by ticket.

"You pay a visit to-day to your old friend, Mr. Grapple," said the editor, as he put the note into Bob's hand, "but you will find the meeting very different from the banquet affair."

"I don't know," said Bob, "that I was ever more amused than at the banquet, and I would have no objection to be present at another like it."

"Well, you will have nothing to-day to turn into ridicule; all will go on smack smooth; Grapple and the leading speakers will supply their speeches, and you will have nothing to do but cut them down according to the space we may have to spare. I shall remain here till you return. Here is a card of admission."

Bob proceeded to the meeting, which was held in one of the rooms of the Rotundo, and, having presented his card, was admitted. He found in the room about two dozen of persons, some of them respectable in appearance, and all engaged in discussing the project that was to be brought forward by Grapple.

Bob sat down at the table, and, on looking round the room at the little groups into which the company was divided, he thought he saw such a peculiarity of countenance in each, that he commenced sketching their likenesses, as well as taking notes of their conversation, whilst the earnestness with which the discussion was carried on prevented him from being observed.

"What do you think of this project of Mr. Grapple's?" said an old fellow named Merle, with a contracted, care-worn little face, and half-shut eyes, which seemed to be looking with suspicion upon the group by which he was surrounded.

"If the fish be got to bite, it will do," said one.

"None of your ifs," said another; "the fish cannot fail to bite—the line shall be properly baited."

"Grapple is the man for a project; he is the man to put on the bait."

"The thing must succeed under his management," said another.

"Aye, but he must be watched," said a third, "or he will keep the haul when he makes it."

"Why," said Merle, "if we say anything about watching one another, the public will begin to watch us, and the game will soon be up. We will watch no doubt, but I give you an advice to say nothing about it, even amongst yourselves."

"What is to be done for names for the directory?" said a Mr. Lush, in a whisper to Merle. Lush was a dashing fellow, of excellent address, with most plausible manners, and was a candidate for the office of secretary to the proposed society.

"Why," said Merle, "that must be left to your management. You are capital at drawing up a prospectus, and making out a case. Convince one wealthy, good-natured man, that the project in view will be of benefit to the industrious classes. Get his name and others will follow him like sheep after a bell-wether. You know they will be only asked to lend their names, but not to pay money. They will be wholly irresponsible; and some of the best of men have a *penchant* to see their names at the top of any list which would induce the world to believe that they were either wealthy or charitable. You will get such persons, no doubt about that."

"We will want the aid of the press," said Lush; "how is that to be obtained?"

"The people of the press," said Merle, "are of all classes, most easily imposed upon. They are shut up in their studies, and their knowledge is derived from reading. They know nothing of what is going on in the world. I have had to do with some of them. I have found them men of integrity, but fools in business."

"We must," said Lush, "advertise freely, and pay liberally. Men who would as soon cut off their hands as write anything to prop up a fraudulent project, admit all sorts of advertisements into their papers. Advertise extensively, and pay well; that is my motto," said Lush.

"You are right," said Merle; "you are right; but you must first apply yourself to procure names for the directory. Men, of course, who will never come near us or look into our affairs. A respectable directory above all things."

"The money will come in in a torrent," said Lush, "when we get the machinery to work. Though this city is said to be poor, there is immense wealth locked up in it. Go down to the bank of Ireland when the interest on government stock and debentures becomes due each half year, and the crowds who are elbowing

and pushing in there to get their miserable three and-a-half per cent. will convince you that there is plenty of money in this city. And then there are many farmers and industrious people throughout the country who have from ten pounds to a hundred stuck in the thatch of their houses, who only want to be convinced that they can invest it safely, and they will transfer it from its hiding-place to the coffers of a benevolent institution such as we propose to establish."

"You are perfectly right," said Merle; "perfectly; and it often struck me that this country is far behind England in the art of inducing those who have money lying idle to benefit society by putting it into circulation."

"We want men of genius in that respect," said Lush. "It is only from the needy and necessitous that we are able to get money; but we want men of talent and enterprise who can win it from the possession of those to whom it is comparatively useless."

"Grapple, in my mind, has great capabilities in that way," said Merle; "and although we must watch him, we can also make him useful. I wonder what delays him to-day; he should have been here half an hour ago."

At this moment Mr. Grapple entered the room, accompanied by six or seven persons, some of whom Bob recognised as the stewards of the late banquet. There was loud cheering and clapping of hands as soon as he made his appearance, and it was proposed that he should take the chair, but having stated that it was his duty to submit certain plans and propositions to the meeting, the post of honour was assigned to Mr. Merle, and by a unanimous vote of the assembly Mr. Lush was appointed secretary *pro tem*.

Grapple was some minutes in the room before he observed Bob; but as soon as he did, he walked over to him, with a smirk and a smile; and, shaking him by the hand, welcomed him amongst them. "I have heard," said he, "that you are an excellent young man; and I forgive you the mistake that you fell into the night of the banquet. It was your first attempt at reporting. I am happy to tell you now that Mr. Decimus thinks very highly of you."

Bob thought he was bound to be polite in return for the civilities offered, and he thanked him for the good opinion he expressed of him.

"There will be no division or dissension here to-day," said Grapple, "as there was at the banquet. We are friends here, acting in concert with each other for the public good. Some of the most benevolent and wealthy men of our city are here to-day—men who totally disregard their own personal interests and advantages when put in competition with the welfare of their

native country. They are the true patriots, after all, who do good in their respective spheres, and instead of spending money uselessly and prodigally in some foreign country, they make it fructify—they circulate it at home. It has been said that the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, is a benefactor to his country; but the man who circulates two shillings in his native land where only one circulated before, is still a greater benefactor to the human race. Dormant capital is the curse of this country. The people have not spirit or enterprise to invest their money in mercantile speculations. Yes, I say it advisedly, that dormant capital is the curse of the country. You are a young man, and do not, of course take the trouble to study the dry details of political economy, but I advise you to make yourself acquainted with them."

"It is, I believe, a useful science," said Bob, "but one to which young men rarely apply themselves; and I am certain that I cannot fail to gain useful information by attending such meetings as this."

"I am delighted," said Grapple, "to find that you have a taste for the thing, and consequently value the labours of such men as are now present. We may be of service to you, and you may be serviceable to us, whilst you do no more than discharge your duties with industry and honesty. There is not a gentleman in the room to-day who would not be ready to encourage a young man of merit. But the chair is taken; we must to business. Come, my dear young friend, take your seat at the table appropriated to the press. Aye, there is a gentleman just come in connected with the great leading journal of the city. Come over and take your place beside him. I shall introduce you to him."

"Mr. Norberry, of the *Twilight*," said Grapple, as he advanced to the table and shook the other pressman by the hand. "Mr. Galt, of the *Luminary*, a journal conducted with great talent and patriotism. How is your editor, Mr. Galt?"

"Indeed, well," replied Galt.

"And your proprietor, how is he?"

"I cannot answer so easily for him," said Galt; "he is at present in the south of France."

"Indeed!" observed Grapple. "Well, he is sure to have his establishment properly attended to by you and his present editor. You are two of the most talented gentlemen in Dublin, and your journal is one that appreciates a benevolent project like that which has called us here together to-day. I know you will give an ample report of our proceedings."

Here there were loud calls for Grapple to come forward and submit his plans to the gentlemen present.

The chairman said, before Mr. Grapple proceeded, he would

take the liberty of making a few observations to the meeting, which, although in some degree relating to himself, were by no means irrelevant to the business in hand, and would prove how deeply interested he was in the success of the benevolent undertaking which they had met to support. He had an appointment, a personal appointment that day, with a young nobleman who would be of age in two months, and would be then in possession of six thousand a-year unincumbered property, and who had offered him his bill for a thousand pounds, for five hundred cash in hand, yet he had broken the appointment sooner than deprive himself of the pleasure of being present on that important occasion. (Ironical cheers from some of the company, and exclamations of surprise from others.) He, however, hoped to meet his client the next day, although the chances were that he was picked up by another; but the fact of having run the risk of losing such a customer showed his disinterestedness and devotion to the cause they had met to support. Having said so much of himself, his duty was to listen with attention to what other persons had to say, and he trusted that every gentleman who addressed the chair would strictly confine himself to the question before it.

Here there were loud cries for Grapple to come forward, and on his ascending the platform he was received with cheers, in acknowledgment of which he bowed repeatedly, at the same time placing his hand on his heart and assuming a look of great humility and suavity of deportment.

When the cheering ceased, he unfolded a large bundle of papers and printed documents, and then addressed the meeting. He told them he was a plain man of figures and matters of fact, and he undertook to show those whom he had the honour to address orally, as well as the millions whom he addressed through the medium of that shield of liberty and virtue, the press, that the great evils which afflicted the country arose from the large quantity of dormant capital that was in it, and the want of spirit and enterprise on the part of its possessors to invest it in useful and profitable speculations. The plan which he proposed had for its basis the principle of mutual benefits to all concerned in it; in plain language, it would be impossible that any advantage could accrue to any one member without the whole being partakers of it. But the chief merit of it was (and he would beg of the gentlemen of the press to particularly note that part of his address) that no man could be a loser. He would, in the first place, set out by establishing a benevolent loan fund society, for the advantage of the industrious classes. No man would be entitled to a loan who had not some capital more or less. He would say five or ten pounds in ready money. The possessor of that sum should lodge it to the credit of the general stock, and

in the same fund where the rich man's thousand would be invested. The moment he made that lodgment he would be handed a docket or scrip receipt, which would bear interest payable half-yearly, and he would become at the same time a member of 'the benevolent incorporated society for the amelioration of the condition of the industrious classes;' and the consolation, as well as pride, which he would feel in his own bosom at the thought of being placed in such an exalted and enviable position was beyond his (Mr. Grapple's) power of description; and those who wished to be able to judge truly upon the subject should only come in and join them. Well, then, the rich and the wealthy—such men as those whom he saw surrounding him—would pay in their thousands; the poor man in the country, who had his money stuck in the thatch, would pay in his fives and his tens. Then when any profitable trade or speculation opened to any of its members, they had no delay but obtain a loan to any amount that the nature of the case would require, or the board of management suggest. The security for that loan would be given by members of the society, so that they would each and all be interested in their mutual success. They would go on, as it were, upon the principle of the bees, by drawing the united labours and acquisitions of all into one common storehouse, whilst at the same time every man would be perfect master of his own property, and reap the fruits of his own labour and skill. (Loud cheers.) The beauty of his system would soon be known, but the knowledge could only be spread abroad by that glorious emanation of the human mind, the press; and he trusted that humble as he was, what he was repeating in that room, would, ere forty-eight hours had passed, be spread throughout the length and breadth of the united kingdom. (Cheers.) He would say, let every man who had capital idle come forward and invest it in the benevolent loan fund society, where it would accumulate daily, and be always at the command of skilful and enterprising members, who would develop the resources of the kingdom, and make capital circulate, till, like the overflowing of the Nile, it fertilized all the country over which it flowed. Such districts of Ireland as wished to partake of the general prosperity that would follow from the formation of their society, should join them; but those who were content to remain in the same wretched condition in which they had been for centuries, would do well to keep away from them. Connected with a benevolent loan fund society would be an equitable mutual assurance company, on a plan that would insure profit to all who joined in it, and wealth and independence to their families.

Mr. Grapple then read in detail the prospectus or plan of those two companies, which might be regarded as twin sisters, and moved that it be adopted.

The chairman would put as an amendment, that it required no seconder, and that it be carried by acclamation. (Carried accordingly.)

Mr. Grapple next moved that their resolutions, prospectus, and full report of their meeting should be inserted in all the newspapers, and that a special vote of thanks be given to the gentlemen of the press then present.

This resolution was passed with acclamation.

The meeting then broke up, and Bob returned to the office of the *Twilight*, pondering upon all he had heard and seen, particularly the functions of public instructors, their fitness for the office, and the specimen of public men with whom he had already come in contact; and it struck him as somewhat singular, that those whom he knew to be most fiercely opposed to each other in politics, seemed heartily united in a project which he believed was got up for the purpose of enriching themselves at the expense of a gullible public. It seemed to him exceedingly strange that men who spoke, and wrote, and voted against each other in public, and who, no doubt, were actuated in those respects by what they believed to be a public duty, should perfectly agree and readily co-operate with each other when their common object was to swindle their fellow-men. "I was right," said he, "in thinking that this was a good school to study in. I shall make no more speeches with a view to correct errors or give instruction. I shall take *nil admirari* for my motto, and go on quietly."

Having thus reasoned within himself, and struck out a line for his future conduct, Bob thought he would be only discharging his duty fairly by informing Mr. Decimus of what he had heard concerning the fraudulent intentions of the parties.

When he arrived at the office, Mr. Decimus was on the point of going away, and Bob requested that he would favour him with a private conference.

Newspaper men and justices of the peace are always ready to lend a willing ear to any one who professes to have private information to give, so Mr. Decimus turned back and proceeded to his office, whither Bob followed.

"Well, Mr. Norberry," said he, "what is it you wish to say to me?"

"Do you know Mr. Grapple," said Bob, "sufficiently to render any further information unnecessary as to his true character?"

"Know Mr. Grapple!" said Decimus with surprise. "Why, I know nothing more of him than what I have heard of his career as a useful public man; the leader in many of the meetings that are set on foot for benevolent purposes; a subscriber to many of our public institutions, and a most zealous supporter of his party. That is his public character, and I thought it

was right to give him all the support that my journal could bestow."

"I fear," said Bob, "that you, who undertake the office of public instructors, know little of public men. Your avocations do not afford time to mix amongst them, and you know them only by report."

"Why, my good young friend," said Decimus impatiently, "you are going to read me a lesson instead of giving me information!"

Bob then related minutely the conversation he had overheard amongst the persons concerned in getting up the new society, and added his own opinion with regard to Grapple and some of the other leading members.

Decimus, although he greatly overvalued his own merits, and erroneously considered himself a man of great importance, whose writings and actions ought to be regarded with respect and admiration, was really a man of integrity, and would be no party to a disreputable act. He was what the world calls an honest man, which is the highest praise that can possibly be bestowed upon any human being. Yet he was cold, phlegmatic in his temperament, and illiberal in his business transactions. He started with surprise at the recital he had heard, and exclaimed: "Good heaven! is it possible that I have so long been aiding and abetting a swindler of that description?"

"I fear you have," said Bob.

"I really thank you, Mr. Norberry," said Decimus, taking him by the hand; "for there is nothing in this world could give me such pain as to think that I was in any way instrumental in aiding the plans of knaves. I think I will not even permit their advertisements to appear in my paper."

"Then I suppose you will not give insertion to the report of their proceedings?"

"Not a line," said Decimus; "not a line."

"That," said Bob, "will probably be worse than the true account I gave of the banquet."

"No," said Decimus; "that was turning what I believed to be an important section of our party into ridicule; but we will say nothing whatever about this matter, and merely watch their proceedings. I will, however, refrain from having any public breach with them, and will be out of the way when Grapple and his friends come here to-morrow to complain. I don't like personal rencontres or disputes. I will quietly go out of the way."

"Shall I be here to meet them, said" Bob, "to explain?"

"Do," said Decimus, and he went away.

The *Twilight* appeared on the following morning without one word even by way of allusion to the important proceedings that had taken place at the establishment of "the benevolent loan

fund society and equitable insurance company," a project which was to raise the industrious classes from poverty to wealth.

Grapple saw it, as a matter of course; he could hardly believe his senses. "That young villain, Norberry, whom I hate as the devil hates holy water, has been at work again. Oh! I saw something in his countenance the first moment I laid my eye on him, that told me he was a dangerous fellow; but this puts an extinguisher on him. He will soon be sent to the right about. Decimus pardoned him for the first fault he committed; but this wilful and malignant suppression of our proceedings, to the loss of the public, and the almost total ruin of the establishment with which he is connected, will put an end to his connection with the press. He will be dismissed in utter disgrace."

Bob took care to be early at the office in the morning to meet the complaining party as soon as they would arrive. He proceeded to the private office, having given directions to the clerks in the publishing office to send up Mr. Grapple or any other person who might come to inquire for Mr. Decimus. He was not long seated in the great editorial chair when Messrs. Grapple, Merle, and Lush entered the lower office to inquire for Mr. Decimus.

"Not at home," said the clerk; "but Mr. Norberry is up stairs."

"Norberry! the scoundrel!" said Grapple. "He will be the ruin, the utter ruin of this establishment, in which I have long felt so deep an interest. I suppose it was through his instrumentality that the important, aye, the vitally important, report of our proceedings of yesterday has been totally omitted. He must soon walk the plank from this office, or I shall no further patronise the *Twilight*."

"Walk up to him," said the clerk, who had some previous intimation of how the matter stood, "and hear what he will say. He may be able to explain the matter to you."

"No," said Grapple; "I would not deign to hold any communication with him."

"You had better," said Merle, "hear what the young man has to say. Don't condemn him unheard."

"Come up," said Lush. "No doubt we will set the matter right by having it inserted to-morrow, with an apology for its previous omission. Come up."

The trio ascended the stairs leading to the private office of Mr. Decimus, and in a few moments were in presence of Bob, whom they were astonished to find seated in the chair of that gentleman, apparently as busy as a general in his tent writing dispatches. He received his visitors with an air of dignified contempt that astounded them.

"Your business, gentlemen?" said he; "you see I am engaged, and time is of the utmost value to me."

"I knew," said Grapple, "what we might expect here, and if my advice had been taken we would not have deigned to come near this young man."

"You had a great deal of impudent daring to do so," said Bob, as indignation flashed from his eye.

"What does this mean?" said the astonished party to each other. "There's a young bravo! there's a fellow for you!"

"May I ask," said Mr. Lush, assuming an air of importance, "what has become of the report of our proceedings of yesterday, or why it has not been published?"

"You should rather ask," said Bob, why it is that I did not publish an account of your fraudulent project, and show it up in its true colours."

"Good heaven!" said Grapple, "what does this mean? where is my friend Mr. Decimus?"

"Wherever he is," said Bob, "he has now just the same opinion of you all that I have, and that is, that you are a gang of swindlers. Leave my office instantly. Begone!"

If satan himself had appeared to the party *in propria persona*, they would have been much less surprised than at this reception, and they left the office wholly unable to explain the extraordinary change that had taken place.

"I saw," said Grapple, as they walked away together, "something in the demeanour of that villain the first moment he came into my presence, that told me he would injure or attempt to injure me; but he will fail. I will yet be his ruin. He has evidently poisoned the mind of that self-conceited simpleton, Decimus, against me; but we must do without his paper. I will put him down."

"See Decimus," said Lush; "see Decimus; that young fellow may have had no authority whatever for what he has done.—Don't be rash in your proceedings."

"The next day Grapple made an attempt to see Mr. Decimus, but without any better success than before, for he not only refused to hold any communication with him, but to insert his advertisements in his paper at any price.

This resolution on his part was not founded altogether upon the information conveyed to him by Bob, for upon inquiry made the same day with regard to the characters of some of the parties who had met to establish the benevolent loan fund and equitable insurance society, he found that they were some of the worst men and most accomplished knaves that Dublin could produce. Yet the dread of actions at law kept him silent, and he was afraid to expose their baseness.

It may be said that this fear was culpable, and that he should have discharged his duty to the public at all hazards. This is good in theory, but most dangerous in practice. He had the

example before his eyes of two brother journalists having been placed on the brink of ruin, and the means to support their families taken away from them in the shape of costs and damages, for merely saying that one of the most infamous men in society was a "notorious" character. Yes, that was all that was said, and yet twelve men gave damages to that infamous man, calculated to ruin respectable and useful citizens without stain or reproach, merely because in the honest exercise of their public duty, they protested against a notorious political partizan having been appointed to an office of great trust and responsibility, where all the qualifications necessary to constitute an upright, honest, impartial character, were required. People may talk of the state of thralldom of the press in France, and other parts of the Continent, but the editor of this work can safely say that after personal observation, and strict inquiry upon the subject in many of the continental states, he never knew or heard of a case like that; but such instances are by no means rare in Ireland. It is idle, therefore, to talk of the liberty or usefulness of the press, and a poor nervous man like Decimus, with a large family depending upon his exertions for support, could hardly be blamed for not exposing Grapple and his party in time, and thus prevent them from perpetrating the most heartless and audacious robberies upon those who were deluded by their promises of great gain, and the fallacies which they circulated far and near through the medium of the newspapers. It is idle to talk of the liberty of the press in this country, whilst the law and the juries are constituted as they are.

Decimus did not dare to attack the Grapple gang; he had the fear of the jury before his eyes, who gave such heavy damages to the "notorious" character; but he did that which was a great sacrifice on the part of a newspaper proprietor, he refused to insert the advertisements of this bubble company at any price.

As soon as Grapple found that he had been shut out at the *Twilight*, he redoubled his exertions to make friends with all the other papers, and the *Luminary* became the great organ of his speeches, and reporter of the proceedings of all his meetings.—He took every opportunity both in public and private to injure the *Twilight*, and his malignity towards Bob knew no bounds.

Miss McDougal, whose vigilance in watching over the movements of Bob never slept for an instant, ascertained with great satisfaction that he had gained a new and powerful enemy in the person of the great Mr. Grapple. She proceeded to town, and, having waited upon that gentleman at his private office, opened, with great formality and air of mystery, the nature of her visit. She gave a detailed account of Bob's career, in which there was just a thread of truth, with a web of lies. His attempt to murder Mr. Herbert, an actual murder committed by him at a

college in England, his joining and fighting along with a gang of robbers in some foreign country to which he had been sent, with a variety of other interesting incidents, were related by Miss M'Dougal with an earnestness that gave a semblance of truth to the narrative, and pleased Mr. Grapple exceedingly.

It was perhaps fortunate for Bob that a circumstance occurred which removed that lady out of the neighbourhood, or she might have carried her private information to the authorities to such a length, as to have him arrested on suspicion, or put under the surveillance of the police. A distant relation of Mr. Herbert's who had always admired his honest and independent career through life, and who believed that he had been harshly treated by his father and friends, left him at his death a considerable sum of money, and a respectable mansion-house in a remote county from Dublin, whither he and his cousin, Miss M'Dougal, had removed shortly after her interview with Mr. Grapple; but that gentleman took every opportunity to make use of the information he had received from her, and went so far on some occasions as to denounce him by name, and advise all the other gentlemen of the press with whom he had the honour of being acquainted, to put him in coventry, and banish him from a profession to which he was a disgrace, no matter what his plausibility or talents might be. This caused some annoyance to Bob; but where deeper cares are seated in the heart, trivial trouble and unmerited injuries make but slight impressions.

Grapple and his company went on with the appearance of unequalled prosperity. High names, men of the most unimpeachable honour and respectability appeared at the head of the list of directors. The office was open, with "Capital One Million" in large gold letters put over the door. The newspapers throughout Ireland and various parts of England were filled with glowing accounts of the great prosperity and cheering prospects of the new company. Grapple sported a dashing equipage, which was equalled only in Dublin by that of Lush, the secretary, who got married to a wealthy widow. All the directors seemed to have emerged at once into the most prosperous circumstances, with the exception of Merle—the money-loving, money-making, money-lending Merle; he made no outward show, although he possessed more wealth than all the other parties who took an active part in the management of the concern.

The shares of the company were soon up to a high premium. Shopkeepers, artizans, and country farmers pressed in with their small sums of money, which they lodged so as to entitle themselves to the benefits arising from the benevolent loan fund society, and to have the honour of being enrolled members. The directors having brought their affairs to this point, Decimus began to think that perhaps the information given him by Bob, and the

accounts which he heard of the parties in other quarters, were not correct; but as soon as he ascertained that the founders of the concern began to sell out their shares, he ventured to put a paragraph in his paper, cautioning the public who had entrusted them with their money, to have a close eye to their own interests, and inquire what ultimate security they had. This at once put Grapple on the *qui vive*; he went the same day to his solicitors, and directed a writ to be served, and an action brought forth-with against the luckless newspaper that had ventured to question the stability of his company.

Decimus, after entering an appearance, and taking steps to defend himself, was advised, that unless he could prove the insolvency or fraudulent character of the company beyond all dispute, he would be cast in heavy damages for the innuendoes he had thrown out, as they were calculated to do the company great injury; and that no matter what his proofs might be, Grapple, from the interest he had with those high in authority, would be likely to get a jury who would return a verdict in his favour. So the action ended, by Decimus making an apology and paying costs, with an undertaking to publish said apology in every paper in the kingdom.

Those who were previously in doubt about the character of the company, now became convinced of its perfect stability and usefulness. Money continued to flow in, and Grapple went on flush with the current, driving all before him.

There were, however, many of the knowing ones who regarded the company with suspicion, and kept aloof from it; but they formed the small minority; and the avidity with which men pushed forward to pay in their money could be equalled only by the South Sea bubble, or some of the more recent schemes of gold-finding in Peru and Mexico.

Bob frequently met Grapple in the streets as he dashed on in his curricule, and on these occasions he affected to view the humble reporter with marked contempt: men of station and character sought his acquaintance as soon as they were led to believe that he was wealthy. When he walked into the hall of the courts to see what was going on there, he was sure to get the arm of some person of consequence as he sauntered about; he seemed to be always in a hurry, and to keep up the appearance of a man of business; he never delayed long in any place, and was always talking about the value of time.

"One Million Capital," in golden letters, remained over the door: the interest upon the "scrip" was paid for the first half year; but when the second came, the eyes of the dupes began to be opened. Questions were raised as to original holders, and those who had served notice to draw their deposits were met by an allegation that there was a clause in the deed of settlement

which prevented any of the depositors calling in their principal without the consent of the shareholders.

About the same time a clerk of the company, who was detected in embezzling a sum of money, was dismissed without any prosecution having followed; and he was most industrious in circulating reports in every quarter prejudicial to his late employers.

However, Lush, the secretary, kept up his advertisements in the papers, giving a glowing description of the success of the concern. He was often heard to say that there were but few in the community who knew the value of puffing: the owners of hair oil and quack medicines had, by the constant dint of puffing, made fortunes by the sales of articles perfectly worthless in themselves; and he was of opinion, that no matter what project he had in hands, or commodities he had to sell, he would insure the success of the one, and force the sale of the other, if he only kept them perpetually in print; so it was that every newspaper, metropolitan or provincial, had flaring advertisements of "The Benevolent Loan Fund Society, and Equitable Insurance Company." But the bubble should burst, and it did burst.

The board of directors began to quarrel among themselves: Grapple was the manager, and through his hands all the cash passed. He went out one day in a great hurry, and left the key in his safe; and on his return it was found that some person had purloined several thousand pounds which were about to be lodged in bank on that day to the credit of the company. Some were ill-natured enough to say that he brought out the money in his pocket, and must have forgotten the transaction!

This circumstance led to a general quarrel and scramble among the directors and managers; but the matter was still kept private, and the office remained in full business, with the "Capital One Million" still over the door in raised letters, which the simple country people thought were pure gold; but the deception outside was in perfect accordance with the internal arrangements of the concern; and all the value that the shareholders, who were not of the board of management, got for their money, was the pleasant delusion under which they laboured for a time, of being members of a benevolent institution, with a million capital.

A circumstance occurred which opened the eyes of the public as to the true nature of the company. An honest trader, who had been one of its dupes, had a fiat of bankruptcy issued against him, and the solicitor who sued it out summoned the discarded clerk to give evidence. Bob had information about the matter, and was early at his post to report the proceedings—the whole system upon which the company was based was laid bare by the evidence given on the occasion. Grapple got information of what

was going on, and hurried to the bankrupt court to make an offer to the petitioning creditor to pay his demand against the other party, on condition of the proceedings being cushioned. But he was late—the hearing was over: Bob had it all in his notebook, and an account of the matter would appear in print on that very evening, and reach all parts of the country before the following day.

Grapple looked at him, and was about to address him, when he turned hastily round, and said to Lush, who accompanied him, "The crisis should come, sooner or later—it may be as well now as at any other time:" and both left the court.

The report appeared, as a matter of course, in the *Evening Twilight* of that day; it was copied the next morning into all the papers, and brought pain and surprise to many an industrious, unsuspecting citizen.

Crowds flocked round the office of "The Benevolent Loan Fund Society and Mutual Insurance Company," but it was shut up, and the manager and secretary were no where to be found. The sensation created throughout the city was frightful: "I am a ruined man," said almost each of the spectators who thronged round the closed office. Some of the wags in the crowd observed that they had the "Million" over the door still, and that if they had common sense they might have known it was never any place else.

Grapple and Lush fled to France, and from thence to America: warrants were issued for their apprehension, but they were never overtaken. The company, pursuant to the deed of settlement, was reconstructed, and calls made on the shareholders to make good the losses sustained; and to avoid paying them up, several honest citizens had to become fugitives, as well as the fraudulent manager and secretary. Those who had shared in the plunder managed matters so as to escape a criminal prosecution; and many a man remembers with an aching heart "The Benevolent Loan Fund, and Equitable Insurance Company;" and many more with their families have been reduced from a respectable station in life to insolvency and destitution, and have been hurried to a premature grave.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE IN CRIMINAL COURTS—INCIDENTS OF DEEP INTEREST TO THE FORTUNES OF BOB OCCUR.

NOTWITHSTANDING the formidable enemies which our hero had in the persons of Grapple and the other managers of the new company, he continued to pursue his avocation with considerable success, and won the esteem of Decimus, who only found fault with him on two grounds: first, his wish to deal alike with friend and foe, and to expose, whenever an opportunity occurred, the hollow selfishness and deceit of a worthless gang of place-hunters, who always sought to make the press subservient to their climbing into office; and secondly, his demand for payment, in some degree proportioned to the labour he had to undergo.

The first fault was overcome by taking care not to send him to meetings got up by place-hunters, and the second by Bob's carelessness in money matters.

Months rolled on, and no account was received from Lord Strangeway or his family, except, as already stated, what had been derived from the newspapers. Mr. Clements never received a line from him, and the only person in Ireland who was in direct communication with him, or knew anything of his movements or intentions, was Mr. Curlew, his agent, and manager of his Irish estates.

Clements was wholly at a loss to unravel the mystery that hung over his lordship's silence and absence from his country; and it was only his declining years and delicate state of health that prevented him proceeding abroad to ascertain what had become of Lady Mary, a great portion of whose fortune was in his hands, and whom he was bound to watch over, in pursuance of the dying request of her mother.

Mr. Curlew, his lordship's agent, continued to make what he thought great improvements on his estates. He had houses, like fortresses, built where once stood the happy village of Ballintrassna; the small farms had been united into large ones; a police and military barracks were built in the neighbourhood, and a colony of strangers established, who rarely ventured from home, and when they did, they were either guarded by the police, or travelled in companies of three or four, each man armed to the teeth. They were obliged to live in a state of perpetual

watchfulness, and, instead of paying rent, they made frequent calls upon the agent for money to enable them to subsist.

The widow McGill's wretched hovel still existed in the vicinity of the strong, stone walled, and slated houses of the new colonists, two of whom had been murdered in open day when returning from a neighbouring market, and others fired at when any opportunity occurred. Large rewards were offered for the conviction of the perpetrators of these horrible crimes, and a great number of persons were taken up and sent to prison, some charged as principals in the murders, and others as members of a wide-spread conspiracy, the object of which was to murder Mr. Curlew and all the new tenants who came on the lands of Ballintrasma. The trials of those wretched men were to take place at the assizes of ———, and thither Bob was sent to report the proceedings. He found the town full of military and police, who to the great loss of the publicans and inn-keepers, were billeted on them, and occupied the entire of their houses, without anything being given in return but insolence and annoyance. Two pieces of cannon were placed upon a bridge leading to the town, and two more on a height that commanded it. Dragoons rode up and down through the streets, from which the people were banished into corners and gateways, and pushed about with the muskets of the soldiers and police.

Bob was exceedingly amazed at this exhibition, and thought that all he heard and read of the mild spirit of the British law was a mere delusive tale.

The commission was opened on the morning after Bob arrived. The prisoners for trial were marched from the prison to the court-house, handcuffed to each other, and fastened to a long chain, the clanking of which kept time with the steady step of the files of infantry with which they were surrounded, and broke upon the ear of the spectators as the death-knell of the unfortunate victims of tyranny, as well as of their own bad passions, who were about to expiate their offences against the offended laws of their country without the power of even offering in mitigation one particle of evidence of the horrible system of oppression and emaciating cruelty by which they were driven to desperation and despair, and those whom they loved dearly, sent to a premature grave. Oppression drives men mad, and a plea of insanity, for crimes committed under its tortures, ought to be held good in law; or, if the victims of dark despair are to be punished, the authors of it should share a similar fate.

Bob's heart was moved at the sights he saw. There was a look of sullen sorrow on the countenance of all except those engaged in the administration of the law, who were hardened by the frequency of such scenes, and whose profits arose from the crimes and misfortunes of their fellow-men.

It was the spring-time, and Bob remarked, as he approached the town, that the fields were untilled, and the people wandering listlessly about. All seemed discouraged and disheartened, and throughout the whole county there was an absence of all that life and animation which the season generally brings with it.— There was scarcely a family in the district of the Strangeway estates, who had not some friend in prison charged with being concerned in the general conspiracy which was said to exist; and the impression upon the minds of the people was, that all the fine young men of the country would be hanged or transported, and many a parent, widow, and orphan left to swell the general mass of misery, and deplore their loss.

It was intended to have sent down a special commission to try those offenders, but the reader's old friend, Mr. Justice Swingsnap, with whom he has parted company for some time, and to whom the duty of presiding as chief of the commission was to be confided, did not find it convenient to go till the regular time for holding the assizes, and as that period was not very far distant from the perpetration of some of the principal outrages, the special commission was abandoned. However, every thing was done to give *eclat* to the proceedings, and military were poured into the county, as if it were in a state of open insurrection.

The attorney-general came down to prosecute, and the people thought it almost useless to fee counsel or make any defence for their friends.

Mr. Justice Swingsnap entered the court early, on the day that the commission was to be opened, and that formality having been gone through, and a grand jury sworn, the worthy judge in his charge to them impressed upon their minds how necessary it was to use all their efforts to put an end to the infernal conspiracy that existed in the country, and that where a system of terror reigned, and persons were naturally afraid to come forward as witnesses, they ought not to be too exact in looking for evidence to enable them to find true bills. Let them do their duty in finding the bills, and he promised them that he and the petty jury, whom he saw in court, and who acted with him for so many years, would do theirs. He had the honour of seeing some gentlemen on the grand jury who were as good judges of horse-flesh as ever the world produced; and he was bound to say, from his long experience of men and things, that he never knew a bold rider who would not crane at his leap, or a good judge of a cob who was not a good man in every respect, and capable of fulfilling all the important duties of a useful citizen. The business on hands was heavy; he supposed it would detain them three weeks, and it was therefore the more necessary that he should not occupy their time with a long speech. He had only again to remark that their duty was to find the bills, and

he promised them that he and his fellow-labourers in court would do the rest. One word more, and it was not the least important: it had reference to their personal comfort. He had ordered the sheriff to have a comfortable dinner, and plenty of wine, served up to them each day in the jury-room, and a similar indulgence should be given to the petty juries in their rooms; for after the two or three first days, when the civil business should be disposed of by his brother Gruff, both courts would be going. "Now, gentlemen," said the worthy judge, "I think every thing has been so far comfortably arranged; retire to your room, do your duty, and *we* will do ours." Then turning to the sheriff: "Mr. Sheriff, order them windows to be shut, fire put in the stove at the back of the bench, those curtains drawn round so as to keep the cold blast from me; and whilst these things are being done, we will have a batch of bills down from the grand jury-room, and we can proceed to business."

The commands of his lordship were promptly obeyed, and, just as he had anticipated, several bills came down "found."

The attorney-general rose and said, that there was a case of vast importance which he intended to try first: it was that of one of the persons charged with the murder of two men who had recently come to reside on the Ballintrasma estate. Although there were a great many persons to be tried for the same offence, he proposed trying separately the one whom he not only believed to be the principal actor in that horrible tragedy, but the chief concoctor of the diabolical conspiracy that existed in the country; and, with his lordship's permission, he would proceed with that first.

"I see," said his lordship, "that there are a few larceny cases, and offences of a minor character, to be disposed of; and suppose we get rid of them first, and proceed to-morrow morning with your cases. Will that suit your convenience, Mr. Attorney?"

"Perfectly. It will enable me to look into my brief again, and peruse the voluminous depositions that have been sworn in this case."

"To-morrow morning then, Mr. Attorney," said his lordship, "we will be all better prepared."

"To-morrow morning," echoed the worthy official, as he bowed himself out of court.

"Put forward Jane M'Dougal," said the clerk of the crown to the gaoler.

Bob, who was seated under the bench taking notes, started with surprise at hearing the name mentioned. "Jane M'Dougal!" said he to himself. "What an unpleasant reminiscence is connected with that name! I fancied that there was not in the world another who bore it, or at least that there was not another human being of any name so thoroughly malignant and revengeful."

"Put forward Jane M'Dougal," said the clerk of the crown again, and in a few minutes Bob's old acquaintance, the veritable Jane M'Dougal, the cousin and house-keeper of Mr. Herbert, was placed in the front of the dock; but from her diminutive stature, nothing could be seen above it but her feline eyes and red locks.

Bob stood up, with his note-book in hand, went over to the side of the dock to assure himself of the identity of his old enemy, and then returning to his place sat down to note what was passing.

"Jane M'Dougal," said the clerk of the crown, "you stand indicted for having feloniously broken open the desk of Richard Herbert, Esq., and stolen therefrom two thousand pounds in notes of the governor and company of the Bank of Ireland. What say you, are you guilty of the felony with which you are charged in this indictment?"

"Not guilty," said the unfortunate culprit, as she looked at Bob, who was industriously noting down all that occurred.

"Are you ready for your trial?" inquired the clerk of the crown.

"My Lord," said Counsellor Snubb, starting up, "this unfortunate woman must withdraw her plea of not guilty, and plead guilty. The money has been found in her possession by the police, who have it to produce in court; but I have just a few words to say in mitigation of punishment, which will show that although my client is guilty in point of law, she is morally as innocent as your lordship! She had been many years house-keeper for a relation of her's, who has lately fallen in for a large property, and although she could have made a very respectable matrimonial alliance, her cousin would not consent to it, or rather would not pay her anything for the many years she had devoted to his service; and under the guidance and influence of her intended husband, and his friends, she was induced to take a sum of money out of the writing-desk of the ungrateful, hard-hearted old fellow, who treated her so cruelly. The money was missed immediately, when she was followed by the police, and it found in her possession. That is my case, my lord, and my client throws herself upon the mercy of the court."

"I suppose," said his lordship, "when measuring the value of her own services as housekeeper for a friend, who I would venture to say, was supporting her for charity, she thought two thousand pounds only fair compensation."

"She really did not know what amount of money was in it, my lord," said Snubb.

"Well," said his lordship, "as she has saved us the trouble of a trial, by withdrawing her plea and pleading guilty, let her be transported for seven years instead of for life."

Some other trials of an unimportant character were disposed of, and the court adjourned to the following morning.

His lordship, who seemed exceedingly anxious to begin the work of trying the murderers and conspirators, was on the bench at nine o'clock, and seemed much displeased that counsel, jurors, and prisoners, were not all ready as soon as himself.

The windows were shut down, the stoves lighted, and the drapery of the bench drawn comfortably around him, when the attorney-general came into court and said he was ready to proceed.

"Let a jury be sworn," said his lordship.

The clerk of the crown then commenced calling over the panel.

The crown solicitor stood at one side of the bench, and an old veteran magistrate of the county, who was personally acquainted with almost every juror in it, stood at the other side just opposite to him, and when any person was mentioned whom he thought would not suit to try the present cases, he put his finger to his nose, and the crown solicitor called out, "stand by," and thus a jury, pleasing to the crown, was sworn.

The clerk of the crown then desired the gaoler to put forward Owen McGill. Owen was put forward, but no portion of his person could be seen but his black bushy head. The indictment was read, charging him with being one of the principals in the murder of William Morrisson and Hugh Patterson, on the lands of Ballintrasna, on the 18th day of November, in the year 18—. He pleaded not guilty, in a firm voice.

The attorney-general then rose to state his case. He told his lordship that the prisoner then on trial was a dangerous character, who had been long watched by the authorities, and although it was pretty well known that he was the perpetrator of many outrages of a most diabolical character, he could not until the present time have been made amenable to the law. It would appear, in the course of the evidence he had to offer, that the prisoner had been put forward by some dangerous and ill-disposed persons in his neighbourhood, to contest a question of law as to a few acres of land which his mother held from one of the most benevolent and generous noblemen that ever any country could boast of; and he had no doubt that the very persons who instigated him to go to law, had also urged him to the perpetration of the crimes for which he then stood accused, but unfortunately the crown had no evidence to reach those parties, and the wretched criminal in the dock should suffer.

"I have heard all about that," said his lordship; "I know all about it;" and immediately afterwards fell asleep on the bench, whilst the learned attorney-general proceeded with his speech, and now and then touched his lordship's ermine to arouse him from his slumber.

"Don't mind him," said the counsel for the prisoner. "As far as my client is concerned, I don't care if he slept on till the end of the trial."

"It would be all the same to you," said the attorney-general, "as you cannot possibly have any defence."

"Time will tell," said the prisoner's counsel.

The attorney-general proceeded with his statement, and detailed in glowing colours all the facts connected with the crimes that had been committed in the country, except the cause which led to them, and that he passed over, by merely observing, that the people had taken it into their heads, that the owners of property were bound to manage it according to their dictation, and that instead of the fine slated houses, and large farms attached, which the landlords wished to have on their estates, the people wanted to have the old system of mud-wall cabins, and small patches of land. He trusted that the examples made at the present assizes would deter evil-doers, and shew the people that they were not to rise in opposition to their landlords, and disgrace the country by their crimes, because the owners of property chose to manage it as they thought proper. He trusted to a firm administration of the law as a remedy for the evils which afflicted the country; and it was consoling to him to find a constitutional judge upon the bench, and a jury of the right sort in the box.

The case of M'Gill, which they were to try first, was a peculiar one. His mother held a few acres of land, and a house, under the benevolent and patriotic Lord Strangeway. Her time had expired, and shew as largely in arrear of rent. She was dispossessed, (the learned gentleman omitted to state how,) along with several other tenants, who were largely in arrear, and who acted most ungrateful to his lordship. But, incredible as the fact might appear, some dangerous demagogues in the neighbourhood actually manufactured for her a fraudulent lease, and encouraged her to go back and take possession of her farm again. She did go back, and erected a hovel within the walls of her former dwelling, set her landlord at defiance, and he was obliged to bring an ejectment, which was to be tried at the present assizes. The prisoner in the dock was her son; he could read and write well, and upon the trials which were to take place for the conspiracy, several letters in his hand-writing would be given in evidence. He was ever active in mischief, and there was little doubt that he was the concoctor or instigator of almost all the crimes that had been committed upon the Ballintrasma estate, and the actual perpetrator of some of them. He would proceed to call his witnesses, and he pledged himself that he would prove, to the satisfaction of the jury, that M'Gill was one of the principals in the horrible murders with which he stood charged.

The first witness called was an approver. The fellow stated positively that he was a member of a society got up for the purpose of murdering every landlord who dispossessed a single tenant, and every person who dared to come in that tenant's place; that the prisoner was the leader of that conspiracy, and that the two men who had been murdered had been marked out for six months previously; that he was present when M'Gill and three others had committed that murder, and that Mr. Curlew, the agent, was the next on the list.

When the direct examination was over, Mr. Broadbent, the counsel for the accused, said he might go down, that he had not a question to ask him.

"Do you consider your case hopeless?" said his lordship, who had just awoke from his doze.

"No," said the counsel; "I believe I have a good defence, but I won't ask that perjured villain a single question."

"I declare, Mr. Broadbent," said his lordship, in an angry tone, "I must protest against these imputations on the witnesses for the crown, which you are in the habit of making. That unfortunate man gone off the table is of the class to whom all our best sympathies are due; he is a repentant sinner, and he is now making atonement for his crimes by bringing his guilty companions to justice, and aiding, most materially aiding, to put an end to the infernal conspiracy that exists in this country. I hope your expressions with regard to him will have no weight with the jury."

Here the foreman nodded to his lordship, as much as to say that he need have no apprehensions on that ground.

"That the witness has your sympathy, my lord, there is little doubt," said Broadbent, "and he can the better afford my censure; but I think I will prove what I have said of him. However, as your lordship has reminded me, I will just ask him one question."

"Call back the witness," said his lordship.

The approver came again on the table.

"Is it possible that you could have made any mistake about the prisoner at the bar being present at the murder?" said Mr. Broadbent.

"Quite impossible," said the fellow; "I was as near to him as I am to you, and walked with him from the market that day."

"That will do," said the counsel. "You may go down."

"Indeed he may," said his lordship. "I must say that I never saw a witness who acquitted himself more creditably."

Here several of the jurors nodded assent, and his lordship again began to doze.

Another witness was called up, who swore he saw the accused running from the spot where the murder was committed, and his clothes marked with blood.

"Do you cross-examine this witness?" said his lordship, awaking from his slumber.

"No," said Mr. Broadbent; "I won't ask a question till the crown have closed their case, and then I will show what my defence is."

"I suppose an *alibi*?" said his lordship, with a sneer.

"We pay little attention to *alibis*," said the foreman of the jury, addressing himself to his lordship in a familiar tone.

"You are so far right," said the worthy judge. "I wonder at counsel—men of honour, education, and integrity, or who at least ought to possess those qualifications—to put forward manufactured *alibis* as defences for the wretched people. They don't manufacture them themselves to be sure, but they cannot fail to know that they are all bottomed in perjury. Go on with the case, Mr. Attorney-General; go on with the case."

Several policemen were then called, who deposed that M'Gill had absconded, and had been arrested in England. Those who arrested him swore that there were marks of either blood or soot-drops on his coat.

"This closes the case on the part of the crown," said the attorney-general.

"I am anxious now," said his lordship to Mr. Broadbent, "to hear your defence."

"We are satisfied," said the foreman of the jury, "that the case has been proved against the prisoner."

"Gentlemen," said his lordship, "I commend your laudable anxiety to vindicate the law, and go through your business without delay; but although a good deal of the public time will no doubt be wasted in groundless defences, we must hear them patiently. The humane spirit of the British law permits the most notorious criminals in existence to put forward every thing they can in their own defence, and we, gentlemen, must listen to them. We must administer the law with firmness, but with mercy at the same time. Go on with your defence, Mr. Broadbent."

"We know your lordship's merciful disposition," said the foreman of the jury; "but after so clear a case made on the part of the crown, unless the law compels us to listen to an *alibi* defence, we know it would be a waste of public time to do so."

"Gentlemen, I won't detain you long," said Mr. Broadbent; "I shall first examine two witnesses."

Here there was a great bustle in court, and cries of "Make way, make way," and in a few moments Lord Strangeway advanced from one of the chambers of the court (leaning upon a nobleman who resided in the neighbourhood) towards the bench, upon which he was accommodated with a seat. He was pale, emaciated, and dejected in appearance. Every eye within the

crowded court, particularly that of Bob, was in an instant directed towards him. Had a prophet from the dead appeared, he would not have caused more surprise in the minds of those who beheld him. The proceedings were at a stand for some moments; the Judge, who was personally acquainted with his lordship, greeted him warmly, and expressed great surprise at his unexpected appearance; but he received these salutations with coldness, and seemed unable, from lassitude and fatigue, to answer the various questions put to him by the querulous Judge.

"Will you call your witness," said the attorney-general to Mr. Broadbent, "and let the case be proceeded with?"

"He is on the bench," said Mr. Broadbent. "Lord Strange-way is my first witness."

His lordship raised his head, looked round the crowded court, and, as he caught the eye of Bob immediately adjoining the spot where he sat, a hectic flush for an instant darted across his pallid cheek, which was succeeded by a livid paleness. He became agitated, and after the paroxysm had passed away, he would have fallen from his seat, but that he was supported by the nobleman who accompanied him into court.

This produced an extraordinary sensation. The judge, jurors, counsel, and whole assembly, including the felons in the dock, looked on with astonishment, and were unable to divine the cause of the mysterious scene before them.

When his lordship recovered, he gave evidence to the following effect: He said he had left Ireland for causes which were unnecessary to explain, and had been residing nearly three years on the Continent. Some months previously he had occasion to come from Paris to London, upon business of vital importance. No one in Ireland, as far as he knew, was aware of that movement but his agent, and on the very day laid in the indictment, Owen M'Gill, the person on trial, delivered him a letter at his house in Belgrave-square in London. That letter was from his agent, and the prisoner's account of the matter was that he found it on the road between the residence of the agent and the post-office, and being thus apprised of where he then was, he set out with it, and delivered it to him unopened, together with a petition from his mother and other tenants on the estate, complaining of the conduct of the agent, and relative to other matters which he need not mention to the court. The attorney employed to defend M'Gill had written to him to say that unless he came to Ireland and gave evidence of the facts he had stated, the unfortunate man would be hanged. "Although," said his lordship, "my own life is likely to be sacrificed by this journey, it is better it should be so, than that I should have to answer for the blood of that man."

There was death-like silence in the court whilst his lordship

was relating these facts, and many a one present who before regarded his name with feelings of horror, and viewed him as a monster in human shape—a wholesale murderer and exterminator, looked upon him with admiration, and extended to him the ever generous and ready sympathy of Irish hearts. There was a suppressed burst of applause in the court, and the man who one hour before would be deemed a fit mark for the assassin's bullet, would have the heart's blood of hundreds shed to protect him. The people saw that his evidence would have the effect of putting an end to the state prosecutions, and saving many an innocent man from the gallows, or, still worse, transportation for life.

A shout of acclamation ran through the town, and tears of joy stood in the eyes of the people, as they exclaimed to each other, "M'Gill is saved; the people are saved."

"I have one witness more to call," said Mr. Broadbent.—
"Crier, call Tom Purcell."

Bob looked round with increased astonishment, and could hardly believe that the romantic scenes which he was then witnessing were realities.

Tom Purcell answered to the crier's call, and was just ascending the table, when he espied Bob. "Arrah, then, holy Saint Patrick! is this you, Master Norberry, or is it your ghost?—Shure we all thought we left you dead in a furrin country!" and he ran over, fell on his knees before him, and turned up his eyes to heaven. This scene was just as inexplicable as the former, and the whole proceedings assumed an appearance of mystery which increased the astonishment of the spectators.

"My own darlin' boy," said Tom, as he pressed Bob by both hands, "shure I'll never forgot that you saved my life, along with all the rest who were to the fore at the time; and if there was fifty judges sittin', and fifty lords by, I'll pray for you on the spot. May God bless you, and that you may be a great lord yet."

"What is this strange interruption about?" said the judge in a surly tone; "the business of the court has been greatly impeded by these odd scenes."

Lord Strangeway said something by way of explanation to the worthy functionary, and then the trial proceeded.

"I will just ask this witness one or two questions," said Broadbent, "and then I close my case. Tell me, Purcell, do you know the man in the dock?"

"I do, your honour," replied Tom.

"Where did you see him last?"

"In a public-house in Lunuen, where we had two pots of porter."

"What day was that?"

"The day the king went down to open the parliament, and we went to look at him like the rest of the people; and disappointed

enough we were: there was nothing to be seen about him more nor another, and if he was out of the coach and six, walking the streets with a stick in his fist, you would no more remark him, or think him a king, than any man in this court. He has a great look of Tom Gannon, the butcher; I suppose you know him."

"We don't want a description of his Majesty," said the counsel; "all we want to know is, was it on the day the king opened the last parliament that you saw the prisoner in London?"

"No doubt about that," said Tom; "and I can tell you what brought him there, too. He had a petition to his lordship against the agent, and wantin' to be left in possession of a bit of land which his mother held. His lordship being about to remain in furrin countries, did not wish to interfere with the agent, but he advised him to make his mother give up the land; and when he was going away, he sent me after him with a ten pound note to bear his expenses home. I suppose it was more money nor ever he had in his life before at any time, and we had a dhrink together; I had private business with him."

"I don't want to hear anything about your business," said Mr. Broadbent; "you may go down."

"Not till I have a word with him," said the attorney-general. "Tell me, Mr. Purcell, did the prisoner say anything about a conspiracy that existed in the country?"

"There was nothing about any such thing."

"I would like to know what the private business was that you had to transact together? what was it?"

"Why, I wanted him to get his mother to take off a curse she had given: that was all."

"This is a superstitious old fellow," said the Judge; "he belongs to a certain class. I wonder he is retained in the service of any nobleman: send him off the table; there is no doubt but the witnesses for the crown in this case have been mistaken."

"Your lordship sees," said Mr. Broadbent, "that I had a good defence, and that the jury must find a verdict of acquittal."

"They are not compelled to do so," said his lordship; "the evidence is a question for their consideration alone: they may believe it or reject it as they please."

"If the Jury do not find a verdict of acquittal, they brand Lord Strangeway with perjury," said the counsel.

"We must acquit him on this charge," said the foreman; "but we believe he has other crimes to answer for."

A verdict of acquittal was accordingly returned, and when it was announced, Lord Strangeway was assisted out of court to his carriage, which stood at the door, whilst Bob followed him with an anxious eye; but his anxiety was still greater to have a word with Tom Purcell than to ascertain the real state of his lordship's feelings towards himself.

Tom felt the importance of the moment, and had just time to whisper to Bob as he followed his lordship out of court: "We go back to Lunnen: she is not yet married; she is in France."

The result of Owen's trial reached the people in the streets; but they were afraid to give expression to their feelings until they saw Lord Strangeway reach his carriage; and deeming this a double cause for rejoicing, they cheered so loudly that the worthy judge sent directions to the sheriff to have the streets "cleared of the people."

Lord Strangeway was rolled out of town with all the speed that four post-horses and postilions, eager for a handsome perquisite, could accomplish, and left Chief Justice Swingsnap to proceed with the trials. Bob saw Tom mount the dicky, and as he lost sight of the carriage when whirling through the market square, and entering on the Dublin road, the ray of hope that had so unexpectedly come across his path, vanished as quickly as it came, and his future prospects seemed as murky as before. A thousand extraordinary fancies came into his head at the same moment; he thought he ought to have followed Lord Strangeway, and if possible make Tom Purcell, whom he believed his friend, instrumental to the accomplishment of his ultimate wishes. If he had money, and could hire post-horses, it is probable he would have followed Lord Strangeway, as he knew that in doing so he would be drawing nearer to the object towards which all the tendrils of his heart instinctively directed themselves.

"I will not repine," said he, "because I cannot accomplish things that are now impossible: the true cause of repining should be for not having accomplished in proper time and place that which was within our power, and which would have been of advantage to ourselves and others." Thus reasoning with himself, he returned to see the sequel of the judicial proceedings which were then going forward, although his heart was the seat of contending emotions well calculated to disqualify him from the task of describing with accuracy the strange scenes of which he was then the witness.

After the verdict of acquittal had been returned in favour of M'Gill, the attorney-general rose and said he did not feel himself justified in proceeding with the Ballintrasna murder cases at present; the two witnesses who had been already examined were those upon whom the crown principally relied; and, to say the least, he did not think that a verdict found upon their testimony would be satisfactory. He trusted, however, that their place would be supplied by faithworthy persons, upon whom no imputation could be cast: most probably witnesses of that description would be found before the assizes terminated, and if so, fresh bills would be sent up against the accused, and the trials proceeded with. He believed, however, that he would proceed with the

conspiracy cases, if, upon consultation with his learned brethren, he found he had evidence sufficient to go on without the two witnesses already alluded to."

"As M'Gill has been acquitted, I hope your lordship will order him to be discharged forthwith," said Mr. Broadbent.

"Gaoler, is there any other charge against that man?" inquired his lordship.

"I can answer that question," said the attorney-general: "fresh bills have been sent up against him for the conspiracy."

"They have just come down 'found,'" added the clerk of the crown.

"That is all right," said the judge.

"I shall not be prepared to proceed with these conspiracy cases till to-morrow," said the attorney-general; "but there is another murder case in which I prosecute, that is wholly different in character from the others, and I will go on with it now, if your lordship pleases."

"Proceed," said his lordship.

William Knipe was then arraigned for the murder of a young man named Murphy.

The attorney-general stated the case: "He was bound to admit that the accused bore a most excellent character for loyalty to his king and obedience to the laws, until the present unfortunate circumstance took place; and his lordship and the jury would see that it was from the exuberance of his loyalty, and his zeal to preserve the peace of the country, that the homicide in question arose. However, as the matter had been pressed upon the government by a nobleman who made himself very officious upon the occasion, they took up the prosecution, and it was his duty to submit the case to the jury, such as it was; and he had no doubt they would deal with it as it merited."

Witnesses were then called, who saw Knipe bring out his gun and shoot Murphy as he was running by his door towards his mother's house: they all gave the deceased an excellent character for morality, industry, and general good conduct.

The prisoner, having been called on for his defence, his counsel rose and stated to the jury that the attorney-general, in opening the case for the prosecution, had with that fairness of character and merciful spirit which characterised all the proceedings on the part of the crown, laid before the jury the favourable points of the case: he had not concealed the facts upon which his client relied, and he was sure that gentlemen of such high honor and integrity as those whom he addressed, would, when they came to hear the facts, feel great pleasure in returning a verdict of acquittal. The unfortunate young man who lost his life was well known to have been connected with a most formidable combination and conspiracy that existed in the country. Knipe was a member of that admi-

rable body of men who kept up with such credit to themselves, and advantage to the country, the spy system; and having instructions from head quarters to have an eye to Murphy's movements, so as to be able to furnish authentic information against him, he saw him one day running by his door with something concealed under his coat like a blunderbuss; he called to him to stand; but he only increased his speed the more. Knipe recollected that only a few days previous a most estimable clergyman had, in pursuance of the conspiracy that existed in the country, been shot at his own door in the noon-day, and believing that Murphy was on a similar errand, he in a moment of forgetfulness fired after him and shot him. Now, although they should all in common deplore that the unfortunate young man lost his life, they could not but commend the zeal that prompted his client to the perpetration of the deed with which he stood charged. He would admit, for argument sake, that his client had been mistaken as to the character of Murphy, and that he was a highly moral and exemplary person; but what did that prove beyond the fact that he was led away by his zeal to preserve the peace of the country? They all knew that the pious and revered clergyman to whom he alluded had been murdered about the same hour of the day that Murphy was seen running with the supposed deadly weapon under his coat, and which was of the same colour as that worn by the villain who perpetrated that atrocious deed. Could they blame the prisoner to have his suspicions aroused? Could they for a moment doubt he was impressed with the conviction that the deceased was one of the conspirators with which the country abounded, and that he was then intent upon committing murder? Then having been called upon to stand, and refusing to do so, made suspicion amount to a certainty, and was a justification for what his client had done. It was idle to talk about wilful murder; the crime could not exist where there was no malice aforethought, and he would prove that at the time his client saw the man running, and had brought out his gun, he did not know it was Murphy who was in it; and that no matter who the person had been who was found in similar circumstances, he would have fired at him.

The learned gentlemen then called some witnesses to prove facts that were undeniable in the case, namely, that Murphy was running towards his mother's house when he was fired at and killed on the spot; and that on the evening the clergyman was shot, a man with a frieze coat, the colour of Murphy's, was seen running away from the spot.

The learned judge then charged the jury: his address was brief, pithy, and memorable; and having been accurately noted down by the "Irish reporter," has been placed on record as a guide for some of the worthy successors of Swingsnap, many of whom

appear to have profited by it. "Gentlemen," said he, "you know I hate circumlocution and beating about the bush, when I know I can start the game at one blow. I will tell you at once what I think of this case: it has been caused by direful necessity; the times, the condition of the country, the state of parties in it, have been the cause of the homicide. The prisoner was actuated by the purest and best motives, and if an innocent man has lost his life, I dare say no person can regret the circumstance more than the accused himself. It has been truly remarked by his counsel that there was nothing like malice or forethought in the case—nothing, gentlemen, nothing—for he did not know when he brought out his gun who it was that was running by his house under circumstances of such strong suspicion. You have heard of the awful murder that was perpetrated near the place where Murphy was shot, and I would venture to say if that villain had been arrested in his career, we would have heard a great deal here to-day about his good character and integrity of purpose. With regard to Murphy, I will only say that if he were the high moral character and exemplary person he has been described to be, why he was prepared to meet his God, and is happy; and if, on the other hand, he was connected with that diabolical confederacy and combination that exists, notoriously exists, throughout the country, it is well that the country has got rid of him—'*utrum horum mavis accipe.*' I see an old class-fellow of mine upon the jury who will explain that to such of you as do not understand it; but I may say, that view the matter any way, and it presents an aspect highly favourable to the accused. Gentlemen, I need not say another word to you, you have too much experience in such matters to require further directions from me: you will do your duty."

The jury, without leaving the box, brought in a verdict of acquittal.

"I quite agree in the propriety of that verdict," said the attorney-general; "and I beg that your lordship will order the prisoner to be discharged; he is an important witness in some other cases that are to come on; and being acquitted by a jury of his country, he is now perfectly competent to appear in that character."

"Perfectly," said his lordship; "let him be discharged."

The court then adjourned to the following morning.

CHAPTER XXIII.

KNIFE MADE A WITNESS—SOME OF THE TRIALS ARE PROCEEDED
WITH—LORD STRANGEWAY AND THE WIDOW, AT LAW—LAST
SPEECH AND END OF CHIEF JUSTICE SWINGSNAP.

MR. Justice Swingsnap was on the bench the next morning at an early hour, and sent a messenger several times to inform the attorney-general that he was waiting, but that gentleman being exceedingly partial to French brandy, and having brought with him a supply suited to a protracted circuit, which was likely to be somewhat curtailed by the breaking down of his two principal witnesses, he thought he might fairly take an additional allowance, and run no chance of falling short before his return to the metropolis. Acting upon this principle, he indulged freely the previous night, and was rather tardy in obeying the summons of his lordship. At length he came into court like a person just awoke from a troubled sleep, and the tip of his nose like a half-extinguished flambeau.

"Waiting for you, Mr. Attorney," said his lordship; "at the briefs all night, I suppose, that you might be prepared to enter into the spirit of the business to-day."

"Your lordship is facetious this morning," said the learned attorney, bowing.

The jury who had also been indulging rather freely the night before, came into the box with a lazy, sullen gait, and seemed better disposed to return to bed than to sit out a whole day listening to trials, the particulars of which they believed themselves to be already acquainted with. The case called on being a charge of murder against several young men who were put on their trials together, most of the jury were challenged by the counsel for the prisoners, and a new jury sworn; they who were then released returned to the apartments provided for them, and spent the day, his lordship having given them strict orders not to leave the court, as their services were too valuable to be dispensed with, and they would be all wanted again when the cases came to be tried where the prisoners had no right of challenge.

The attorney-general then proceeded to open his first case for the day. The four men who stood in the dock were charged with the murder of a young lady of great respectability, and although she fell a victim by mistake, the circumstances attending the murder were of the most diabolical character. The case was not one of the Ballintrasma murders, as they were called:

but although not committed on that estate, which latterly might be designated "haceldama"—it as essentially the same in character. The circumstances were shortly these: a gentleman took a farm from which some tenants had been ejected, and shortly afterwards, when sitting at his parlour fire with his family round him, on a Sunday evening, he was fired at through the window of the apartment, and his daughter, a young lady of seventeen, shot at his side. He trusted he would be able to bring clear proof home to the accused parties who were then on trial.

The first witness called up was Knipe, who deposed that he was at the fair of —, and in a tent drinking with another person, when he heard the four men in the dock, who were in an adjoining tent, talking about the necessity of murdering Mr. —, who took the Macabes' land, and that they should draw lots to see who would actually fire the shot.

When asked why he did not give information about the matter at the time, he said that the parties were strangers to him, and that it was only when taken up on suspicion that he was able to identify them as the parties who were in the tent on the day in question.

The next witness called was a travelling mendicant named Sheppard, who was always reputed to be an idiot, and who bore the *soubriquet* of "Bill the Boccaugh." His appearance was sufficient evidence that he was affected with that species of madness which is composed of mischief, malignity, and cunning; his countenance was of a cadaverous hue; he had large bushy red whiskers, and when he attempted to look up to the jury, he half shut his eyes instead of opening them; he gave his evidence with great circumspection and minuteness, and no effort could make him deviate from the story he had told in the first instance; for when asked any collateral question upon which his credit rested, he would evade answering it, and proceed to tell his original tale over again. His statement was, that he was passing the house of Mr. — on the night his daughter was murdered; that he saw all the prisoners at a back window; that he waited behind a ditch to see what they were about; that one of them fired a shot through the window, and then that all of them ran away.

There were two facts at least quite clear in the case, namely, that the murder was committed, and that "Bill the Boccaugh" lodged in a cabin within half a mile of the place on that night.

During the progress of the trial, a gentleman in clerical costume sat under the bench, and next to Bob, who was busily employed taking notes. He repeatedly interrupted him by asking him what was his opinion as to the result, and declaring in the most impressive tone, that the parties accused were in-

nocent, and that every word sworn against them was rank perjury.

The charge was delivered in the usual way in such cases; there was a long dissertation upon the state of the country, and the necessity of making examples calculated to deter others from the perpetration of guilt, but there was not one word said about any of the causes which formed the key to the actions and the motives of the wretched criminals whom society had cast away, and who were as much the victims of oppressive laws as of their own bad passions; there was nothing about the primitive constitution or the instincts of the people for whom those laws were made; nothing of the wholesale exterminator who sent them to perish in hundreds by the wayside. It may be said that none of these topics were suited to a judicial charge in a murder case; but if the character of philanthropist and philosopher can be united in that of a judge, it appears to the most unskilled in legal theories, that such topics ought not to have been passed over. However, they were passed over, and the worthy judge concluded his observations by expressing a hope that the jury would do their duty.

The issue paper was handed up, and the eye of the gentleman in clerical costume followed it with an anxiety which told how deeply he was interested in the result. The prisoners were all young men who bore excellent characters, and the general impression on the minds of the country people was, that they were innocent, and that the crime had been perpetrated by the son of the man who had been dispossessed from the farm, which was then in possession of the father of the young woman who had been murdered. This person fled to America, and public opinion was unanimous in charging him with the perpetration of the horrid deed; there was, therefore, a deep interest felt in the fate of the accused, and every eye in court was directed to the jury-box as the jury retired to consider their verdict. They were but a few minutes absent; there was a breathless silence whilst the foreman handed down the issue, and the clerk of the crown called upon them to answer to their names; and when the fatal word "guilty" was pronounced, the gentleman in clerical costume, as if forgetting the place where he was, rose, and with a frantic air, exclaimed, "Before God and man, these men are innocent; those who found that verdict are guilty of murder!"—There was a universal scream in the court from the friends of the prisoners and the country people who thronged the court. At the same instant a terrific hurricane, accompanied by thunder and lightning, arose; the windows of the court-house were blown in; the electric fluid, attracted by an iron piling at the back of the witness-box, struck it, and tore it from its place; the judge ran off the bench; the affrighted policemen and soldiers placed their

arms against the walls, and stood looking on in amazement at the devastation which the elements were spreading around. The attorney-general, the witnesses, and the crowds who filled the court, ran to the street, and took shelter in the adjoining houses.

The storm passed over as the troubles of life pass away, and was succeeded by a bright and sunny day. What an emblem of the anger of the Deity are the storms and darkness that cloud for a time the light of day, and what a type of his mercy are the radiant sunshine and calm by which they are succeeded!

The judge and all those concerned in the administration of justice returned to the court, and his lordship asked where was the person who dared to censure the verdict of the jury in open court, just at the moment that the storm had commenced.

"I am here," said the gentleman, "and I wish to speak a word to your lordship in chamber."

"Who are you?" said his lordship, in an angry tone; "I was just going to direct that you should be taken into custody."

"I am Mr. —, curate of —, and I trust your lordship will find that I am actuated by the best motives. I am sorry if I have said any thing disrespectful to the court, or the administration of the law; but I was prompted by a sudden impulse, and had no control over myself for the moment."

"Whatever you have to say," observed his lordship, "I would like to hear in public; is it any thing connected with these trials?"

"It is," replied the rev. gentleman.

"Then, if I hear it in chamber, the attorney-general must be present."

The judge, the attorney-general, and Mr. — then proceeded together to the judge's chamber, and in a few minutes afterwards the two former returned, and a batch of policemen were directed to proceed at once and arrest the latter, but fortunately for himself he jumped through the window of the judge's chamber, and, being swift of foot, he fled through the gardens at the rear of the town, and had gained the open country before his pursuers knew the route he had taken.

The cause of his seeking the private interview has been often conjectured, but never minutely ascertained. It was supposed he had heard the confession of the real murderer, and that he thought his stating this fact, without disclosing the name, would at least lead to further inquiry upon the subject, and perhaps be instrumental in ultimately saving the lives of the unfortunate men who had been found guilty; but the attorney-general, after directing him to commit to writing all he had to say on the subject, ordered that he should be arrested and tried as an accessory after the fact. Hence it was that the reverend gentleman had to fly in the manner described, and he remained concealed at the

house of a friend, where he embraced the Protestant religion, and became a member of that church. His change and subsequent career made some noise in the world, but in every phase of fortune through which he passed, he declared that the men found guilty on that memorable occasion were innocent.

The police returned without having arrested the fugitive, and the business of the assizes was proceeded with.

Mr. Justice Swingsnap said that he would not pass sentence on the men found guilty of the murder, until he saw whether another jury would give credit to Knipe and Sheppard, who were to be examined as witnesses in another case.

A batch of the conspirators, among whom was Owen M'Gill, were put on their trial; the same wretches were the witnesses against them, and the jury, without leaving the box, brought in a verdict of guilty.

Those found guilty of the murder were then ordered for immediate execution, and were conducted from the prison to the place where the guilty deed was perpetrated, guarded by a strong detachment of military, and two or three pieces of artillery. A temporary gallows was erected, and "Bill the Boccaugh" was disguised, and transferred from the witness-box to the scaffold, where he acted the part of executioner. From thence he returned, and was about to give fresh evidence, when he dropped down in a fit of epilepsy, and having been carried out of court, did not make his appearance there again during the assizes.

Bob sent daily reports of these tragic scenes to the *Twilight*, and the sensation they caused was universal.

Bob having thus had a fair specimen of how the law was administered in the criminal side of the court, he went into the Nisi Prius court, to see how matters went on there, and to his infinite astonishment he heard counsel stating a case where the name of Lord Strangeway was repeatedly mentioned. He obtained a seat in a convenient place for taking notes, and his pen almost refused to perform its functions, as the details of the most heartless cruelty that ever disgraced humanity were laid before the court, and charged to Lord Strangeway and his agent.

The reader will at once perceive that one of the parties litigant in this suit was the widow M'Gill, and that it was her counsel who was stating the case. He went through a long detail of the facts connected with the ruin of Ballintrana, so briefly but so forcibly told in the widow's curse. He said that the trial going on there in the civil side of the court, was a key to the crimes that disgraced the whole country, and the cause of the principal trials in the other side of the court. He imputed much more blame to Mr. Curlew, the agent of Lord Strangeway, than to his lordship himself; but he denounced absentees, and asked why

it was that a nobleman like Lord Strangeway should be spending his money in a foreign country?

Perhaps Bob was the only person present who could answer that question.

"This devastation and extermination which you talk of," said the judge, "had all occurred before his lordship left the country, so that you cannot place it to the account of absenteeism."

"I am certain," said the counsel, "that he did not know the extent of the injury and injustice that have been done; but suppose he did, he is the more culpable for having caused such ruin, and then fled the country without repairing it."

"You have taken a wide latitude in language," said the judge; "let us hear now what your defence is. The agent of Lord Strangeway has produced a lease which has long since expired; what is your defence to the ejectment?"

"A lease still in *esse*, my lord," said the counsel; "it was granted to my client's husband by Sir Thomas Fettigkeit, from whom Lord Strangeway purchased the property."

"It is a forgery," said the counsel of Lord Strangeway; "a forgery, my lord, as I have been instructed; it has been actually prepared for this occasion by some dangerous characters in the country, who have not only induced this poor woman to take a defence, but are the real authors of any evil that has befallen the people of her neighbourhood."

"I understand," said his lordship.

"We will see where the forgery is," said the widow's counsel. "Let them produce their document—here is mine;" and he handed up a sooty fold of paper to the bench.

His lordship opened it out, and, looking at the bottom of it, said that the name and seal of Sir Thomas Fettigkeit were attached to it.

Lord Strangeway's document was then produced, and lo! upon examination, it was found that a most perplexing discrepancy existed between the water-mark and the date. Consternation spread through the court—Curlew the agent looked aghast—there was no means of remedying the evil—counsel for his lordship made some unintelligible excuse, and said, "that all would be cleared up by an affidavit which Mr. Curlew would make."

The widow's counsel said, he had no doubt whatever, that if left to the swearing of that person, he would not stop at anything.

Curlew left the court on pretence of sending a hostile message to the intrepid advocate, but he was very conveniently bound over to keep the peace.

Counsel for Lord Strangeway said, "he would submit to a nonsuit;" but the foreman of the jury observed, "they all knew

that the widow was an overholding tenant, that Lord Strange-way was one of the best landlords in the world, and that they were ready to find a verdict for him."

Counsel thanked the honest juror, but said, "he would be content to have a nonsuit entered up against his client for the present."

But here a difficulty arose as regarded the widow. The jury were "special," for the noble lord who was plaintiff, wished to be tried by his peers, or as nearly so as the circumstances would admit, and he had prayed for a special jury, which was granted him, and which was composed of some of the highest aristocrats of the country. They were entitled to a guinea each for their attendance, and the learned judge refused to record the nonsuit, unless the widow, in whose favour it was entered, paid the jury!

Mr. Fisher, the reader's old friend, and the former solicitor for Mr. Norberry, was the attorney for the widow, and he made a most pathetic appeal to the court, with regard to the poverty of his client; but the learned judge curtly replied, "Those who found funds to employ you, and fee the eminent counsel engaged in this case, will find funds to pay the jury."

A gentleman who was in court, rushed out and made a collection amongst the people of the town, and brought in twelve guineas, which were handed up to the jury. But a difficulty still remained; the judge's crier was entitled to a guinea; the judicial proceedings could not be made perfect without it, and this too had to be collected amongst the spectators, and paid to the sub-functionary, before the nonsuit was recorded.

Both courts then closed for the day, and the spectators who had been looking on, went home, with an impression on their minds that law was a mockery, a thing to be hated and despised; and that when the hand of injustice or oppression reached them, it was better to take their chance in deeds of blood and vengeance, than come before tribunals, where justice, mercy, and common sense itself, were totally disregarded.

The reader will be anxious to hear the fate of the widow and her family, and it may be here parenthetically related: Owen, with many of the alleged conspirators, were sentenced to transportation for life, and although memorials were got up in his favour, and forwarded to the executive, they were all unavailing. Curlew, the agent, was inexorable; he knew that Owen had gone to London to make a complaint against him, and he used all his interest to prevent any communication of his sentence from being carried into effect, and he was sent away amongst the first batch of convicts that left Kingstown after the assizes had terminated.

The widow and her three daughters remained in the hovel. Their kind hearted neighbours tilled and sowed their little farm

and there was every prospect that they would be able to pay the rent and hold together, but before the summer assizes, the agent of Lord Strangeway moved to have the nonsuit set aside, and a new trial granted.

The application came before Chief Justice Swingsnap, who in giving judgment, made use of the following remarkable language: "Sitting here as I do, the representative of majesty, I shall never oppose my high authority to prevent the operation of trial by jury, that palladium of British liberty. No, no, God forbid! there must be a new trial. But the learned counsel who opposed the motion with so much ability, can take a bill of exceptions, for his client. I am not infallible, and will never subscribe to the damnable doctrine of those who fancy that their high priest cannot err. No, no, I am here the representative of the king—I personify his justice; therefore, there must be a new trial. My brother Gruff, in the court below, had no right to allow a nonsuit to be entered up without sending the case to the jury—there must be a new trial."

A new trial was accordingly granted, without paying the widow a shilling of the costs! She was unable to contend with such an opponent; she died pending the litigation. Two of her daughters died about the same time; the third became a maniac, and went through the country singing an Irish song, in which the happy condition of Ballintrasna and its subsequent ruin were feelingly depicted. She, however, survived her mother and sisters but a few months, and the widow M'Gill and her three daughters lie buried in the same grave, in the little church-yard by the road side, near to her former dwelling. But they sleep not there alone: many a once happy parent, fair daughter, and beloved son, who, but for the ruthless hand of the political exterminator, would have lived for many years in the happiness of rural retirement and peace, have been hurried to an untimely grave, and found the same resting place. And yet the world goes on in the same unvarying round; the sorrows, oppressions, and privations of the poor, of the people, are soon forgotten, if, indeed, any one who could assist in benefitting their condition ever takes the trouble to remember them. The wealthy and the aristocracy make laws, and administer them in a spirit of antagonism to the feelings, the instincts, the primitive constitution, and the race which they are made to govern, and yet they wonder at the perpetration of crimes. But yet, alas! how seldom has the philanthropist raised his voice or exerted his pen in behalf of the lowly and the humble, against whom persecution of the most revolting and emaciating character is daily directed.

Lord Strangeway's agent got possession of the widow's little farm and hovel, without the intervention of the sheriff; it was levelled to the earth; but every traveller who has since passed

by the place where it stood, has thrown a stone there, in the same way that the country people are wont to set up a mark wherever the benighted traveller has fallen beneath the hand of the assassin, or that innocent blood has defiled the earth, so that there is now a large monument upon the spot. No person would venture to take the land, or build a house near where the widow had pronounced the awful curse that was hurled at Lord Strangeway. Wherever there were trees or plants of any kind upon the farm, they were dug up at night by the country people, that it might have the appearance of greater barrenness and desolation. No man could be found for love or money to enter upon it with plough or spade for the purposes of cultivation, and it remains waste and sterile to the present day; and many a traveller who wends his way westward is induced to deviate from his direct course, for the purpose of seeing "the widow's monument," and the place where the once happy but ill-fated Ballintrasma stood.

It may be here stated that, the day after Chief Justice Swing-snap granted the new trial to Lord Strangeway, he was attacked with epilepsy, and after a few days' illness went to his account, having run a career of the most successful turpitude from his starting into life by issuing a commission of lunacy against Old Hawk, up to the last case he decided on the bench.

He died wealthy, and his death removed one of the barriers in the way of Bob proceeding to obtain the remainder of the property to which he was entitled.

The memorable assizes, at which the widow's case and all the other cases here alluded to, having terminated, Bob returned to Dublin, pondering upon the strange scenes with which his new profession brought him acquainted, and devising plans for his future conduct. He knew not what to think of Lord Strangeway, and was more than ever at a loss to unravel the mystery that hung over his character. His lordship had come from a foreign country at a time when his life was endangered by the journey, to give evidence in favour of the widow's son to save his life, and yet he proceeded, in violation of every principle of law and justice, to wrest from that widow a few acres of land that were of no value whatever to him. The acts of cruelty and oppression detailed in the statement of counsel, with regard to Ballintrasma, and which were admitted as facts in the case, were calculated to make his lordship appear in his eyes a monster of cruelty almost without parallel, and made him come to the conclusion, that no feelings of parental affection could ever get the better of his indomitable pride, or make him consent to an alliance with his daughter, which he deemed so far beneath him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BOB DECLARES TO CLEMENTS HIS LOVE FOR LADY MARY—
VISITS BY ACCIDENT CASTLE WILDER—UNEXPECTED GOOD
FORTUNE—IS SENT TO LONDON AS PARLIAMENTARY RE-
PORTER.

EVERY day made Bob more and more dissatisfied with his profession ; like Ixion on his wheel of torture, he found it was one perpetual round of suffering. The day was spent in watching after all those events which come under the head of public news, and noting down the proceedings of political meetings and assemblies, and the night in writing out for publication all that he had seen or heard in the course of the day. Pain, labour, and anxiety were united, without anything like adequate compensation, whilst the prospect in the distance was without the light of hope to illuminate it. If he prepared any report with ability, or procured exclusive news for his journal, no notice was taken of the circumstance, nor a word of encouragement given ; whilst if, by accident, anything was omitted, he was upbraided for want of attention and industry. He thought, therefore, it was time to look after the fortune to which he was entitled, and seek to learn something decisive with regard to Lady Mary and the Strangeway family, preparatory to giving up his avocation. To do so with propriety he believed it was necessary to unbosom himself to his venerable friend Mr. Clements. He was not, however, sorry that he had pursued the avocation of a reporter for some time ; but on the contrary, rejoiced at the opportunity thus afforded him of acquiring so much real knowledge of public men, and of the world as it went.

Clements, whose affection for Bob was almost equal to that of a parent, and whose friendship for his mother and grandfather remained unabated from the first moment he became acquainted with them, was anxious to give him an opportunity of disclosing the secret which he had alluded to in his conversation with him shortly after his return from Brussels, and having occasion to pay a visit to a friend in the country, where he intended to remain a few days, he invited Bob to accompany him, and the night previous to his departure he brought him to his own house. Bob intended to take advantage of the opportunity thus afforded him, and the thought of the approaching disclosure filled his mind with sensations of a painful character, so that he passed a sleepless night.

A servant called him at half-past five ; and when he went

down to the parlour he found Clements before him, taking a cup of coffee and dry toast.

A chaise soon after drove to the door, and at six o'clock of a fine morning in spring they set out on their journey.

There is an undefined sensation of pleasure, not, however, unattended with some regret, felt upon starting on a journey; but the pleasurable emotion is always predominant when our mode of transit is convenient and our company agreeable, even when we leave others behind in whom much of our affections are centred.

Having to pass from one side of the city to the other, they rolled on through the half-deserted streets. There were few abroad but the humble labourer proceeding to his daily toil, smoking his short pipe, and reflecting whether he would be able to earn that day or that week sufficient wherewith to purchase a scanty supply of coarse food for his family; or the wretched intoxicated victim of seduction and vice, wandering listlessly towards her miserable abode, to sleep away, through the glorious day, the effects of a night spent in guilt and infamy, and to prepare for a repetition of her crimes. The lost and abandoned beings thus driven to despair by the heartless seducer, and never received into the pale of society, even where repentance is most sincere, are always punished, but seldom sought to be reclaimed; whilst the real authors of their crimes, as well as disgrace, pass through the world, not only with the approval but the homage of their fellow-men, if surrounded by the glitter of wealth and power.

Now and then a loud knocking at the door of some sleeping mechanic by his fellow-tradesman, calling him up to work, broke upon the ear, and echoed through the streets; here and there a wretched looking female was seen searching the cinder heaps thrown into the streets, or picking up the bits of broken glass, iron, coal, or anything else that chance might have thrown in her way. In some few places an early rising servant maid was shaking her mats at the hall door, to the great annoyance of those who might be inclined to indulge in a morning walk; and as the travellers drove over the canal bridge, they saw the smoke issuing from the chimneys of the neighbouring houses, the cars and carts rolling into market, and preparations making for the business and bustle of the day.

"We have a long journey before us," said Clements; "we will not reach our destination till a late hour to-night, as I cannot bear the fatigue of quick travelling."

"Then," said Bob, "I may as well, whilst we proceed slowly along, disclose to you the secrets of my heart. I do not know whether you will condemn or pity me most, but it is well that the trial should be over; I have kept the secret well, and I think in all that I have done through life I have little to accuse myself of."

"Forbear," said Clements, "to speak thus of yourself. Remember that those who possess most excellence say least about it. Always state facts, and neither censure nor applaud yourself."

Bob thanked him for his kind advice, and then proceeded to detail all the circumstances connected with the Strangeway family, in which he had taken a part, and the undying affection which he entertained for Lady Mary.

Clements heard him with deep interest, but was by no means as much surprised as Bob expected.

"This," said he, "explains why it is that his lordship has broken off all communication with me for the last few years. He knew of my intimacy with your family, and he was unwilling that I should have it in my power to communicate anything to you with regard to his movements."

"My heart is at ease," said Bob, "now that I have unburthened myself to you, and I shall be guided by your counsel as to what is best to be done for the future. I am really afraid to ascertain the fatal truth of Lady Mary's marriage; and, like most people who expect evil tidings, prefer doubt to certainty. But I suppose I have nothing to hope: Lady Mary must be married long since."

"You need have no apprehensions on that ground," said Clements, "if, as you say—and I believe the affection to be reciprocal—the lady possesses all the constancy of affection of her mother, and all the firmness of purpose of her father. But I know him too well to imagine for a moment that any consideration under Heaven would ever make him consent that his daughter should be allied to you while he lives; the case is, therefore, hopeless for the present, and you must only apply yourself with diligence to your avocation until your fortune is recovered. You are now more than of age, and the obstacles do not exist that were in the way in your infancy."

"I will ascertain," said Bob, "if I were to travel to the extremity of the world, what has become of Lady Mary. Now that you are in possession of my feelings, I will have more confidence to take measures for that purpose; but I will not say anything to my mother or grandfather upon the subject for some time; it would only give them pain and uneasiness."

"You may be right in your latter resolution," said Clements, "but as to following the Strangeway family to a foreign land, in the vain hope of obtaining a future meeting with his lordship's daughter, it would be madness in the extreme. You must give up such a notion. I will, if I find my health at all equal to the task, make a journey abroad in the coming summer, that I may see Lady Mary, and ask his lordship why he has treated me with so much unkindness and neglect: but perhaps I need not do so, I

now know the cause. And I know, too, that his heart is in anguish at having broken off his intimacy with me ; but what is it he would not suffer sooner than do anything that would, in his opinion, be derogatory to his order ? He thought truly that his usual intimacy with me would be the means of apprising you and your family of wherever he might be ; he thought, too, that from my notions of the aristocracy, and of those qualifications which constitute real nobility, that I might not be averse to an alliance between you and his daughter. He knew that much of her fortune was under my control, as her guardian, and he thought the best way to shun the contagion of coming in contact with you, was to cut off all communication with me too. It is in vain, therefore, my dear young friend, to expect that the head of the noble house of Strangeway would consent to a union between you and his daughter. A reporter married to the only daughter of a peer ! Oh ! no ; Lord Strangeway would suffer all the pains that humanity could bear, sooner than thus disgrace his order. And I know he has been suffering deeply since he made, to him, the fatal discovery of his daughter's affection for you. He loves his children ardently, and to see her in whom his fondest hopes are centred unhappy, is to him a cause of the deepest anguish. I wish I could see him ; and I wish still more to see the daughter of my relation, who has been confided to my care."

"If I knew how Lady Mary was," said Bob, "I would be much relieved from the anxiety that I have now borne so long and so patiently."

"I will ascertain so much for you, if possible," said Clements, "before we return to Dublin. We are going to the neighbourhood of Castle Wilder, where Mr. Curlew, the agent of Lord Strangeway, is at present, and although I have had no intercourse with him for many years, I will now take the opportunity of ascertaining from him some information with regard to his lordship and his family."

Bob became overjoyed at the prospect before him, and the day passed over much more happily than he anticipated.

It was after nine o'clock at night when they arrived at their destination ; and Bob having ascertained that Castle Wilder, from whence his beloved Lady Mary was torn away to a foreign land on his account, was within a mile of the place, he arose at an early hour in the morning to pay it a visit. It was a noble pile of building, presenting a combination of ancient and modern architecture, where power, strength, and beauty, were happily united, and where the solidity and durability of the past stood in contrast with the graceful elegance and refinement of the present.

Something instinctively led him to examine all the outworks

of, and entrance to, this princely mansion, and the more he viewed them, the more convinced he was of the taste of its noble owner. "Alas!" said he to himself, "how vain the hope that I should ever be united to the daughter of Lord Strangeway! but love, like death, levels all distinctions. She may yet be mine."

When he returned he found the family where Mr. Clements was staying at breakfast, without his venerable friend, who, from the fatigue of the journey, was unable to leave his room. He was, however, perfectly recovered on the following day, and, at the desire of Bob, they took a drive to Castle Wilder, where Bob delighted his imagination by viewing those places where he supposed Lady Mary was accustomed to walk. He inquired from a neighbouring peasant what was the use of a small spiral building, surmounted by a dome, which overlooked the adjoining pleasure grounds, and he was told that it was Lady Mary's obelisk, which had been built for her by her father, shortly before he left the country so unexpectedly; "and," added the poor man, "I fear we will never see her ladyship here again; she was too good to be left with us. I hear she is dying in some foreign country, and that, although she has been ordered home for the benefit of her health, his lordship, her father, has taken such a dislike to this country that he will never come back."

Bob became so agitated by his feelings that the man noticed him, and inquired the cause.

"I am grieved," said he, "to hear that Lord Strangeway has made himself an exile from his country, and that you do not expect him to return."

"Indeed," said the man, "I don't know whether we are better with him or without him; for, although he spent money like a prince, he crushed to death all who went contrary to him. We, however, have a worse crusher in his stead, who spends nothing; so that we would rather have him at home, only that he is cursed, even to the ground he walks upon."

"Could you direct me to the obelisk?" inquired Bob; "I wish particularly to see it."

"There is only one way to it," replied the man, "except that which leads from the castle, and I believe there is no one in the whole place knows it but myself; for I used often go there to bring home her pet deer, with its silver bells round its neck; but the poor thing is dead, I'm sure through grief after her ladyship. Come with me, and I'll show you the way." So saying, he led Bob through serpentine walks and past *jets d'eau*, till they came to a high wall, in which was a wicker door that flew open on touching a spring latch, and in a few moments Bob found himself seated upon the same spot, and within the same enclosure, where Lady Mary had often contemplated the beauties of the

surrounding scene, whilst, most probably, her mind was fixed upon himself.

"I think I will visit this place again," thought he, as he discovered the initials of his name neatly cut upon the arm of an oak chair, in which, according to his informant, Lady Mary was accustomed to sit. "Can it be that this is the work of her hands, or that the letters have any reference to me?" He believed they had, and the circumstance, although very trivial in itself, had much influence on his future conduct. He was resolved that, much as he loved Clements and valued his advice, he would not be guided by him under present circumstances—that he would set out in search of Lady Mary, and never return until he found her and had an interview with her. Whilst he was thus indulging in projects as to his future proceedings, Clements was searching for him through the pleasure grounds. Bob espied him from his place of observation, joined him as speedily as possible, and informed him of where he had been, and the discovery he had made.

Clements again sought to dissuade him from giving way to such feelings, or indulging in hopes that there was hardly a possibility of them being realized. He said nothing in reply, but was resolved, nevertheless, to carry out the intentions which he had formed in his own mind.

Curlew, the agent, was not at the castle that day, and they returned home without obtaining any information about the Strangeway family, beyond what Bob had learned from the peasant who had conducted him to the obelisk.

On the next day, however, Clements visited the castle alone, and saw Curlew, who received him much more warmly than he either anticipated or wished: he told him, that not having any direct communication from Lord Strangeway for a long time, he had called upon him, as a matter of business, to learn where he was.

Curlew informed him that he was then in London, on his way home, whither he had been directed, so that his daughter, who was ill, he feared dying, should again breathe her native air. He stated that he was in utter ignorance as to the cause of his lordship having so hastily left Ireland, and his resolution never to return; he was certain that that resolution would have been strictly adhered to, but that the dangerous state of his daughter's health compelled him to return. Clements heard this recital with considerable interest and uneasiness for the fate of Lady Mary, who he believed would fall the victim of her father's prejudices. He said nothing more than to express his determination to proceed to London to meet his lordship and accompany him to Ireland.

When he informed Bob of the result of his inquiries, he was in an ecstasy of delight, first from the belief that Lady Mary was

devotedly attached to him, and next at the prospect of soon seeing her perhaps in the obelisk, where chance had directed him in a way which appeared to him to prognosticate that it would be somehow or other connected with something that was to occur in future. They remained a few days at the house of Mr. Clements' friend, during which time Bob became a great favourite with the inhabitants of the neighbouring village. He used to go into their houses, enter into conversation with the old men and women, until he would lead with apparent carelessness to the subject of the Strangeway family and Lady Mary, whose name was mentioned by young and old with manifestations of love and respect. Some of them would shed tears at the thought that she would return no more, or that if she did, her health was so bad that she would not be able to come amongst them as when she was at the castle before. Sometimes he would join the young men when casting the sledge or playing ball; and on the morning that he and Clements passed through the village on their return to Dublin, they were accompanied for upwards of a mile of the road by a large number of the inhabitants, who loudly cheered them on separating from them.

The Irish people are perhaps the most affectionate and kind-hearted race on the face of the earth. They are as steadfast in their faith as in their friendships; and if those who are called the higher orders of society only treated them with kindness, or their rulers legislated in the spirit of race, it would be one of the most happy and prosperous nations on the face of the globe. Where has an instance ever been known of the real Irishman refusing to reciprocate kindness, or forgive the most grievous injury the moment the hand of friendship is held out to him? They are tender-hearted, brave, generous, and hospitable, magnanimous in adversity, but what is still more noble, magnanimous in prosperity; and if, in the paroxysms of wild revenge and despair, they are sometimes driven to the perpetration of crimes at which humanity must shudder, let our rulers be assured, that if they be only as prompt in removing the causes of their misery as they are in punishing the guilt that arises from it, we will soon have a country worthy of such a people.

Clements, who owned some property in the neighbourhood where he visited, saw that it required considerable improvement, and he caused works to be commenced which gave employment to some of the people; and Bob, during his short stay amongst them, visited their humble dwellings, and spoke to them kindly and familiarly; yet such was their gratitude for favours so slight, and which was more profitable to the donors than recipients, they would have sacrificed their lives for them.

Bob parted from his friends with regret, and the last of them whose hand he pressed in his was the man who had directed him

to the obelisk, whose name was Casserly. "I think," said Bob, as he parted from him, "that we may meet again: I am under more obligations to you than I can ever repay;" and slipped a piece of money into his hand. The carriage in which he and Clements were then drove off amidst the cheers and blessings of the crowds who accompanied them out of the village.

A few days after their arrival in Dublin, Mr. Fisher was sent for, and directions given to him to proceed with all possible dispatch to recover the property to which Bob was entitled. Old Swingsnap, who was the principal barrier in the way, was gone, and one of those who had but a life interest under the settlement made by him when disposing of the property of Old Hawk, died but a few days previous, and Bob found himself suddenly master of some fifteen or sixteen hundred pounds in cash, and house property worth something about a thousand a year.

This unexpected good fortune gave him the means of prosecuting his claim to the larger amount, and made Mr. Fisher receive his instructions with the greatest alacrity and most marked respect, predicting at the same time that the suit would be much more speedily ended than was that instituted by him for his father.

"From what I have seen of the law," said Bob, "I have little hope that it will."

"Why, we have not the same wealthy and powerful opponents to contend with that I had originally," observed Fisher; "and all that was done in former years was but clearing the way for what is to be done still. There are no proofs of births or marriages, or identity of parties, now wanted—no searching for witnesses in the most distant parts of the world. You are the admitted heir; the only question will be the amount which I may be able to gain for you."

"Go on and prosper," said Bob; "but let me not hear a word about it till you finally succeed, and if you should fail, let me never hear any thing. I have other objects in view—good bye to you. Mr. Clements, with whom I have deposited the money that has so opportunely fallen into my possession, will supply you with funds to go on—farewell."

"Why, where is my worthy young client going to?" inquired Fisher: "are you going to join any revolutionary movement abroad where you may lose your life? If so, it would be highly desirable that you should make your will, so as to prevent any further suits about it after your death; and if you should do so, I need hardly say that gratitude, and a high sense of moral feeling, should prompt you to think of the man who has been the chief instrument in gaining whatever you have or may yet be entitled to. At the same time I say, God forbid that you should not live to enjoy in happiness all the wealth to which you are entitled."

Bob looked at him with some surprise, merely observing that "he believed all the world was one attorney, and that one of the things most foreign to his imagination was to make any preparation for death at that moment;" and then left him to prosecute the suit, without losing a thought as to its final result.

He then proceeded to the office of the *Twilight*, for the purpose of giving notice to Mr. Decimus that he was about to cease his connection with the press, and to apprise him of his unexpected good fortune. He met that gentleman as he entered the office, and before he had time to salute him, he exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Norberry, where have you been all this time? What has become of you? You have absented yourself much longer from your business than you had permission to do; if the thing occurs again, it will be with notice that our connection must cease. I was just going to send for you to the country; you have been wanted very much indeed, very much."

Bob had been often told by Mr. Clements that it was always most prudent for a man to hear everything his accuser had to say, before he made any reply. He remembered, too, that the man who is puffed up with the first gale of prosperity, is sure to sink beneath the blast of adversity; so he repressed the feelings which his present state of independence was creating, and the consequent reply that they would suggest, and he calmly asked, "What was the business of a pressing and important character for which he was wanted?"

"I wish to send you to London," said Decimus; "and it is an honour that you are hardly worthy of for having absented yourself so long from your business. There are other gentlemen connected with the office who are quite jealous about the matter; but you are the man whom I have chosen for the occasion."

Bob thought within himself how fortunate it was that he made no hasty reply, and resolving to treasure in his mind the maxim upon which he had acted, he asked with increased meekness and humility: "What was the purpose for which he was to be sent to London?"

"To report for me in parliament," replied Decimus; "or rather to give the speeches of the Irish members, which are regularly burked in the English papers. It is a grievance of which the Irish people have had cause to complain; and at the suggestion of many eloquent and influential members, I am about to remedy it. I think such spirit and enterprise must give a lift to the *Twilight*, although it will be attended with some expense. The general business of parliament you will have nothing to do with, as it will be fully reported in the English papers: you are to attend to questions relating to Ireland, which are sure to get the go-by in all the English journals, and to the speeches of Irish members, which the English rascals don't report a word of. You

will really have a pleasant time of it; you may be there several nights before anything occurs which you will have to notice, and when an Irish member makes a speech, there will be seldom necessity to report it, as it will be furnished by the speaker. I will put you in communication with all the gentlemen whom it will be necessary to attend to; so that you will really have a pleasure-trip to the English metropolis. Come here to-morrow, and I shall in the mean time give directions that you may be supplied with the necessary funds."

Bob thanked Mr. Decimus for the favour thus shown in selecting him for the duty of parliamentary reporter, and promised that he would be ready to proceed on his journey on the following day, if necessary.

"Very well," said Decimus; "I know you will appreciate my kindness to you on this occasion, and that in consideration of it you will make a little money go far; and that, whilst you make an appearance suited to the high society you must mix with, you will live with great economy. You know the expenses of a newspaper establishment like this are enormous, and the income uncertain. I have observed, since your connection with my journal, that although dashing in appearance, you are not prone to spend money uselessly, and this, I can tell you, is an occasion that will try you. The man who is proof against the temptation to spend money in his youth, will surely be prosperous in his old age. Remember that maxim, Norberry; remember that. The chief cause of the poverty and misery of the world is the desire people have to part with money for mere animal gratifications, or that which is miscalled pleasure; but above all, those who are not still more careful of the money of others than their own, never do good: remember that too, Norberry—remember that. I know I need not say another word to you. Do what you can for the paper to-day, and be here to-morrow to get your travelling charges; if I did not esteem you, I would not employ you on such a mission."

Bob again thanked him for his advice and good opinion, but resolved not to say anything to him of the late accession to his fortune, or of his future intentions; and he parted with him, promising to be there next morning to receive his final commands.

"How fortunate," thought he, as, when Mr. Decimus had retired, he sat down in the vacant chair of the sub-editor, "that I was not too hasty in either repelling the first attack made on me, or proclaiming my good fortune: either one or the other might deprive me of the advantage of having my expenses paid to the very place of all others where it is necessary I should go. I must, however, tell Mr. Decimus to-morrow of the change in my circumstances, and my intention to abandon the press speedily."

On that evening he made all the arrangements necessary for his intended journey, whilst a struggle was going on within him as to whether he would acquaint his mother and grandfather with the real state of his feelings and intentions ; but believing it would be a source of uneasiness to them, he finally resolved to say nothing of it, particularly as his silence had the sanction of Clements.

The morning came, and he was punctual in his attendance at the office of the *Twilight*. At the moment he entered, Decimus was in consultation with the clerk as to the amount necessary to be given him to bear the expenses of his journey ; and from the few words he accidentally heard, he had reason to think that there was a wide difference of opinion between them on the subject.

"Here is Mr. Norberry himself," said Decimus, turning round to Bob ; "and I must say of him that he is an exceedingly prudent, economical young man, who has too high an opinion of his future prospects to lavish money foolishly ; give him the sum that I have mentioned, and I am sure he will be perfectly satisfied with it. The session will end in less than a month ; and even if the Irish questions be postponed to the last week or last day, as I suppose they will be, the time is short, and he will make it answer."

"Very well," said the clerk, handing Bob some bank notes.

"This sum," said he looking at the notes, "is by no means adequate to the liquidation of my expenses, considering the style in which my present circumstances and future prospects would warrant me to live ; but we will not differ about trifles."

"You are really a young man of sense and good morals : I predict that you will be most fortunate ; but what is it you say about your circumstances and prospects ?"

"I am happy to tell you," replied Bob, "that I got between fifteen hundred and two thousand pounds cash into my hand the other day, besides a small rental ; and that I have almost a certainty of being in possession of five or six thousand a-year in a very short time."

Decimus looked at him with the greatest astonishment, and was for some minutes dumb with surprise ; then, taking him by the hand, he exclaimed, "My dear fellow, allow me to congratulate you, and to tell you that you have got nothing but what you deserve."

Bob grasped his hand warmly, although it was the first time that the cold, calculating Decimus ever gave him an opportunity of doing so before.

"Did you know of this good fortune when I was speaking to you yesterday ?"

"I did," said Bob.

"And you did not communicate it to me! What an extraordinary young man you are, to be sure! Why, had I known how matters stood, I think I might have proposed the London trip without giving you any money going there: it is scarcely worth your notice to take it. You would, of course, go to see the great metropolis whether this occasion arose or not. As you do not go till to-morrow, you dine with me to-day."

Bob had by this time formed a tolerably accurate estimate of men's conduct, but as he never stopped to inquire about motives where an apparently kind act was offered to be done, he accepted the invitation, and dined with Decimus that day, being the first time he ever had the honour. Some further hints were thrown out about his prosperous circumstances, and the little necessity that existed of his taking any money from the office towards his expenses; but he pretended to not understand them, and being furnished with letters of recommendation to sundry Irish members, he started for London.

The evening of his arrival there, he passed several times up and down before the mansion of Lord Strangeway, in — Square, with the hope of catching a glimpse of Lady Mary, or his old friend Tom Purcell; but although several servants in rich livery went in and out, Tom was not to be seen. He spent the whole of the following day in the same way and in the same place, but he never caught a glimpse of any one he knew. The next day he was equally unsuccessful, and it was only on the third day he delivered the letters of introduction he had to the Irish members. The first of these gentlemen whom he saw was Mr. Belmullet, the great Irish orator and fire-eater, and he learned from him that there was to be a great debate in the Lords that night upon the state of Ireland; it was to be a regular stand-up fight; a trial of strength between the two great parties contending for place. Peers had left their sick beds to come to vote; others who had been for years on the Continent, had come over to record their votes or express their opinions upon the great question as to the state of Ireland. Amongst the rest, Lord Strangeway, although dying, had come from Rome, and would go down to give his vote for the good of his country!

Bob felt emotions of a painful nature upon hearing the name, and endeavouring to conceal his feelings, asked, at what hour the house would sit.

"This is a great occasion; and the woolsack will be taken at six o'clock."

"I must be there in time," said Bob.

"Be at your post to-morrow night in the Commons," said Belmullet; "we will have a set-to there upon the fishery bill; you know that a great number of my constituents are fishermen;

I must come out on the subject, and as I can now speak to you confidentially, I may tell you, that I have been upwards of a week collecting materials for my speech. I will have it ready to-morrow morning, and in pursuance of the request of your worthy friend Decimus, I will hand it to you ; it will I am sure cause a great sensation in Ireland, and will gratify my constituents."

It need hardly be stated, that Bob felt no interest whatever in the encomiums paid by Belmullet to his great fishery speech ; and that, whilst he detained him descanting upon its merits, and speculating on the sensation it would cause in Ireland, he could have heartily wished that himself and it were in the place where fishes are most usually found. He, however, bowed himself away from the worthy member, whilst he was still expatiating on the speech ; and this circumstance created an unfavourable impression against him, which made his new friend resolve, that although he would make use of him, he would never exercise his parliamentary influence to obtain any favour for him ; but he did not know that Bob was as independent in his circumstances and conduct, as some members are embarrassed in the one and trammelled in the other.

Bob hurried to the entrance of the House of Lords, and as he forced his way through the gaping crowds, and was pushed and jostled by footmen in rich liveries, and with gold-headed canes in their hands, crying out, make way for Lord Dash, Earl Crash, and so on, he found himself beside Lord Strangeway's carriage, from which his friend Tom Purcell was handing his lordship, whilst two or three footmen were standing as body guards to keep *canaille* from coming in contact with nobility. Tom looked round, and forgetting time, place, and circumstances, exclaimed, "Holy Saint Patrick ! will miracles never cease ?"

His lordship was attracted by this extraordinary ejaculation, and looking round to ascertain the cause, Bob had a full view of him, as he stood fronting him. His frame was worn, weak, and emaciated ; his cheek was pallid ; but there was a supernatural lustre in his eyes, which shone over his worn and wasted countenance like a light in a desert, well calculated to strike the beholder with awe.

He paused for a moment when he beheld Bob, his limbs tottered under him, and he would have fallen, but that he was supported by his attendants.

"Your lordship is ill," said Tom, "you ought to return home."

"Support me into the house," said his lordship ; "this is an occasion where my vote must be recorded, my country requires it."

His lordship was accordingly led into the House of Lords, and

Bob waited till Tom was disengaged, and then such a salutation ! he pushed about as if he were a little boy, and seemed half frantic. " We are going to poor ould Ireland again," said he ; " but I little thought I'd have the pleasure to meet you here !"

" This is no place for explanations," whispered Bob. " Just answer me two questions, and I will part you for the present—How is Lady Mary ? and when and where will I meet you again ?"

" Bad enough, but not yet married ; I'll be out all day on Saturday, and I'll meet you at the Blue Boar, in High Holborn. I found out by accident that the landlady of the place is a cousin of mine, and there we must meet."

Bob slipped away through the crowd before the other attendants of Lord Strangeway passed Tom, and went in search of the other members of parliament for whom he had letters of introduction from Decimus. They were all pleased to see him ; and each remarked what an advantage it would be to the Irish people in general, and his constituents in particular, to have accurate reports of his speeches published in the Irish papers ; but there was one gentleman in particular, a Mr. Marsh, who spoke in the most enthusiastic manner about a drainage bill that he was to bring forward the next night, with regard to which he anticipated much opposition.

" I have heard that the Irish fishery bill is to come on," said Bob.

" It must give way to the drainage bill," said Marsh ; " the piscatory Belmullet told you about the fishery bill—that's his hobby ; I don't think it will come on ; but the other will, positively."

" I suppose you will speak on the subject ?" inquired Bob.

" Speak ! to be sure I'll speak."

" Perhaps you would have the kindness to give me your speech," said Bob.

" With pleasure," said Marsh ; " call on me to-morrow before I go to the house : but the matter is to be perfectly secret."

" Of course," said Bob, and he bid him good bye.

On the following day he was duly supplied with the speeches of Belmullet and Marsh ; and having got a hint from Decimus before he left Dublin, that it might be desirable to send off the furnished speeches of celebrated speakers by the mail of the evening on which they would speak, he enclosed the speeches in a letter to the editor of the *Twilight*, which he put in the post office before he went to the House.

There was a large attendance of members that night, and a warm discussion upon free trade ; and he was astonished to find that the great majority were in favour of dear food, and all sorts of restriction calculated to lessen employment, although he daily

read in the papers of subscriptions to keep thousands of paupers from dying of famine in the streets, and of tens of thousands of honest and skilful artizans and labourers, willing to work, but who could not get it. The same thoughts that crossed his mind in the Dublin police office presented themselves to him, and he believed that the condition of the great bulk of mankind will never be bettered until old institutions shall be swept away, the whole framework of society remodelled, and the will of the millions set free!

He watched with great anxiety for the rising of his friends Belmullet and Marsh. He saw that both had several times made ineffectual efforts to catch the speaker's eye, or even to speak without catching it, but whenever they did, he heard a murmur run among the English members on the benches beneath the gallery where he was, of a "—— those Irish questions, are we to be for ever bored with them?" Some were seized with violent fits of coughing, and others rose and ran across the house or walked out and came back again; so that the Irish members were unable to obtain a hearing.

Belmullet was so exasperated that he ran out of the house after an honourable member, who was seized with a loud fit of coughing, when he stood up to speak, and demanded an apology or a "meeting," the former was readily conceded, and this was the only incident worthy of notice that Bob had to report during the night.

The speeches transmitted to Dublin appeared as a matter of course in the *Twilight*, headed with athletic type, "From our own parliamentary reporter." The constituents of the honourable members saw them, and were well pleased with the conduct of their representatives, and the splendid reception they got in the house, for almost every second sentence was followed by "loud cheers" and "great applause," and it might be truly said, that if those speeches were not spoken they ought to have been spoken, and that it was not the fault of the honourable members that they were not.

CHAPTER XXV.

BOB MEETS TOM PURCELL AT THE "BLUE BOAR" IN HIGH HOLBORN — PLANS FOR FUTURE OPERATIONS — A GREAT CRISIS ARRIVES.

THERE is no country in the world where the people attach such fantastic colours to things as in England; one would think, upon viewing the sign-boards over public houses and taverns, that the country produced a species of animated nature different from all other portions of the globe, for you will frequently see a "Green Man," a "White Lion," a "Red Dragon," and a "Blue Boar." When passing the "George and Blue Boar," in High Holborn one day, Tom Purcell thought that an animal of this character and colour was to be seen within; and having stepped in to inquire, he was agreeably disappointed to find that instead of such a curiosity, the landlady, Mrs. Peters, was a Kerry woman, whose father had been an acquaintance of his in early life. It is unnecessary to say that Tom, during his stay in London, patronised the "Blue Boar," and here it was that he appointed to meet Bob, who was there at nine o'clock in the morning. He waited more than three hours, when at length Tom arrived almost breathless, and evidently the bearer of important intelligence.

"What is the matter with you to-day?" said Mrs. Peters, as Tom entered.

"Is there a young gentleman waiting for me?" inquired Tom, without answering the question.

"Yes, from an early hour this morning," replied Mrs. Peters, "and he is most anxious to see you; step up stairs."

"Not more so than I am to see him," said Tom, as he hurried on.

"Why, Mr. Purcell, what in the world is the matter with you this morning?" again inquired the honest landlady.

"I am come to bid farewell to Lunnen, and to see the young gentleman you often heard me speak about, as having saved my life, my lord's life, and all our lives; he's a rare Irish boy, one of ourselves; just come up for one minute, till I introduce you to him, and then leave the room; I have something to say to him in private."

Mrs. Peters had accordingly the honour of an introduction to Bob, "solely on the ground," as Tom said, "that they were all three Irish, and knew what it was to be good natured."

The lady withdrew as soon as the ceremony of introduction was ended.

"I have been all day waiting for you in the greatest anxiety," said Bob, as Mrs. Peters left the room.

"Faith, an' it's well for you," said Tom, "that you saw a sight of me to-day; we leave Lunnan this evenin', and it was only by sayin' that I wanted to take up some money I lent, that I got out at all."

"For the sake of Heaven," said Bob; "and tell me speedily how is Lady Mary; and tell me the whole that has befallen her since I saw her at Brussels. Tell me everything, and tell it to me quickly; I am unable to bear this state of suspense any longer."

"Why, I'm in a greater hurry myself nor you are," said Tom; "and I'd have a good deal of my story told now if you had said nothing."

"Go on," said Bob; "I won't say another word till I hear you out."

Tom then proceeded as follows: "It would fill a book three times as big as the great Irish prayer-book, with the lives of all the saints in it, that my father had long ago, to tell you all that happened to us since we left ould Ireland three or four year ago, all on your account—you know that much yourself."

"Go on from the Brussels affair," said Bob impatiently; "tell me what has happened since."

"That is the very place I was goin' to begin at," said Tom, "if you had left me alone. Well, you remimber—but sure 'twas hard for you to remimber anything, an' the way you wor in; but you remimber seein' Lady Mary, and sure enough she remimbers you: long an' long afore that, preparations wor often made for her marriage, but upon one pretext or other she put the matter off: she was always sick, or something ailed her that prevented it going on. At last I believe it was to take place, and the great lord that was to be her husband came to travel with us, until we reached by accident that horrid place where we had all to take shelter in the cellar for four days. You know better nor I do what occurred there, and I need say no more to you about it. You saved our lives, particularly that of her intended husband, who, I hard since, was the friend of the Dutch king. We all left the cellar whin we hard that the fightin' was over, and God knows it was with a bleedin' heart I was forced to lave the city without knowin' what happened to you, for when I went down in half an hour after I first left the cellar, I found you wor carried away, I did not know whether dead or alive. But when we all got up safe to the clear daylight, and into a room in the hotel, where almost everything was smashed into atoms with cannon balls and grape shot, Lady Mary fell down on her knees, and

vowed before God and the world that it was useless to ask her to marry at that time, or until she heard the fate of him to whom they all owed their lives. We were all afraid that she was losin' her raison; and his lordship seein' that the marriage was all at an end, we doubled back into France, having parted with her intended husband, who said very fairly that he would never accept a hand where the heart could not go along with it. Well, to be shure, his lordship grew sick, sad, and sorry, and I never in my life had such a time of it to thrive to keep him in bumour; we hardly ever rested three days in one place, but kept rowlin' away all over the world among all sorts of people. Poor Lady Mary was all the time almost dyin', and often she asked me did I ever hear what happened you, or if you recovered, until one day—I believe it was three or four months after the business in Brussels, we were in a town down in the south of France, goin' on to Italy, when a villainous French policeman came into the hotel where we were, and tould one of our French servants, who then tould me, that a spy was travellin' after Lord Strangeway, watching every place he went to. I hard where the fellow was in the town, and went out and found him, when to my great surprise, I found he was sent by you to watch where we were going, and to bring you back all the news about Lady Mary. The fellow could speak English well, and, what was more, he knew Irish. You may be shure I was overjoyed to meet him, and thrated him to the best the house could afford. I then ran and tould Lady Mary, who sat down and wrote a letther to you, which I brought and gave into his hand. But the French policeman went and tould his lordship that such a person was in town, and he sent immediately to look for him, and it was always suspected that he gave him a great bribe to betray you, and that he gave up to his lordship the letter that Lady Mary had written; for he went away without seein' me again, although I had appointed to meet him at a public house the next night."

"Good Heaven!" ejaculated Bob, "what a world of deceit is this! What a villain that was! Proceed, Purcell, proceed: you are telling the story well; it is to me at least deeply interesting."

"Well," continued Tom, "it seemed to give her ladyship great comfort to know that you were alive and perfectly recovered; but she was grieved, and grew sick again, when she had reason to believe that the villain you sent after us betrayed you. We kept goin' about this way, an' shure I thought I'd never see ould Ireland again. At last his lordship got a letter from Lord George, who was away on his travels, God knows where, sayin' that he fell in love with a Spanish lady—a real Roman—that he was married to her, and askin' his father's blessin' and forgiveness. Well, to be sure, if his lordship was bad before, he was ten times worse after it. I was obliged to sleep in

the room with him to watch him, for he used to rise in the night and walk about, cryin' out every minute that his heart was on fire, and that his blood was burnin' in his veins. Oh! Masther Norberry, dear, it would terrify you, and move the heart of a stone, to look at him; his eyes used to shine as if they were balls of fire; and sometimes when he attempted to speak, the words stuck in his throat, and I used to have to put him into bed, and wet his lips with something. Often and often I heard him say that the widow's curse fell upon him; and afther all, Masther Norberry, he has the kind heart; what a pity that he has been always takin' his own way so much!"

Bob was moved at this recital, and requested Tom to proceed.

"After some time," continued Tom, "he began to recover a little, and I often heard him say that he would never forgive or know his son again, and that he would cut him off from every thing he could. We soon after left where we were in Italy, and came to France, where we left Lady Mary with the family of Lord —, and came to Lunnen, as, I believe, to make arrangements for cuttin' Lord George out of as much property as he could, but I believe somethin' prevented him from doin' what he intended. We were there only a week or two, when who in the world should knock at the door one day but *Ownein Duoh*, the widow's son."

"I know all about that," said Bob, impatiently; "pass on to the other part of the story."

"Why, there is little more to be said about it," continued Tom. "You know how his lordship went over to Ireland, and he half dead, to save poor *Ownein's* life; and shure I never got such a surprise in my life as to see you in the coort-house that day. We went back to Lunnen as fast as we could, and when we arrived there, his lordship got a letter from Lord —, with whom Lady Mary was, saying that she was almost dead, and that she was ordered by all the doctors to go back to her native air. Well, his lordship would not take any one's word, and back we went to France; and although she was bad enough, still she was not as bad as she said, but she actually became worse, and more in need of the native air, when I told her I saw you in the coort-house, and all about you. Very soon after his lordship got word about the great business that went on in the House of Lords the other night, and being ashamed to not take the advice of the docthors, we packed up, and set out for Lunnen on our way to ould Ireland, and to be shure my heart jumped at the thought. We were only a few days here when his lordship saw you as he was going into the House of Lords. The very sight of you made him almost as bad as when he heard that Lord George married a Roman in Spain. We would have started for Ireland the next day, if it was only to be a couple of days'

journey away from you, but that his lordship was not able to travel. We go to-day, and I need hardly face back to his lordship after stayin' out so long."

"But did you tell Lady Mary that you saw me the other evening? I thought you were coming to that."

"I did," said Tom; "and here I am at it just now."

"And what did she say?" inquired Bob, with great earnestness.

"Let her speak for herself," said Tom, pulling a letter from his pocket, and handing it to Bob; "there's what she says; I knew if I gave it to you at first, that you would never listen to my story; I know, too, that you will soon be my master instead of his lordship; I think he has but little time to live."

The epistle from Lady Mary declared her undying affection for Bob, her willingness to fly with her deliverer, if opportunity offered, to any part of the globe, and that death was a thousand times preferable to the pain and anguish she had suffered for upwards of three years."

"What is to be done?" inquired Bob, as he read the letter over again; "where, how, or when could I meet Lady Mary?" and as he put these interrogatories to Tom, he seemed half delirious with joy.

"You must calm yourself down a little," said Tom; "the thing cannot be done here—it is impossible; we start for Ireland to-day, and then go directly to Castle Wilder. You must follow in disguise, and when you arrive there, arrangements can be easily made for an elopement."

Bob wrote a hasty reply, in which all the ardour of his soul was poured out. He added, that he had by accident visited Castle Wilder a short time previously; that he knew the way to the obelisk, which he thought would suit very well as the point of departure, in case he could perfect his arrangements for their intended flight.

Tom promised eternal fidelity to him, and having taken a kindly farewell of the landlady of the Blue Boar, and promised to distribute a bundle of cards of her establishment, with which she favoured him, he returned to his master's mansion, and found the carriages at the door ready to set out on their journey, and Lord Strangeway impatiently waiting his return. As he passed to his lordship's apartments, he found an opportunity to slip Bob's letter to Lady Mary, who was anxiously waiting in a convenient place to receive it.

In a few minutes afterwards, his lordship and suite were rolled out of London, and on the direct road to Ireland.

It is unnecessary to say that Bob felt this moment to be a great crisis in his life, and that unless his future plans were in the highest degree judicious in their conception, and fortunate in

their execution, he would bring sorrow and pain to her who was dearer to him than life, and expose himself to the fate of a felon, for having dared to carry off the daughter of a peer of the realm. There was, however, little time for reflection, and perhaps it was so much the better, for it most generally happens that remarkable actions in men's lives, which arise from the genuine and spontaneous impulses of the heart, are much more fortunate than those which are the result of long deliberation and well-matured plans.

The first step was to proceed directly to Ireland, and make arrangements for his intended flight with Lady Mary, at the moment when her father thought he was in London.

The business of parliament came to a close much sooner than was expected, and both houses were to be prorogued that night, so that his mission from the *Twilight* to London had been fulfilled as far as he was concerned ; so he sat down and wrote a letter to his friend Decimus, stating that he would not return any more to the press, and thanking him for any kindness which he had shown him in the course of their connection ; for, notwithstanding the cold selfishness and vanity of Decimus, he was, in other respects, the best specimen of an honest citizen that Bob had met with during his connection with the press.

He left London that very night, and arrived in Dublin before Lord Strangeway, where he remained concealed until his lordship and suite passed through to Castle Wilder. In the meantime he wrote a long letter to his mother, which was to be forwarded to her in case his enterprize should be successful. In this epistle he gave a full detail of the state of his feelings from the first time he saw Lady Mary, and prayed for her maternal blessing.

He watched the movements of Lord Strangeway, and took his measures accordingly. On the night of the day that his lordship arrived at Castle Wilder, Bob, closely disguised, found himself in the adjoining village, where he and Clements had, during their short visit, made themselves such favourites with the people. He met his friend Casserly, who had shown him the way to the obelisk, and entrusted him with a letter to Tom Purcell, announcing his arrival, and praying that he might meet him at some place in the vicinity of the castle on the following night.

Tom did meet him accordingly, and was the bearer of information which led him to believe that he had much more to contend with in the accomplishment of his purpose than he anticipated. Lady Mary was closely watched ; and although carriage airing had been recommended, his lordship gave commands to his daughter's attendants the very night he arrived, that in case she ordered the carriage the following day, or at any other time,

it should not leave the great park. She heard the mandate issued, and the restraint thus imposed only made her heart beat more ardently for freedom, and she resolved to leave no stratagem untried to effect it.

"Take this letter to her," said Bob; "it will point out what appears to me to be the best means of carrying out our wishes. She can come from her chamber to the obelisk just in the dusk of the evening, and I will have my arrangements made to take her off."

"Ah, then, Lord be praised," said Tom; "what will become of me, Masther Norberry? I'd just be hanged as high as Ramsey, if it was thought that I had any hand in this business; and as for yourself, I need not say what would happen you, if you were caught. There never was such a business in the counthry as it would be, since ould Webster shot Ledwitch for attemptin' to take away Lady Newcommen. I remimber it as well as I do yesterday. A fine handsome fellow he was; but not as well learned as you are."

"Purcell, this is no time for such stories. If I were to die a thousand deaths, I will make the attempt; so say not another word calculated to dishearten me."

"Faith," said Tom, "I have no notion to put you off the thing at all; but what will I do? That's the question. There are two things to think of: if I was to go away along with you, it would be a disgrace to my name to have it said that I assisted in taking away the daughter of my lord, that I have lived with for near thirty years. He has already a broken heart, and the very life would grieve out of him in two days, to think that Tom Purcell was so treacherous to him. Then, again, if it was found out that I had anything to do with the thing privately, I'd be hanged as round as a ball; for although my lord is kind to all who take his advice, or are thrue to him, he has no mercy on any one who goes against his wishes."

Bob left it to Tom's own discretion to take what course he thought most prudent, and he decided upon remaining with his master, and of course in apparent ignorance of his daughter's flight.

Tom saw Bob again the following night, and brought him a letter from Lady Mary, who appointed the next evening for her elopement.

Bob dispatched Casserly to procure a chaise and post horses along the road to Dublin.

Casserly informed some of his friends that night of the intended runaway, with a view that if any pursuit took place, they would assist the fugitives to escape.

Everything was ready at the appointed hour. A chaise and four horses, under the superintendence of Casserly, were stationed

at a road-side public house, about a mile from the village; and a jaunting-car was waiting at the small gate opposite the obelisk, near which Bob, with a palpitating heart, lay in ambush. He was not long in his concealment when he saw two female figures glide along the serpentine walks that lead from the castle. It was Lady Mary and her attendant! Though the time be critical, the moments precious, and our position perilous, such is the overwhelming power of love, that it makes us forget alike danger and difficulty, and think of nothing but worshipping at the idol of the heart, whether it be surrounded by flowers or thorns.

The lovers would have wasted some moments in mutual protestations of fidelity, and expressions of delight at having met after their long separation, but that the female attendant reminded them of their danger. They then hurried on, and in a few minutes were seated on the jarvey which conveyed them to the carriage that was in waiting, and within one hour from the time that Lady Mary left the castle they were several miles on their way from it.

It was some four or five hours after her departure when the lady under whose care she was specially placed by her father, went to her chamber, and found she was gone. His lordship was the first who received tidings of what had occurred, and seeming to gain supernatural strength, he arose from his bed, summoned Tom Purcell and all his domestics, and with an air of frenzy swore the most awful oaths that if he found any of his people, or those in the neighbourhood, was concerned in the abduction of his daughter, the most direful vengeance would overtake them. Heaven and earth combined could not save them from his wrath. His manner was terrific; and Tom Purcell, who was the only person that had any control over him during his late paroxysms of anguish and despair, was, most probably from a consciousness of his own guilt, afraid to approach him, until, like the wave exhausted by its fury when it breaks against the rock, he sank almost insensible. He, however, soon rallied again, and gave orders for instant pursuit.

Men mounted on fleet horses were dispatched in all directions, but when they came to seek for relays in the neighbouring towns, they could find none; for it was a part of the arrangement made by Bob to have all the post horses hired and sent off to various places, where they were to wait until wanted. It was, therefore, daylight the next morning before any effective step could be taken. The authorities were then apprised of what had occurred, and magistrates, police-officers, and constables were out in all directions.

It was found, upon inquiry in the neighbouring village, that Casserly, and some two or three other young men, were absent.

Informations were sworn against them for being concerned in the abduction, warrants forthwith issued, and large rewards offered for their apprehension and conviction. It was also ascertained that Bob had been in disguise in the neighbourhood for some days, and the poor people to whose house he was traced were all arrested and sent to prison, as accessories to the felony, and a reward of two thousand pounds was offered for his own apprehension.

It appeared, too, upon further inquiry, that a carriage containing a lady and gentleman had travelled towards Dublin, and another with similiar occupants had gone northward ; so that pursuit was rendered difficult.

As soon as post horses could be procured, his lordship, notwithstanding the dangerous state of his health, and all the entreaties of a neighbouring nobleman and many of the gentry, who came to offer him consolation as soon as they heard of his bereavement, set out in pursuit of his daughter.

He said he could not bear existence in his own country, after what had befallen him. He felt that a stain was cast upon the order to which he belonged, and he would not live amongst them. It was bad enough that his son had married the daughter of a grandee of Spain, who differed from him in religion ; but to think of his daughter, the remaining hope of his house, having been carried off by a plebeian, was insupportable. His wish was, that the villain should be found, and suffer the most ignominious public death, as a warning to others, who, either through vanity or cupidity, could be instigated to such a crime. It was due to the order to which he belonged to make such an example, and if he died in pursuit of the villain, it was no greater sacrifice than he ought to make.

Lady Mary should, if found, be shut up in a prison for life, there to expiate her crime. For, as to a marriage between the daughter of the noble house of Strangeway and a plebeian, death, dishonour, anything were preferable. He believed, however, that she must have been carried off by force, for it was impossible that one of her blood could be a willing party to her own degradation and dishonour.

After reasoning thus with his friends, who came to offer him consolation the morning after the elopement, Lord Strangeway was assisted to his carriage, and, attended by some friends and a numerous suite of domestics, he set out in pursuit of his daughter, and with the intention of quitting Ireland for ever.

Tom Purcell assumed that noble virtue, hypocrisy, with a power and a pathos worthy of a great actor. He was inconsolable at the misfortune that had occurred, and heaped many a malediction upon the head of the author of it ; although he would now and then venture to say they all owed their lives to him,

and that it was a great pity he was not a lord, and consequently a fit match for her ladyship.

At other times, when in anticipation of Bob's capture, he would venture to suggest that "it would not be worth the while of a great lord to get such a fellow hanged, although, to be shure, he richly deserved it. And as to Lady Mary, he was of opinion it might be better to let her and him live in some furrin country, where no one would know them, and where the disgrace brought upon his lordship would never be heard of. It was a great pity that he was not the son of a lord ; but no doubt the likes of him ought to be taught manners, and he often wondered how it was that he could dare to think of a great lady, but, above all, of his lordship's daughter. Well, to be shure, but it was surprising !"

Thus would Tom, as opportunity suited, continue to play alternately upon the vanity and kind-heartedness of his master.

The pursuit was hot and eager. Persons were dispatched in all directions. Some went to Dublin, some to the north, and others to England and Scotland.

His lordship took the road to Dublin, where all trace of the parties who travelled that way was entirely lost.

However, nothing that money could accomplish was left undone to arrest the fugitives, but all search was unavailing ; and their destination, place of concealment, or fate, remained a mystery, till cleared up in the annexed letter, written by Bob himself, which is given by way of postscript.

It may be stated, that on the morning after the flight from Castle Wilder, the manuscript and note-book from which the whole of these extraordinary memoirs and sketches have been extracted, were delivered in a sealed package to the editor of this work, with a note from Bob, requesting that their publication would be undertaken in Dublin, if an Irish publisher could be found.

•The manuscript confided to the editor's care contained a vast quantity of matter beyond what, in his judgment, he thought right to publish for the present ; but he trusts he has given such portions of it as will present the reader with an accurate account of the ancestors of the hero and of himself, as far as he has yet gone in his eventful career, and that in doing so, he has drawn a true picture of the state of society, and administration of the law in Ireland fifty or sixty years ago as well as at the present day.

P O S T S C R I P T.

TO THE EDITOR OF BOB NORBERRY.

Brussels, June —, 18—.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Many thanks to you for having undertaken the publication of my family memoirs and extracts from my note-book. I wish that you should omit many of the personal sketches and anecdotes, which will answer better for publication in detached parts, and confine yourself to my family history, and those portions of my sketches, which will most forcibly illustrate the administration of the law, both in past and present times.

It now remains for me to furnish you with the sequel, which my note-book could not supply.

I do not intend to detail here all the adventures that befell me since the eventful night on which I bore away from her paternal roof the idol of my affections.

I have wandered through many lands, and met with events of a more startling character than those already about to be submitted to the world by you ; and if I can, from memory and the memoranda taken during my wanderings, put the leading facts together, I will transmit them to you for revision and publication. So much as regards you and me, or your present and intended work. And now for something to satisfy personages of much more importance, and those upon whom the fond hopes of all publishers and authors rest—namely, readers.

You may, then, inform your kind readers, and still kinder purchasers, that on the memorable night on which Lady Mary accompanied me from Castle Wilder, we travelled northward with the greatest rapidity; all our arrangements were so well made that one instant's delay was not given us, and within ten hours from our starting, we left that lordly mansion one hundred English miles behind us. On arriving at Donaghadee, near Belfast, we were just in time for the Scotch packet, and on reaching Portpatrick Lady Mary and her attendant clothed themselves in a dress prepared for the occasion, and so completely was she disguised, that her father would not have known her if he met her.

I procured a young man and his wife, who had been strangers in that town, and having attired them in the dress which we wore when leaving Castle Wilder, I started them off in a chaise

towards Gretna Green, whilst we crossed the country to Hull, where we embarked directly for Antwerp, and from thence to Brussels, where, through the high interest I had there with the government, we were married at the house of my friend Mrs. L—— with the sanction of the authorities, and on the day the ceremony was performed, my wife and I wrote a joint letter to Mr. Clements, requesting he would communicate the tidings to Lord Strangeway. He refused to do so, but in reply sent Lady Mary a banker's draft for a thousand guineas, being the amount of interest due on the portion of her fortune of which he was guardian, and which had accumulated during Lord Strangeway's absence abroad.

We were pursued with an ardour hardly ever equalled. I saw the reward for my apprehension published in all the English and many of the foreign papers, and I was amused at reading an account of the capture of the young man and his wife whom I sent to Gretna Green, and their being brought to Ireland before the mistake was discovered. I knew that our place of retreat could not long remain secret, and I was given to understand that the Belgian authorities could not prevent my arrest, by a warrant signed by the British embassy here; so we put on our disguise, and travelled through Holland, Prussia, Poland, and various other countries. The persons in pursuit of us often travelled with us in the same carriage, but so effectual was our disguise that we evaded their vigilance. Believe me that our adventures in foreign lands will form an amusing and withal an instructive volume.

Lord Strangeway ascertained, after a search of some weeks, that we made this city our destination in the first instance, and thither he repaired, notwithstanding the shattered state of his constitution and the anguish of his mind. When he arrived he found that we were gone; he was able to proceed no further, and sank under a complication of maladies bodily and mental.

An account of the dangerous state of his health and his approaching dissolution, reached Lord George, who hurried to his bedside with a view to be reconciled to him in death. He found him more calm and resigned than he could possibly anticipate. The meeting was affecting in the extreme; the old man stretched out his hand, and said he had been long contending to sustain the honour of his order and his race, but that fate had conquered him, and he should submit.

Lord George had his wife in the adjoining room; he led her to the bedside of his father, and told him to look upon her, and then blame him if he could. The reconciliation with his son was perfect, and there wanted nothing but a reconciliation with his daughter to soothe his last moments.

The prospect of death obliterates resentment in every heart,

unless it be totally depraved and alien to God ; and here, whilst I shed a tear to thy memory, Lord Strangeway, let me proclaim to the world, that, much as thy name and thy fame have been tarnished as a political exterminator, a more generous spirit could not exist amongst the sons of men, or a heart naturally more noble never beat in human breast ! But such high and ennobling qualities are worse than useless when allied to a corrupt and depraved aristocracy, who make the laws to sustain their false honour and false position, and who regard the people as mere serfs, born to minister to all their wishes and desires. But a great moral revolution must soon take place ; the time comes quickly when intellect, the omnipotent power of the mind, shall be alone counted true nobility, the class to which Lord Strangeway belonged shall be swept, and then we shall never witness the high qualities of head and heart which he possessed, applied to the purposes of persecution and extermination of the most cruel and emaciating character.

Lord George sent for us ; we were in Potsdam when his letter reached us ; we hurried to this city, and were in time to receive the forgiveness and benediction of Lord Strangeway. Peace to his ashes !

We met Mr. Clements here, whose kind heart and Christian spirit received true consolation at the reconciliation that he witnessed. The young lord accompanied the remains of his father to the family vault in Ireland, and immediately after the funeral obsequies were ended, he proceeded to view the large estates of which he found himself the owner. His first acts were to dismiss Curlew, the agent of his father, and collect such of the tenants of Ballintrasma as were living, and restore to them their former holdings. Enlightened by education, travel, and intercourse with the world, and casting off all the trammels of aristocracy and high life, he is a specimen of true nobility, and reigns the beloved lord of Castle Wilder, surrounded by a grateful and happy tenantry, whose affections are divided alike between himself and the "furrin lady," as the poor people call Lady Strangeway. Casserly, through my recommendation, is now his chief man of business ; and I need hardly say, that when the old lord died, Tom Purcell transferred his services to me. My revered mother and venerable grandfather are well ; they are still inhabitants of the cottage, which they would not exchange for a palace, and there is nothing wanted to complete the measure of their earthly happiness but my residence near them, which gratification they will soon enjoy. Clements is still their neighbour, and he and his family spend much of their time with them.

I have recently had a letter from Mr. Fisher, stating that the Norberry suit was finally terminated, and in my favour.

There were many reminiscences connected with Belgium, and

with this city in particular, sufficient to have induced me to make it my residence for some time, and should I write anything of my wanderings abroad, I will not fail to draw attention to this highly interesting and prosperous country, which has within the last few years risen from the condition of a miserable province to that of a great nation, capable of bringing one hundred thousand fighting men into the field in defence of her own rights, or in the cause of universal liberty, and thereby changing the whole aspect of European politics and power since the last war.

Should the blow for liberty be struck in France at the death of Louis Philippe, and that the despots of the north combine to avert the consequences of it, Belgium will be found a strong barrier in the way ; and instead of being neutral ground, upon which tens of thousands may be slain for no other purpose but to weigh down Europe with one mammoth more, or keep despots on their thrones, she will take an active part in the struggle, and be found ranged on the side of freedom. The revolution that has taken place here must, at no distant day, change the destinies of Europe—of the world—and lead to the establishment of liberal institutions in those countries that are now ruled by the iron hand of despotism.

I am, therefore, attached to Belgium, as much from the high hopes and anticipations which I entertain of the glorious part she shall soon take in the struggle for European freedom, as from the pleasing reminiscences that the extraordinary events connected with her, in which I was a prominent actor, are calculated to recall to my mind.

However, ties still dearer must soon bring me amongst the Irish people, who, for physical capabilities, moral worth, and religious fidelity, stand unrivalled amongst the nations of the world.

This is, too, a fine country and a fine people. I shall part from them with regret, and ever think of them with affection.

I need hardly state, that the Hotel De Belle Vue, and the memorable cellar, where Lady Mary and her father, with the other English families, were concealed for four days, and where that romantic meeting took place which has, beyond all doubt, led to my union with the adored being who is now my wife, forms a point of considerable attraction to us. In our drives and walks we either visit it or pass it by ; and as we talk over the past, we are lost in astonishment at the mysterious ways of Providence.

There is now an *estaminet*, kept by an Irishman, just adjoining the passage where I was lying wounded when I heard Tom Purcell's voice in the cellar, and here Tom spends much of his time, in commemoration, as he says, of that memorable day ; although it is suspected that the excellent Moselle and sparkling Hollands, which are to be found in Mr. Barry's stores, form a

chief portion of the attraction that draws him hither. He attributes the fortunate results that have followed, partly to his own sagacity and his prayers, and partly to what he calls the luck of things: for it is a maxim with him that luck is every thing, and that whatever a man is born for he must go through it; but he alleges that he always knew (he does not state by what process of divination he arrived at such a conclusion) that I was born for good luck.

He is, poor fellow, of a most generous disposition, and like too many of his countrymen, who, though they are most anxious to obtain money, take little care of it. It was always matter of astonishment the extraordinary influence he had over the late Lord Strangeway; for there is no doubt he influenced him in some of the most remarkable instances of his generosity. Whenever he speaks of his lordship, he adds: "Ah! he had a tindher heart, and it was a great pity that he was spiled by bein' a lord."

Tom's reasoning is just: had Lord Strangeway moved in a less elevated sphere—had he been uncontaminated by the vices of the oligarchy, he would have been eminently calculated to serve his country and his fellow-men.

His memory had been sullied, and his life rendered miserable amidst all the enjoyments this world could bestow, by his perpetual endeavours to sustain the honour and the influence of an order which is fast sinking into degeneracy and contempt. The haughtiness of his demeanour when he came in contact with the most respectable of the democracy, the occasional violence of his temper when thwarted by his dependants, and the ruthless career of extermination which he pursued, all for the one darling object of sustaining the dignity and power of the aristocracy, must leave a blot upon his name, and ought to serve as a warning to the others of his order.

He has been no ideal character; there has been no stretch of imagination connected with his extraordinary history and unhappy existence; and there is no doubt, that whilst most of those who fill a station as high as he did, possess all his vices, few of his virtues appertain to them. He had a heart generous and noble by nature, and although its best impulses were controlled by a false education and bad example, they were never totally obliterated.

I may here add, that in all probability some high legal functionaries and others may take it into their heads, when they see Bob Norberry, that they are reflected on its pages. I can only say, that there never was a picture drawn, no matter how highly coloured, that an original could not be found for it in real life; at the same time, I can with perfect truth assert, that in causing my family history and extracts from my note-

book to be published, nothing was farther from my intention than to wound the feelings of any human being, or cast a reproach on the memory of the dead; for, although the incidents are from real life, such a veil has been drawn over the names and characters of the actors in the drama, that it would be impossible they could be recognised, unless they themselves chose to remove it.

When the inimitable Dickens published his *Nickleby*, there was hardly a schoolmaster in all Yorkshire who did not fancy himself the real *Squeers*; and most probably some members of the legal profession, and others, who know that they deserve censure, will fancy that they see their portraits drawn by Bob Norberry; but, even if they should, it would be wise on their parts not to draw attention to themselves: let them read the book, ponder on its contents, and observe a judicious silence.

However, if any one or more persons should insist that he, or they, or any of his or their friends, living or dead, have been too harshly dealt with, or held up to unmerited odium, inform me of the fact, and I shall hasten at once to Ireland to answer *in propria persona* for all that I have written, and to assure them, one and all, that if I did not hope to extend the circle of my friends, instead of making a single enemy, I would hesitate to authorise the publication of this work, although of opinion that it might be of some public utility.

Let me here add a request that I made in my letter when sending you the memoirs and the note-book—procure an Irish publisher. The publication is intended to vindicate the Irish character—it is the work of an Irishman—and ought to be published in Ireland; for, even if it were destitute of merit, Irishmen can appreciate the motives for which it was undertaken.

Farewell till we meet once more on the green shores of old Ireland, and in the meantime believe me to be,

Your obliged and faithful friend,

BOB NORBERRY.

CAPTAIN T. PROUT,

— Square, Dublin.

THE END.

This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
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H.M. Mayne A.R.A. del.

Engraved by W.M. Donnell

Kate introduced to Old Hawk.



H. M. Morris A.R. H.A. del.

Engraved by W. M. Dowell

Old Hawk's House haunted.



Come, Sir deliver up this money &c. — Page 53.



Drawn & Etched by

H. Mac Manus R.S.A.

Judith O'Shaughnessy a witness.



The Death of Kate.



Young Nonberry in danger



Drawn & Etched by

H. May Mowat R.S.A.

Wedding Festivities



Landlords and Tenants



Drawn by J. O. Malley

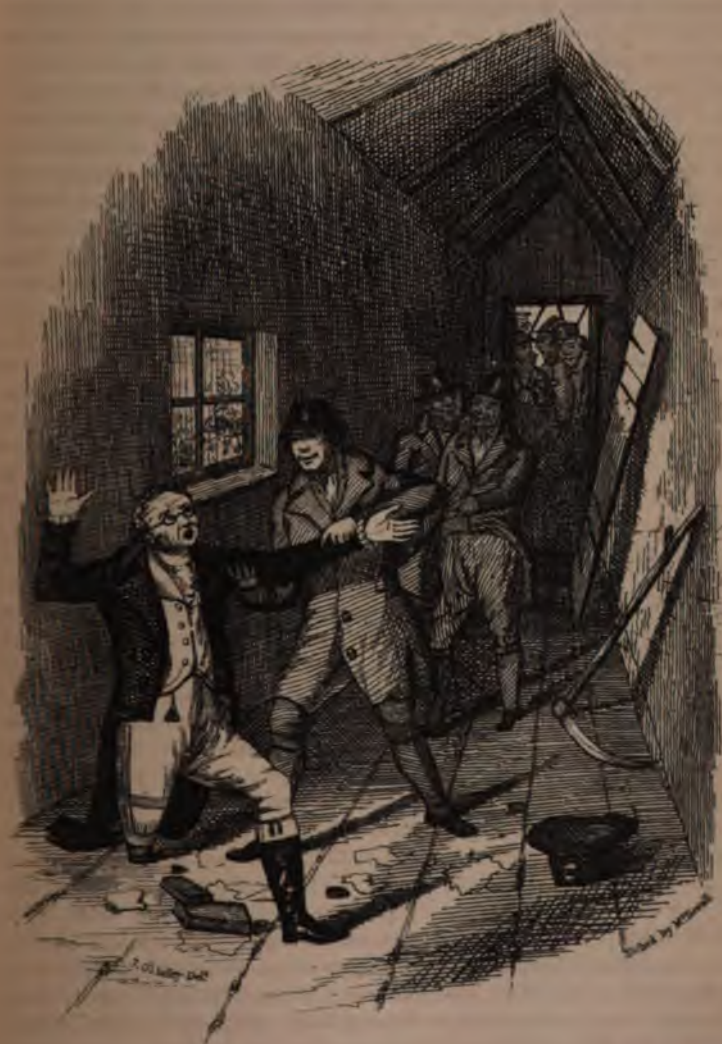
Etched by W. M. Donald

A scene in the Cottage

P 163



O'Kelly visits Lord Strangeways



See Page 206



See Page 274



The Widow's Curse

Page 225



Bob fighting at Brussels



H. M. Morris A.T.H.A. del.

Engr'd by W. M. Dowell

Old Hawke's House haunted.



H.M. Venus A.R.N.A. del.

Engraved by W.M. Dorell

Kate introduced to Old Hawk.



K.M. Warren A.D.X.A. del.

Engraved by W.D. Lockhart.

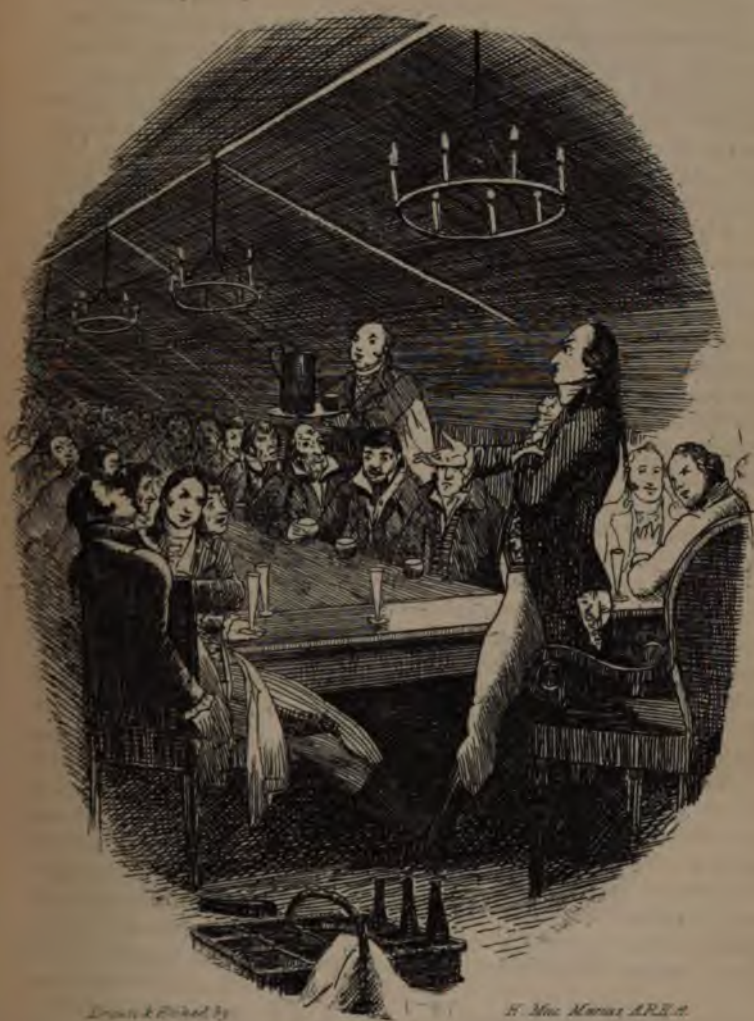
Heston entered the Cell &c. — Page 63.



Drawn & Engraved by

H. May Mowat A.R.S.A.

Wedding Festivities



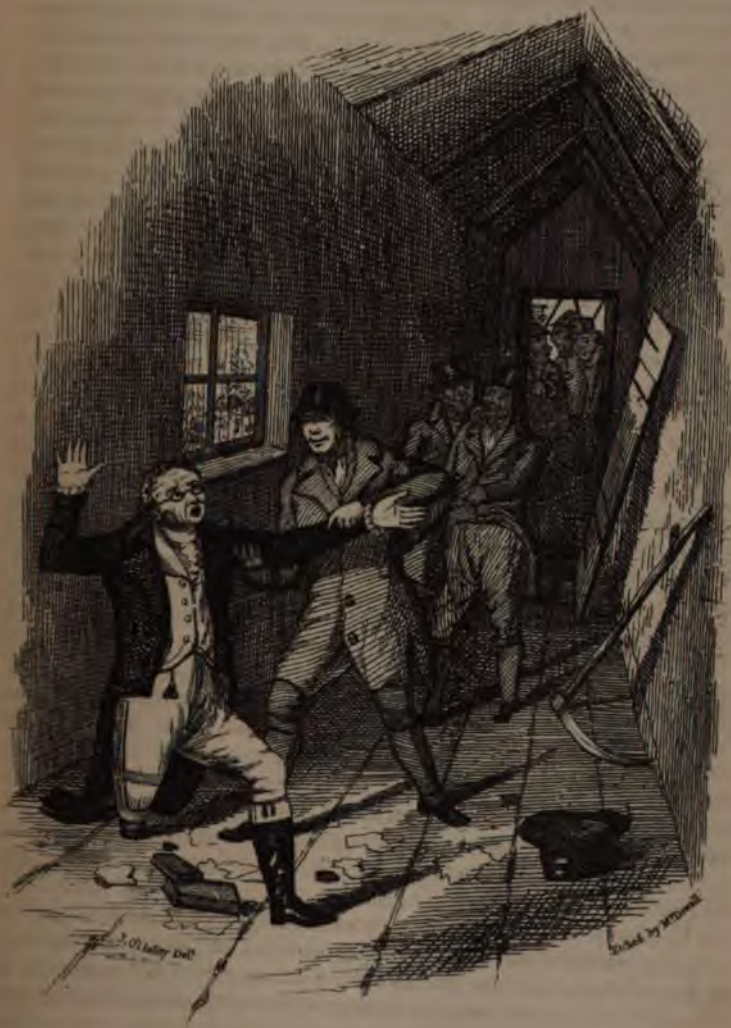
Engraved & Coloured by

H. Mac Murtrei A.R.S. sc.

Landlords and Tenants



O'Kelly visits Lord Strangeways



See Page 206



The Widow's Curse